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THE
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. A. G. WHITTELSEY & REV. D. MEAD.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Know this ark is charm'd
With incantations Pharaoh ne'er employed,
With spells that impious Egypt never knew :
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted every slender reed together,
And with a prayer did every osier weave.

Mrs. H. Moors.

Mother's Magazine and Family Circle

VOL. XI.

NEW-YORK
BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL,
OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

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1843.

D. Fanshaw, Printer.

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INDEX TO VOLUME XI.

	Page.
A Mother's Affection,	19
An Inquisitive Boy,	266
A Mother's Privilege,	230
Assured Blessings to Parental Fidelity,	235
Address of Rev. D. D. Buck before Maternal Association, Stafford, N. Y.	169
A Lovely Bride,	214
An Afternoon Walk,	160
Annual Report of Maternal Association of Waterville, N. Y.	162
A place for every thing, and every thing in its place, No. 1,	105
Do. do. do. do. do. No. 2,	121
A Morning in the Nursery,	103
A Letter for the Children,	92
A Gem,	278
Baptism of an only Child,	72
Come, children, come,	262
Daily instruction to Children,	131
Encouragement to praying Mothers,	17
Economy and Parsimony,	115
Education,	269
Extract of West Medway Maternal Society,	233
Family Portrait,	34
Filial Tribute,	235
Family Worship,	119
"He's Somebody's Son,"	62
Habit of Reading,	228
How to make a happy Home,	286
Home,	253
Influence of Mothers,	221
Influence of a praying Mother,	203
I have no Mother,	168
Look at results, No. 1,	40
Do. do. No. 2,	54
Letter from a Maternal Association, addressed to an orphan Family,	66
Letter from Rev. Mr. Goodell,	279
Little Ellen,	191
London Maternal Association,	136
Letter to the Editor of the Mother's Magazine,	117
Lambs of Christ's Flock,	38
Lazarus and his Sisters,	88
Moral and literary Influence of Novels,	97
Moses and Pharaoh,	145
Mary Harmon, or the sacramental and funeral Sermon,	141
Notice of Lord Nelson,	69

	Page.
Overtasking Children,	80
On the Grave of an Infant,	144
On provoking our Children to Wrath, No. 1,	183
Do. do. do. do. do. No. 2,	193
Obituary notice of Louisa Clifford White,	208
On Family Devotion,	31
Parental Government, No. 1,	222
Do. do. No. 2,	245
Do. do. No. 3,	265
Poetry—to Mary H. H.	192
Proper training of Children,	231
Report of Maternal Association,	20
Report of Maternal Association, North Adams, Mass.	248
Recollections of Little Alice,	261
Report of Maternal Association of 3d Church, Newark, N. J.	85
Scripture Exercise, History of Moses,	165
Suffer little children to come unto me,	287
The Blind Pastor,	1
The Grave,	284
To our Readers,	3
The Mother's Charge, No. 1,	6
Do. do. do. No. 2,	25
Do. do. do. No. 3,	49
The Country Grave-yard,	12
The Missionary Mother,	22
The Mariner's Orphan,	217
The habit of Prayer,	218
The Missionary Flowers,	238
The Example of Philip Henry,	33
The Conversion of J. A. G. or the fruits of Maternal Faithfulness,	42
The Rose that bloomed on the Sabbath,	60
The Nature and Influence of Maternal Association, No. 1,	241
Do. do. do. do. do. No. 2,	265
The Spectre Hand,	251
The Sunday-school Teacher's Tear,	258
To a Youthful Bride,	180
The Young Mother,	189
Teach your Children to remember the Sabbath-day,	119
The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain,	110
The Mother's Prayer,	120
The Mystery Solved,	126
The Women at the Cross of Christ,	131
The Mother's Jewel,	73
The Family,	77
To a Bereaved Mother,	96
The Infant Smile,	96
The destiny of the Child in the hands of its Parents,	74
Useful Monarchs educated by Mothers,	167
What Education should be,	213



M. G. C. 1871.

MOSES LEFT BY HIS MOTHER.



THE
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI.

JULY, 1843.

No. 7.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MOSES AND PHARAOH.

By E. W. CHESTER, Esq.

Reader, fancy thyself carried back in time some three thousand five hundred and fifty years, and in space transported from this land to the banks of the Nile. Look not on the scene from a distance, but let the light and vividness of a present reality break through the gloom of years and the dimness of space. All around are the tokens of life and industry. An active generation is on the stage of being, and Egypt stands first among the nations. But Egypt is not the land of freedom. Proudly strides the master and lowly bends the slave. The Egyptian's foot is on the neck of the Israelite. The former may boast his superior intelligence, and exult in his liberty. But the love of liberty in the master is a love selfish and exclusive—it is connected with not one generous, ennobling emotion. He who holds his fellow-man in bondage and exacts from him unrequited sweat and toil, but mocks the name of liberty when he takes it on his lips, claiming exclusively for himself what a common Creator has given in equal right to all.

There is an unnatural state of society. Between the oppressor and the oppressed there is no law but that of force. And the former acknowledging no other right, in the consciousness of his wrong lives in just fear of an indignant retribution from those he holds in bondage. However callous habit may have rendered his heart, he cannot always clamor down the voice of conscience or bluster away his fears. So it was with Pharaoh and his people. The increasing number of the enslaved Israelites awakened their fears. The time is approaching when the strong right arm of the bondman may hew down the power of the oppressor. No heart is stout enough not to quake when they who have been taught that *might makes right*, feel the power to shake off their chains.

Long and severe has been the servitude of the children of Jacob. But now the fears of the Egyptians is bringing around their hopes yet a darker night. The mother must quench the gush of her affections, stifle the yearnings of her heart, and be herself the executioner of her babe. The boy opens his eyes upon the light to die by a mother's hand. It must be so—Egypt has decreed it. Her heart-strings may break—wailing may be in every dwelling of the bondmen—tears and entreaties touch not the heart of power—a stern necessity is claimed—a *patriarchal institution* must be preserved, and to preserve it, the men-children must die—*must die* that the masters may rest undisturbed by fears. And many are the tender infants who have found the Nile their only cradle—the bitter tears of mothers have been swept along its tide—the heavens have heard the deep-drawn sigh and the loud lament. *There is a power above us*—justice, though it seems to linger, comes with a pace as sure as the Almighty power.

Mark you that little ark amid the reeds? See you a maiden's foot approaching? Is there no intelligence above that baffles, and more than baffles the fancied wisdom of the wise? That decree which has made Israel's daughters mourners, and has forced a mother thus to expose her helpless babe, shall be the means, and that infant the instrument to carry desolation through the land, and to shroud every family of Egypt in mourning.

The child weeps now in his helplessness, but nurtured in the proud court of Pharaoh, and instructed in all the learning of the wisest masters of the land, he is to be prepared for a mission, which in its outset shall make Egypt and her monarch to quake, and in its full development exert an influence on nations and ages to the end of time.

That child is dear, very dear to a mother's heart—but how little can that mother's eye pierce the future, or her most excited fancy call up what shall be the living images of future reality!

Egypt has now been long enshrouded in darkness—the glory of her noon-day has passed away—a deep night for ages has brooded over her—her science and arts are seen but dimly in the history of the past, but time only brightens the page and gives new glory to the wisdom of Moses, the inspired law-giver of Israel.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring."

It has frequently been the subject of serious and painful inquiry with me, why this promise—one of the most important and precious in the covenant of grace—should so often, as far as human observation goes, fail of its accomplishment. On the part of God there can be no failure, for he is a faithful God. Why is it then that instead of the fathers we see not the children filling up their places in the church of God? Ought we not to ask, "What doth hinder?" yea, and more than ask,—should we not search out what it is that impedes the flow of this covenant blessing. This great difficulty was in a measure solved to me in the house of God not long since.

I visited the sanctuary that morning to behold a scene I had never witnessed before—a congregation composed of mothers

with their children. It was a public service of the Maternal Association, and one of the most interesting nature. I returned from this delightful service convinced that the want of youthful piety in the church of God must be traced to the neglect of mothers. The ministers of the sanctuary must continue to cry, "Wo is me! my soul desired the first ripe fruit," until mothers are awakened to their responsibilities as nursing-mothers to the church, receiving their little ones with this injunction from heaven: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

How can we presume to expect that our sons will be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace, unless by a decidedly religious education we seek after *this* as the "one thing" we have desired of the Lord for our beloved children. That God, as the God of the families of Israel, has a right to require this at our hands cannot be disputed; and shall we rob him, and train up our offspring for the *world*, of which Satan is the god? shall we turn them out of that "course" where flow the streams of covenant grace?

Does this thought startle us? and are we ready to say, "We are not of this world," "we are of God?" True, we may not ourselves be walking according to the course of this world, which leads from God, yet is it not to be feared that we follow too much the manners of the world in the training of our children? Are there not many who venture to prepare their children for fashionable life at a most perilous risk, forgetting that every step they take in the unhallowed pleasures of this world leads them further from God? Do not such parents lose sight of the distinctive marks of the people of God—a people which God has formed for himself to show forth his glory? Does not the secret worldliness of the parent betray itself here? Do they in this path of relative duty walk by faith and not by sight? Do they not seem to forget that the outward prosperity which comes with God's blessing can only prove a real good, and that God by an eternal decree has united duty and privilege? Can they presumptuously expect that the unchangeable "I AM," he who said to the father of the faithful, "I know him, that he will command his children, and they shall keep the way of the Lord," will change the econo-

my of his government for them? No. He is of one mind—"God is one;" and the duty enjoined is as *binding* as the *promise* is *sure*.

If he has said, "I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed," he has also said, "Thou shalt keep my covenant." Nor are promises and warnings to be found in the sacred volume more specific and clear than those given as incitements to the faithful discharge of parental duties. Alas! it is but too well known that the larger proportion even of christian parents deny their own beloved children the privilege of a scriptural education, and consequently cut off from them the blessed results.

But these papers are written for those who do indeed desire to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: who have themselves been by converting grace brought out from mystic Egypt, and who by their lives declare plainly that they desire and seek a better country, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Let those whose prayers and practice harmonize, take encouragement. Let them pray in faith, and "be instant in prayer." Let every maternal duty be performed in a prayerful spirit. The records of eternity will unfold the achievements of prayer, nor are we now without many heart-cheering memorials of the instrumentality of parents in the conversion of their children.

LONDON, ———.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE POCKET BIBLE;

OR

"HIS LOVING-KINDNESS CHANGES NOT."

By CHARLES A. GOODRICH.

I was standing at the counter of a book-store some years since, when a lady entered and inquired for pocket Bibles. I knew her well. A few years before she had married a respectable young merchant, who, although possessed but of little, if any,

capital himself, had been started in business by a gentleman of wealth, with every prospect of success. He was active, honest, and enterprising; and, although he had married early after commencing business for himself—perhaps too early—the lady whom he had selected as his companion was worthy his choice. She had more ambition, some of her friends thought, than comported with their circumstances; and although she contrived to repress it, in consideration that her husband's income for the present was small, it was apparent that her spirit was aspiring, and that she was looking forward with some impatience to the time when she should be the mistress of a fine house, with furniture corresponding. A friend of his, who was married about the same time, had at once entered upon the enjoyment of these objects of ambition, and had even a handsome carriage at her command. Quite possibly Matilda Grant cherished the secret hope that she might one day be able to visit that friend in a similar establishment of her own.

The dispensations of God, however, not unfrequently intervene to thwart our plans and defeat our cherished hopes of worldly good. He has higher views respecting us than we ourselves entertain—the elevation of our souls, and those of our friends, to a crown of glory in his own blessed mansions—and a preparation therefore is necessary, which requires sorrow here in order to joy hereafter. Through much tribulation must we enter into the kingdom of God.

For a few years Mr. Grant went on well in business. His purchases were made with judgment, and his goods were credited to those who, he thought, would be able to pay. But unfortunately, and unforeseen, his principal creditor failed, and in a single day Charles Grant was a bankrupt.

At the time of this sad reverse he was ill of a fever. It was difficult to conceal it from him; but the news had a still more unhappy effect upon him than was anticipated; and from that hour he continued to decline, and in a few weeks was carried to his long home. It was a grievous blow to his wife, with whom her friends most sincerely sympathized, and to whom they tendered for herself and two children—a son and a daughter—all the kind assistance which their circumstances allowed.

On an investigation of Mr. Grant's affairs, his failure proved even worse than was feared ; and although the gentleman who had advanced the capital was quite liberal in the settlement of the concern, the widow and her children had but a few hundred dollars, and for most of that she was chiefly indebted, it was thought, to the generosity of her husband's friend.

This result, added to the loss of a fond and truly estimable man, made the shock still more terrible. She felt the calamity keenly, and the more so, as she had no near relatives at hand to condole with her, and was ignorant of the divine consolations of religion. But there was mercy in her cup of sorrow. The Spirit of God came in to heal that troubled spirit, and to sanctify those trials to her soul. And at length she was enabled to bow in humble and quiet submission to the will of God, and betake herself to the support and education of her lovely children, now her solace and delight.

At the time I saw her in the book-store she was in pursuit of a pocket Bible for her son, named Charles, after his father. The purchase was soon made—it was a beautiful edition—not expensive—but just such as a fond and religious mother would wish to present to a son whom she loved, and which she hoped would prove a lamp unto his feet. A further circumstance about this Bible I knew in after years ; on presenting it, she turned the attention of the happy little fellow to a blank page in the beginning, on which, in a beautiful wreath, she had inscribed her own name, and under it the words, "To my son," followed by the appropriate and touching lines :

" A parent's blessing on her son
" Goes with this holy thing ;
" The love that would retain the one
" Must to the other cling.
" Remember 'tis no idle toy,
" A mother's gift—Remember, boy."

And still a little below were printed, in small but beautiful capitals, words which a mother's faith might well appropriate :—
" HIS LOVING-KINDNESS CHANGES NOT."

At the age of seventeen Charles Grant was a stout, strong,

active youth. He was more than ordinarily ambitious, but as his ambition had not full scope, he was restless, and, I sometimes thought, unhappy. Had his mother, at this critical era of his life, been able to find him some employment suitable to his active and ambitious genius, it would have been fortunate indeed ; but she knew of none ; and, besides, she needed his aid—but what was more than all, she was alone, and felt that she could not dispense with his company.

About this time a young sailor by the name of Thornton, belonging to the neighborhood, arrived home from a voyage. Charles naturally fell in his way, and was delighted with the story of his wonderful adventures. He listened long and intently. His age and circumstances combined to excite in his ambitious bosom the desire of similar exciting scenes. Without designing any special wrong, young Thornton at length proposed to Charles to accompany him on his next voyage, which he should commence in a few weeks. For a time he hesitated, or rather declined—his mother and Alice would never consent, and to leave them by stealth was more than he felt willing to do. Thornton did not urge him, as it afterwards appeared, but Charles was himself strongly inclined to go, while the young sailor was quite willing to have a friend and companion so bright and enterprising as Charles Grant. In an evil hour the latter decided to go, and to go without the knowledge of his mother.

On the night appointed for their departure Charles rose from his bed when all was still, and, softly feeling his way to the door, opened it and escaped. It was a beautiful night ; and as he proceeded round the corner of the house to get a small bundle of clothes which he had concealed the day before, his heart beat with unusual violence, and for a few moments a faintness came over him at the thought of leaving a mother and sister, the only objects on earth whom he had ever truly loved. He stopped for a moment, as if meditating a better resolution—and then proceeded to the gate, which he opened and went out. Here he again paused—turned—looked—lingered—hesitated—and even put his hand again on the latchet, half resolved to creep once more to his little bed-room. But at that moment the low call of

Thornton, at some distance, reached his ear—he had lingered longer than he was aware, and now the moment had arrived when he must go, if at all—with a sort of desperation of feeling he hastened away, the tears trickling down his cheeks as he bade adieu to the humble cottage which contained all he loved on earth. His bundle was still under his arm, and in that bundle, I am glad to say, was “a mother’s gift,” the pocket Bible. Charles felt that he could not go without that, and perhaps he felt that the discovery that he had taken it might serve somewhat to assuage a mother’s sorrow.

Before morning the young sailors were a long way towards the sea-port whence they expected to sail, and a couple of days brought them quite there. The ship, it so happened, was ready, and Charles having been accepted on the recommendation of Thornton, took up the line of duty before the mast. Shortly after, the ship weighed anchor, and stretched forth on a far distant voyage.

I must leave my readers to imagine, if they are able, the surprise and even consternation of Mrs. Grant and Alice, the morning following Charles’ departure, at not finding him in the house, nor about the premises. What could it mean?—what errand could have called him away?—at what hour did he leave?—what accident could have befallen him? Search was made for him by the increasingly anxious and terrified mother and sister for an hour and more, before they ventured to make known their solicitude to their neighbors. My own residence was not far distant; and, before I had finished my breakfast, a messenger in haste made known the truly distressing situation of Mrs. Grant and Alice. I hastened to the house—other friends at no distant hour were there—inquiries were instituted—messengers were dispatched around the town; but not the slightest tidings could be obtained, and even conjecture was baffled. At length, however, Mrs. Grant made the discovery that his better suit was gone, and there was a transient gleam of joy on her face as she announced that his *pocket Bible* was also not in his chest. Some days passed—long days, and long and gloomy nights before any satisfactory intelligence was received, and then the amount of that intelligence was

in a short but affectionate letter from Charles himself, just then on the eve of sailing for the Pacific ocean. It runs thus :

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Can you, will you forgive me for the step I have taken without your knowledge or consent ? My heart has smote me every hour since I left you. I am at — and on board the ship —, which sails in an hour for the Pacific ocean. Fondest—best of mothers—do not grieve, I will one day return to bless and comfort you and my dear Alice. I must do something for you and her. Kiss her for me. Mother, I can write no more, only that I hope I shall have your prayers. I have got my pocket Bible, and shall keep it next my heart. Farewell.

Your affectionate son,

CHARLES GRANT.

P. S. I have somewhere read, what I am sure will prove true in my own case :

"Where'er I rove—whatever realms to see,
"My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

By some means the letter did not reach the post-office so soon as it should have done, and the uncertainty bore heavily on the heart of mother and sister. The post-master on its arrival kindly sent it to me ; and, hoping that it contained tidings of the lost child, I ventured to break the seal. The truth—sorrowful as it was—was a great relief, and was felt to be so by Mrs. Grant and Alice. Yet, for a season—and who can marvel?—their hearts were filled with a sadness which scarcely admitted of alleviation ; it was a dark and mysterious providence ; and when friends called in, as they often did, to mingle their tears with the weeping, and to administer consolation, the most they could do was to weep, and to say, "His ways are in the sea, and his judgments past finding out."

But time does something—religion does more. By degrees these sorrowful ones were able to pray, and as the christian poet says, "Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw."

So it did for them. They did not, indeed, recover their wonted cheerfulness—but they were calm and subdued. No murmur escaped the mother's lips, and even Alice seemed to have imbibed the spirit of a holy resignation, "Father, thy will be done."

But there were days of keen and bitter anguish, and in those nights, when the storm swept its angry blasts across their humble dwelling and rocked their bed, it was impossible for a mother's heart not to tremble for her sailor-boy, far off upon the stormy ocean, and perhaps suffering the perils of the billowy tempest. But even at such times she was enabled to commit herself and her wandering child to the care and grace of a covenant-keeping God—uttering the language of holy confidence, “His faithfulness is as the everlasting mountains.” “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”

Four years elapsed, and nothing was heard of Charles Grant. Sometimes during the second year of his absence a rumor reached us that a ship, supposed to be the —, which sailed from —, and on board of which Charles was supposed to be, was burned at sea, and that but two or three only of the crew were saved, and that among them was a young man of the name of Grant. But the rumor, though not contradicted, was not confirmed, and another period of uncertainty and anxiety fell to the lot of the long-stricken and heart-saddened mother and sister of the absent boy.

At length the friends of Mrs. Grant were pained to perceive a visible change in her health. The indications of that too fatal malady—consumption, were too apparent to be mistaken. Its approach was indeed slow and insidious, and for a time was kept at bay by the kind and assiduous attention of our village physician; but medical prescription at length lost its power, and she became at first confined to the house—then to her room—and finally to her bed.

I often visited her, as did other friends. Her room was no longer the abode of gloom and sorrow. She had for some months been making rapid progress in resignation to the will of God; and, though her feeble tabernacle was shaken, and was likely to be dissolved through years of anxiety and affliction, yet her faith seemed to acquire more and more strength, and to fasten with a firm hold upon the divine promises.

One day, as I sat conversing with her, she alluded to the faithfulness of God, and expressed her unwavering confidence in Him.

She said it had been her desire to acquiesce in the Divine will, and she hoped that she should be able to do so, whatever it might be in relation to herself or her absent son. But, continued she, I have prayed long and fervently that I may once more see him—see him a true penitent—and I cannot relinquish the belief that God will hear and answer.

I was about to say something which might tend to soothe her, in case her hopes were not realized, as I must confess I saw little present reason to expect they would be, when she stopped me, and observed, “You may think me presumptuous, but my faith must enjoy its hold on the Divine promises. Has not God said, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me?’ I have called—yes, I have called, by day and by night, and God has seemed to help me. Has he excited such strong, such intense emotions for nothing? Has he enabled me to wrestle so with him, only to be disappointed? I am aware that probabilities are all apparently against me. I must soon fail; this heart will soon cease beating, and the narrow house be my resting-place, but I still have confidence in the faithfulness of my heavenly Father. What though I see no immediate prospect of the return of my poor boy, I believe that I shall yet press that child to my bosom. Years since, I wrote in a pocket Bible I gave him, ‘His loving-kindness changes not,’ and do you think it will fail now?”

I confess I admired the steady faith of the mother—a faith strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; and yet it seemed scarcely possible that her hopes should be realized. At length my faith faltered, for it was apparent that her hour of departure was not far distant.

That night two or three female friends, fearful of her failure before morning, offered to stay with the mother of Alice. This the latter cheerfully assented to, though she had decided not to leave her mother. The necessary arrangements for the night were made, and at an early hour all was silent in and around the humble cottage.

It was a glorious night abroad—clear, soft, mild—just such a night as a saint might well choose in which to take its departure

and soar to the temple above. The poet must have had some such night in vision when he penned those beautiful lines :

" The moon awakes, and from her maiden face
" Shedding her cloudy locks, looks meekly forth,
" And, with her virgin stars, walks in the heav'ns,—
" Walks nightly there, conversing as she walks
" Of purity, and holiness, and God."

It was just such a night, and Alice had risen from her seat ; and to hide her emotions, as her dear parent breathed more heavily, had gone to the window, the curtain of which she drew aside, and was standing leaning her arm on the sash. In the distance, just beyond the gate, she descried, as she thought, the figure of a man who seemed to be approaching. For a moment she started back, but again looked, and his hand was on the latch. The gate was opened with great caution, and the stranger approached slowly towards the house. Presently a gentle knock was heard at the kitchen door. It was impossible for Alice to summon courage to attend to the stranger herself ; but she whispered to the nurse, who upon unlocking the door inquired the reason for so late and unseasonable an intrusion.

" Does Mrs. Grant still reside here ?" inquired the stranger in a kind but earnest tone.

" She does," replied the nurse ; " but she is dangerously ill, and we fear cannot live many hours : you cannot see her."

" Gracious heavens !" exclaimed the stranger, and so audible were the words pronounced that the sound fell on the ears of Alice, and her heart beat with strong and distressing emotions. " I *must* see her," continued the stranger, " do not deny me, madam, quick—quick !" and he gently pressed open the door, still held by the surprised and even terrified nurse.

Alice listened to the sounds without being able to decide their import ; but at length fearing that her mother might be disturbed, she stole softly out of the room for the purpose of ascertaining what the stranger wished.

" Alice—Miss Alice !" said the nurse as she approached.

But before she had finished what she was attempting to say,

the stranger inquired, with a countenance wild with emotion, "Is this Alice Grant?" and the next moment he swooned and fell on the floor.

"Miss Alice," exclaimed the agitated nurse, "what does all this mean?—who can this be?—what shall we do?"

Alice herself stood amazed; but as the light fell upon the features of the apparently lifeless stranger a thought flashed across her mind, and the following moment she was nearly falling beside him.

"Nurse," said she, "softly but quickly hand me some water." This she applied liberally to the temples of the stranger, who slowly recovered his consciousness, and at length sat up. He looked round, and presently fastened his eyes most intently and inquiringly on the pale and motionless Alice. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "it is she; it is—it is my own beloved Alice!"

"Charles—Charles—my brother!" uttered Alice, as she fell upon his bosom. "Oh, heaven be praised! Charles, is it—is it you?—Oh, mother—mother!"

The sound of voices reached the dying mother, and she inquired, "Alice, my child,—what—what did I hear, Alice?"

Alice, scarcely able to stand, hastened to her bedside, and taking her mother's hand, already cold with death, spoke in accents tremulous—for her whole frame was agitated—tremulous, but kind.

"What did I hear, Alice?" the mother softly whispered. "I thought I heard something. I thought he had come. Did I *dream*, Alice?"

"Mother, dear mother," said Alice, putting her face close to the cold face of her dying parent, and scarcely able to draw a breath, "whom did you think had come?"

"Why, Charles: it seemed as if he had come. But I dreamt—did I, Alice?"

"Mother," said Alice, "could you see him? could you sustain it if you could see him?"

"Surely, child; why I long to see him; and I did think I should see him once more before I died."

At this instant the door softly opened, and Charles approached, cautiously—inquiringly.

"Mother," said Alice, "here—can you look up? do you know, who this is?"

"Who is it, Alice—who is it?" inquired the half wild but still conscious mother.

"Mother," softly whispered Charles, as he kneeled down and kissed her cold cheek,—*"Mother!—my dear mother! Oh, will you—can you forgive your long-lost but penitent, broken-hearted child?"*

"Charles! my dear Charles! is it indeed you?" said the now nearly speechless mother, at the same time endeavoring to put her wan and feeble arm around his neck, "My dear boy, you have come; yes, I said you would come—you have; yes, I can now praise God! One question, Charles, and I die in peace,—Is my boy a penitent?"

"Mother," said Charles, his tears nearly choking his utterance, "that Bible and a mother's prayers have saved me. I have come, and in season, to ask forgiveness. 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' Mother, my dear mother, and will you forgive me also?"

"Enough—enough," said the departing mother; "yes, it is enough!" her countenance beaming, as it were, with seraphic joy.

"I am nearly through; but go, my son—go, my dear Alice, and publish it to the mothers of the land, what I have found true,—and will continue true as long as praying mothers exist,—

'His loving-kindness changes not.'"

For a few moments following it was thought that she had ceased to breathe; but she revived sufficiently to press once more gently the hands of Charles and Alice; and then she was heard singing, in a faint and scarcely audible tone, those beautiful lines which she had often expressed a wish that she might have occasion to sing:

"Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale,
"Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
"Oh may my last expiring breath
"His loving-kindness sing in death."

The prayer was answered. "His loving-kindness" were the last sounds which were heard. They ceased here only to be resumed, and to be sung by the glorified and triumphant saint before the throne of God.

For the Mother's Magazine.

AN AFTERNOON WALK.

The spirit of the injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is far from being rightly apprehended if we wait till the urgent claims of our duty crowd about us so that they almost impel us to action. To learn the lesson aright, we must have a heart, an eye and an ear alert to seize upon that which may affect our own or others' temporal and eternal welfare.

We must cease from turning on the pivot of selfishness, and cease from wrapping about ourselves merely the mantle of certain forms and ceremonies of religion, as if its folds would cover the broad principle of charity. Even when nothing but sin and degradation present themselves to our view, there are chords of feeling that may be reached, and a conscience is there that may be roused and enlightened.

But alas! how much of life is spent and mind wasted on we know not what—thoughts, feelings and perceptions hardly defined; and when our minds are active, often the veriest trifles of dress, furniture, change of plans, or perchance some morbid feeling of fancied or real wrong intended us, may occupy thoughts during many a walk or avocation that might be otherwise more usefully directed.

An incident, although of a common every day occurrence, induced this train of thought, and we merely give it as an evidence that in our daily paths we have constantly the power to scatter the good seed.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon, and many had strolled forth eager to catch the warm breath of our tardy season; and as we turned from the more general throng into one of the broad open streets in the upper part of our city, we caught the sound of a lady's voice calling from an open window, "Come to me, little boy," and turning round, we saw a group of little boys standing so perfectly still that we came at once to the conclusion that some unusual commotion must have preceded such a calm. As we crossed over near the children who were standing in the middle of the street, a gentleman, who from a distance had observed the whole scene, hastily walked up to a stout boy of eight or nine, and shaking him smartly by the collar, asked him how he dared abuse the little boy of four or five who stood beside him? As soon as the boy could release himself from the firm grasp of the gentleman he ran blubbering away, and at each step dropping from his basket the sticks he had just gathered. By this time the lady who had first attracted our notice came from her house, and thanking the gentleman for his interference, went up to the little ragged urchin who had been assailed, and in a mild, serious tone said, as she leaned down to look in his face, "But, my little boy, I heard you use very bad words; don't you know it is very wicked to swear?" We saw the child as he stood then just before us, his brown, misshapen cap tossed on the top of his white hair, and he bowed his little head on his tattered sleeve to wipe the tears as they flowed afresh at the rebuke of the kind lady.

The two elder boys who had been spectators of the scene immediately said, "We told him to stop—we told him to stop." "But why did you not make him stop?" both the lady and gentleman replied.

We left the lady still talking with the children, while we pursued our way, thinking that she realized indeed a "beauty all about her path;" and when in the midst of her daily cares she beheld the quarrelling of children in our streets, she felt linked to them as human beings demanding from her all the good influence she could exert for their welfare—the oppressed to be relieved and the oppressor rebuked.

The lesson taught in those few moments may have its restrain-

ing effect for many years: the cruel boy may remember his detection and mortification; and the little child of four or five, whose heart so overflowed with emotion, will not soon forget the gentle lady's words, "My little boy, do you not know it is very wicked to swear?" and perchance the companions who suffered wrong to be done to one whom they could defend may hereafter be more manly. The passer-by could not fail to be impressed with the value of improving those opportunities of usefulness that surround us in the house and by the way.

The wicked children of our streets, those even that cannot be gathered in our Sunday-schools or common schools, are not beyond the reach of instruction; and a word spoken to them, notwithstanding all the counter influence that is around them, may still sink into their hearts.

The greater their ignorance and wickedness, the greater claims have they upon our sympathy.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION IN
WATERVILLE, ONEIDA CO. N. Y.

Through the kind providence of God we are brought to our ninth anniversary. The return of this day reminds us of the encouragements and assistance we received from our much beloved but now deeply lamented pastor, the Rev. A. Garrison, whose memory will ever be dear to us all. At first our Association numbered but eleven mothers and fifty-three children: our present number is thirty mothers and one hundred and twenty-two children, nine of whom were left to our counsel and prayers by a departed sister.

During the nine years which our Society has existed, but six of our dear children have been called to try the realities of an unseen

world; but, through grace, we trust that "it is well" with all of them.

One, a daughter, who gave her heart to the Savior when thirteen years of age; and from that time until her death, a period of six years, she ever manifested a conscientious and devoted spirit, and an anxious desire to be useful.

A few weeks before her death our beloved pastor, the late Rev. J. Frost, was taken from us by a short but distressing illness. The dying chamber of that eminent saint was a privileged spot, and the scenes which there transpired will long be remembered by those who were present. After his dying words were repeated to our dear young sister, she exclaimed, "Shall I indeed meet him in heaven? It seems impossible while I am so vile and he was so holy. Holiness, holiness!" she repeated, "I cannot describe the delight that word imparts. It diffuses more happiness through my soul than any other word." Then appearing to have a view of her Savior as her righteousness, she exclaimed, "I shall see Jesus and be like him, and then I shall be satisfied." She wished her friends would not converse on worldly subjects in her hearing, as she took no interest in them; but wished to hear religious conversation whenever she was able to listen, that her soul might receive spiritual nourishment. She had many interesting and faithful interviews with her friends, and the impenitent among them she affectionately entreated to become reconciled to God. When the last sad conflict commenced she spoke like one inspired, and delivered her dying message to each member of her family. Her mind was vigorous and full of the glory of heaven. After she ceased to speak she continued to be perfectly conscious of what was transpiring to the last. She was beautiful in death, disease heightening instead of marring her lovely features. She, being dead, yet speaketh in accents of admonition and encouragement to this Association, saying, Pray more earnestly and labor more faithfully for the conversion of the dear children who are still out of the ark of safety, and for the sanctification of them all.

Thirty-four of our dear children have become hopefully converted since the formation of our Society, thirty-two of whom are still living and professors of religion, and many of them are bear-

ing fruit to the glory of God. Some of them are heads of families, and training immortal beings for weal or wo. Our meetings have been semi-monthly, and including quarterly and annual, we have enjoyed two hundred and twenty precious seasons of prayer and religious instruction. Some of our children have been present, and received instruction in Scripture exercises and pastoral addresses twenty-five times. Our voluntary contributions have only amounted to eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents, which have been appropriated to benevolent purposes, except purchasing a few books for the Association. Our meetings have been sustained by a few sisters, while the majority have been quite irregular in their attendance. We meet alphabetically, which enables every member to attend at least one meeting once in fifteen months. Our reading has been the Bible, Mother's Magazine and many other appropriate books, too numerous to mention in this brief narrative; but, next to the Sacred Scriptures, we are most indebted to the Mother's Magazine, which we have read in our meetings ever since its publication, and have derived more useful and important instruction from it than from all other human works combined, and would earnestly recommend it to all kindred Societies.

A work entitled "Book for Parents, or the Family Constitution," has been read by us often, and with more profit than any other work of the kind. It should belong to every family library. By united prayers and mutual consultation we are cultivating a deeper interest in each other's spiritual welfare, and are constantly becoming more anxious for the salvation of all the dear children of the Association. We would assure those who rarely if ever attend, that we have learned more at these meetings, of our duty to our Maker, our children and the world, than with the same effort and self-denial we could have learned elsewhere; and we are assured by personal experience that any member is repaid in exact proportion to the efforts and prayers bestowed upon this object. We would kindly and affectionately entreat *all* the dear members to make sacrifices to attend our meetings, for they may never know in time what they and their families lose by their occasional absence. God's word furnishes all the encouragement

we need to continue in prayer for the salvation of those who are still enemies to God; and daily as each one retires at the appointed time to pray in concert for them, let us be encouraged by such promises as these: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do." "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them," &c. And although we have not had a revival of religion the past winter, as we have anxiously desired, yet we have the assurance that our prayers will not be in vain if offered in faith. But in relation to the withholding of the Divine blessing, should not each one ask herself, Have I done all in my power to promote a revival? Have I indulged in no selfish desires for the salvation of my impenitent children and neighbors; but bringing them in faith to the Savior, have I there plead in *sincerity of heart* that He would renew and sanctify them, and cause them to glorify him in the way that would best promote the interests of a dying world? And have I, in the diligent use of means, depended *alone* on his merits, righteousness and intercession for a blessing on them, and an answer to my petitions? If we cannot answer to all these questions in the affirmative, let us repent and seek forgiveness of the Lord, and in humble reliance on his grace strive to do our *whole* duty the rest of our lives.

E. T———, *Secretary.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

Scripture Exercise.

HISTORY OF MOSES.

Who were Moses' parents?
In what country was he born?
Were his parents Egyptians?

What command had the king of Egypt given respecting the children of the Hebrews ?

Had the parents of Moses any other children ?

Were they born before Pharaoh's cruel edict ?

How did Moses escape being destroyed according to the command of the king ?

Whom did his mother set to watch him ?

Who came down to the river ?

What were her feelings when she saw this helpless babe ?

Who offered to procure a nurse ?

Whom did she call ?

What did Pharaoh's daughter tell her ?

When the child grew what did his mother do with him ?

What is it probable that his mother taught him while he was with her ?

What education did he receive ? Acts, 7 : 22.

Which had the most influence on his life, the precepts of his mother or the learning of the idolatrous Egyptians ?

Did he choose to be called a Hebrew, or the grandson of the king of Egypt ? Heb. 11 : 24.

On what occasion did he flee into Midian ?

Whose daughter did he marry ?

What business did he follow in Midian ?

Who appeared to him, and in what manner ?

To whom did the Lord say he would send him ?

By what name was he to make God known to the Hebrews and Egyptians ?

What miracles was he to make use of to convince the unbelieving ?

Was Moses willing to accept this commission ?

What excuse did he make ?

Whom did God promise should meet him and go with him ?

Did Moses comply with the command of God ?

What did he and Aaron tell Pharaoh that God required ?

How many plagues were sent upon Egypt before the king would let the people go ?

What signal judgment was sent upon the Egyptians at the Red Sea ?

How many years did the Hebrews wander in the wilderness ?

Did Moses lead them all this time ?

Did he lead them into Canaan ?

Why was he not permitted to go over Jordan with them ?

Did he see the land of Canaan ?

Where did he die ?

How was he buried ?

How old was he ?

Did he retain his strength and faculties till this great age ?

USEFUL MONARCHS EDUCATED BY MOTHERS.

The first impressions that should be made upon man's angelic mind, unquestionably are such as we trust will flourish in heaven ; and God has committed to mothers the teaching of these things to their children—to prefer honor to fortune, to succor distress, to love our fellows, to raise our hearts to God. I have been much struck by a remark made by a French writer. "Of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the French crown, (he says,) only three have loved the people, and all those were reared by their mothers without the intervention of pedagogues. A Bossuet educated the tyrant Louis XIV ; his mother did not train him. St. Louis was trained by Blanche ; Louis XII. was trained by Maria of Cleves ; and Henri IV. was trained by Jane of Albert ; and these were really the fathers of their people." "Good professors can make *good scholars*," says this author ; "but good mothers alone make *good men*."

The incidental effect of Maternal Association is to elicit attention and talent to the great object of maternal duty, and to draw forth those great lessons of wisdom that mothers need to learn to fit them to fulfil it.

E. N. KIRK.

The following beautiful piece we insert, by permission, from "JUVENILE SONGS," by Thomas Hastings, published by D. Fanshaw, at 148 Nassau-street and 601 Broadway, New-York.

"I HAVE NO MOTHER."

German

Tenderly.

I have no moth-er, for she died When I was ve-ry
young; But mem-'ry still a-round my heart Like
morning mist has hung, Like morn-ing mist has hung.

3
They tell me of an angel form
That watch'd around my bed,
And of a soft and quiet hand
That wiped the tears I shed.

4
And often, too, as I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow;
Her tears would fall upon my cheek,
I think I feel them now.

3
With smiles she held my tiny arm
When I began to walk;
And joy would sparkle in her eyes
When I would try to talk.

5
And then she used to kneel with me,
And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to heav'n,
And tell me what to say.

6
O mother, mother, in my heart
Thy image still shall be;
And may I hope in heaven, at last,
To meet and live with thee?

Anon.

THE
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY LIBRARY.

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For the Mother's Magazine.

STAFFORD, (Genesee Co. N. Y.) June 5, 1843.

Accompanying the first Annual Report of our Maternal Association, we send you an Address, which was delivered before our Society at its Annual Meeting, by the Rev. D. D. Buck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place, and which was listened to with interest and profit. Our Society send a copy of the Address to you, if it meet your approbation, we wish to have it published in the Mother's Magazine. Our Methodist sisters have come forward in this important enterprise with praiseworthy decision, and have afforded us much assistance by their counsels and encouragement. We thank the Lord, and trust that the time may be near, when all mothers may see eye to eye in the great work of training the young and teachable mind to usefulness, happiness and heaven.

May God give his *Spirit of grace* to direct those who have the editorial charge of the Magazine, that through your efforts many, very many, may be profited for time and eternity.

In behalf of the Association,
M. W. S. W., Cor. Sec.

LADIES OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION,—In compliance with your polite invitation, I arise to address you. But diffidence of my own ability leads me to fear that your edification and profit will not be proportionate to your anticipation.

Nothing less than conviction of duty has influenced me to un-

dertake a labor so unfamiliar and yet so important. Appropriate to your Association may be found subjects numerous and extensive; and there will be no difficulty in finding something to say: the less easy task is in selection. Therefore it is quite possible that my inexperience has led me into error, in choosing for the present address a few observations in relation to *Maternal Influence*. And I design to confine my observations principally to the *Mother's influence in shaping the dispositions of her children*.

By selecting this theme we shall not have the advantage of novelty; for this subject has occupied a prominent position in the instructions of the moralist and philosopher from the earliest ages. For this reason, perhaps, the restless spirit of curiosity may cause some to think, that on a subject so trite nothing can now be spoken worthy of notice.

It is not a minister's province to pamper a morbid craving for novelty; if it were, an ordinary genius would have nothing to fear from the attempt; he would find material in abundance; and the viands might be seasoned to please the most fastidious palate. But although it may bring me less creature applause, I would much prefer an approving consciousness of having set before you a few morsels of wholesome instruction, than a wreath of laurel for having pleased a taste vitiated and dangerous.

And now, ladies, I solicit your attention to a few reflections.

1. In this mode of being, we are called in the Providence of God to sustain various relations in the human family. These relations have an importance proportionate to their necessity and influence. And a little attention will enable us to perceive, that, of all others, the maternal relation exerts the greatest influence in shaping the destinies of the human race. This relation, therefore, claims particular consideration.

2. It is evident that the All-wise Creator designed that this relation should be sustained by a portion of the human family, notwithstanding the inexplicable mystery and the sacred delicacy in which it is veiled.

His design will appear, *Firstly, from the absolute necessity of that relation* in the family of man in its present organization. The Lord does not now, as at first, fashion the human form of

the literal dust; he has established an order of dependencies, in the observance of which, man, in a secondary sense, is his own sustainer. But in this divinely established order, the maternal relation is of first and absolute requisition.

The design of the Creator will also appear, *Secondly, from the perfect adaptation of the constitution for this relation.* And this adaptation, it is evident, is not an unintended phenomenon; not a chance discovery of what nature would admit of; but a most skilful contrivance of the original Framer of the creation; developing his wisdom, power, and goodness. This design and adaptation were complete in the original pair, while they inhabited Paradise, before sin had defaced the moral image of Jehovah. Here it may not be amiss to say, that the most honorable, useful, and exemplary women mentioned in sacred or common history sustained the maternal relation. And our Savior himself honored and sanctified this relation, by making it the medium of his own glorious incarnation.

3. But some may call in question the sentiment we advanced relative to the unrivalled influence of this relation in moulding the destiny of mankind. We are so accustomed to attach the greatest importance to those influences which are direct and visible, that deep-working, indirect causes, are deemed scarcely worthy of notice. As a familiar illustration, consider how a direct and visible blow aimed at our persons will awaken our fears and instinctively put us on our defence. At the same time, the sure but gradual and silent advances of death hardly lift the eyelid with alarm. We allow him to hold steady his aim at our very hearts with his keenest arrow, drawn to its utmost limit: but because his aim is so deliberate, and he draws near with such a moderate step, we smile in his presence, and suspect no danger. But when we perceive his encapturing snare woven around us, and feel his dart pricking through the heart's covering, then we tremble, for we discover his agency. But danger infinitely less than we thus pass, in supposed security, if it be only *visible* and *direct*, will silence the cry of thirst and hunger, and drive sleep from our eyelids. But is an influence less mighty because it lays its foundation too deep to be suspected? Is it less influential because it is

gradual and indirect in its operations? To answer this, let history tell what death has accomplished in his gradual and silent operations. Let it speak of the heroes he has conquered, and of the philosophers he has outwitted; of the glories he has sullied, and of the beauties he has blasted.

Popular philosophy is generally inclined to overlook the most extensive and important agencies in operation around us, because they are too deeply founded for the superficial observer. The mind is prone to form opinions from hasty and superficial inspection. It too often walks by sight, not by faith. It is apt to build upon the surface, instead of digging for the rock. The angle of intellectual vision is too defective to form distinct images of distant objects, although it has no difficulty in perceiving a mote on the eyelash. To take an example: Napoleon on the pinnacle of glory rivets the world's attention. To see kingdoms tremble at his nod, and thrones totter at his frown; to behold temples rise at his bidding, and mountains paved for his pathway; then the agency is so visible, and so direct, that in the conspicuousness of that we lose sight of all others. But how happened that furious comet of blaze and blood to dash through the political heavens, deranging all its machinery, and crushing spheres of resistance? Not merely because he had a frame of iron and a genius of fire; nor was it because a theatre of conspicuous action opened before him, and that he had talents for political tragedy. Others had the same nerve, genius, and opportunity; and yet the world has hardly heard of their names.

Napoleon's notoriety, however, is doubtless founded upon his actions, but his actions were a *result* as well as a cause. Where then shall we look for the cause or spring of his actions? doubtless to his *disposition*. But where shall we look for the *cause of his disposition* which thus eventuated in unrivalled notoriety? was his disposition an effect without cause? a stream without fountain? did it spring up uncaused, and mature like the creations of fancy? By no means; his disposition, like every thing earthly, had an embryo existence and a gradual growth. It did not receive its strength from once feasting, or its inspiration from one mighty cup. It was fed sparingly, a crumb at a meal; and

was years in attaining its maturity. Whence then drew Napoleon his disposition? where was it nursed and cradled? It had a being previous to his triumphs in Italy; and was developed before he studied in the school of France. Its first public exhibitions were in his childhood's frolicks, when he had mock battles with his schoolmates; when he drew his camp lines with a potsherd, and formed his forts of the snow-drift. O could we lift the curtain of obscurity which hangs over his infancy and early childhood, could we trace the influences which *formed him a Napoleon*, we should doubtless perceive that to maternal influence was he chiefly indebted for the alpha and omega of his disposition and destiny. His parents as little dreamed that they were educating an emperor for the world, as you, ladies, that you may be rearing despots for America. He was, it is likely, a pampered monarch in his cradle, and a tyrant in his infantile sports. Revolutions were kindled by flattering his courage; and his commended ambition dragged popes from their palaces—his encouraged freaks stained the pyramids of Egypt with gore.

Maternal influence had a large share, doubtless, in collecting the combustibles and laying the train of his disposition; then the fires of political concussion found their way to this mine: the earth shook, and heaven trembled at the explosion. At the beginning of his being, had another hand caressed him, and another bosom pillowed his head; had some other one been his companion and instructor, Zion might have been blessed with another apostle, or science with another Newton. The Bourbons might have kept their sceptre, and the British lion had never trembled in his lair.

4. When human disposition begins its career, it is like a little fountain on the mountain's summit. It has not yet overflowed its tiny basin, but it tries on all sides to break through its little strand. Its course is so uncertain, however, that we cannot tell which way it will flow. How easy *then* to direct it down this side in virtue's channel, or down that into destruction's gulf. At first it is like a little streamlet, with scarcely a tributary dripping; but it seeks for a lower level. Yet it is so feeble and easily led that you may guide it at pleasure. But soon it will receive supplies; then it

will, if neglected, descend first the slope of imprudence ; then the ledge of error ; and in the end perhaps leap the precipice of sin into the gulf of perdition. Just in proportion as disposition goes down the steep of depravity, its tributaries become more numerous and large ; until it strengthens its influence, so that the little teachable streamlet of early inclination becomes the Niagara of stubborn determination. Then who can control it ?

How important is early education ! what an influence may a mother acquire ! what tremendous consequences probably resulted from it in the case of the wonderful Corsican ! But the influence was so silent, so unobserved, so gradual, that the hasty historian has not paused to record it ; and the descriptive limner has scarcely touched it with his pencil. But is an influence less eventful because it is unsuspected ? The answer has already been given in the illustration of death.

5. It may be profitable for us to have more permanently impressed upon the mind the *nature* of some of the most powerful and extensive influences in operation around us. The mind should become familiar with the fact, that such agencies generally effect their purposes in a silent, unobserved, and often unsuspected manner. When this is fully known, it may influence us to appreciate moral influence which exerts itself in the same manner. *Caloric* produces the most important and astonishing results, in a gradual, unobservable, and long unsuspected manner. It penetrates the most solid bodies ; hardens or softens, compounds or purifies, contracts or expands matter in every form and of every nature. Silent and unobserved as it operates, yet, without it, not a sunbeam could illumine, not an insect fly, or a pulse beat ; not a shower could descend ; not a river flow ; ocean would be chained ; thunder would never lift his voice ; and all existence, whether animal or vegetable, would give up the ghost. Take another illustration :

Light has an astonishing influence ; although it is so silent and unobserved in its operations that men will hardly believe that it is this which causes the leaves and branches of vegetables to radiate from a common centre ; and thus gives to plants and trees their external symmetry. It is this which paints the hues of every

flower, and weaves the carpet of nature in mosaic. It is this which hardens and gives strength to vegetables to enable them to sustain their own weight. What is it which lifts up the mighty forest towards heaven, and leads the vine up along its branches? It is the same influence that trails the ropy sprout along a dark passage towards the light, and bends the geranium towards the window. It is the mild, constant, patient and inexplicable influence of light. Don't think lightly, then, of maternal influence, because, like these influences referred to, it may be gradual and silent in its doings. We have a clear exhibition of it in the history of Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It was this influence which gave to the world an Augustine, the Wesleys, a Doddridge, and a host of other benefactors of mankind, too numerous to mention. With Scripture history, on this point, it is presumed you are sufficiently familiar. Moses, Samuel and Timothy, are conspicuous examples.

6. Could we with Omniscience trace the operations of the various influences which affect human society, after making sufficient allowance for others, we should doubtless discover, that in instances innumerable this influence has fixed the destinies of kingdoms, and had a tremendous agency in preparing souls for their eternal destiny. We would by no means detract from the paternal and other relationary influences in human society; but that the maternal is much the superior is our most decided conviction.

This, I think, will appear from a few considerations :

First, *The mother has the earliest and best opportunity of discovering the natural temperament of her children.* When they are ushered into being they are not confided to the father's care; they must rest upon her bosom. Her hands must dress them, and to her they look for support. Are they cheerful, she is their playmate; are they sick, their physician. She hovers over their slumbers a guardian seraph, and in their waking hours is a ministering spirit. She knows best how cold and heat affect them; how pleasure or pain, hunger or fulness, health or sickness. She can observe the first symptoms of moral disease, and watch the

Disposition is first a yielding twig; a branch next; and then a tree.

“ 'Tis education forms the early mind;

“ Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.”

If the branch be left to mature its own crookedness, who can straighten it? If by superior force it is then bent to its place for a moment, remove the restraint, and it flies back to its native deformity.

That web of habit, daughter of Eve, is mostly for thee to break; or if thou hast neglected it, that twine, or that cord. Haste then in thy duty, lest, if thou delay, the strength of the cable mock thy feebleness.

That young yielding twig is mostly for thy care and patience to rear. Suffer it not to grow crooked and unlovely; bind it to its position by constant attention; and when it is matured and stands noble as Lebanon, and blooms fair as the myrtle, thou wilt not regret thy years of anxiety and untold seasons of maternal perplexity. It will give honor to thy bleached head of infirmity, and peace to thy death-bed. Thine own happiness is bound up with thine offspring; thou art shaping thy felicity as well as their destiny. Thou art leading to heaven or guiding to misery. Thou art weaving a wreath for the brow of thy children, a shroud of despair, or a mantle of shame. Thou needest the counsel of experience and the step of discretion. Shall a mother live without prayer, when so much depends upon her doings? Let her make friends with “that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother;” and let her be on intimate terms with that One who can afford her unerring counsel.

Ladies, I approve of your Association. I will render it any service of which I am capable. Pressed as you are with such solicitude, trembling under your responsibilities, I wonder not that you occasionally flock together: human beings are of sympathetic nature; and especially your sex.

If man has superior strength, he has not your tenderness. Do his cares drive him to solitude? yours lead to society. Does he love to commune with himself? you will hold intercourse with each other. And yet man, with all his distant coldness, with all

his self-sufficiency, feels at times the need of his brother. If he would accomplish any thing of importance, he pleads assistance, and seeks for it by association. This has been his history from the tower in Shinar to the Mexican pyramids; from the Grecian phalanx to the modern brigade. Would he till the ground successfully, he has his fairs. Would he acquire wealth, he has his corporations. Would he pursue the arts, literature, or science successfully, he gathers in groups, and dares not tread alone the rugged path. He has assemblies of peace and councils of war. He finds that co-operation is the pillar of support to the state; that it secures victory in war; that it lights up the dark avenue to learning; and that it is the anchor of religion.

Does it not then become you, ladies, in your responsible duties, to associate together? If man, the stronger, man the less sympathetic, if he finds it important, would you be wise in neglecting it? Yours are concerns of no ordinary moment. Man may guide the destinies of empires; but you, mothers, you form the character of man himself. As his nature is moulded he gives character to the world he governs. Thus you perceive that, indirectly, mothers give character to the world itself.

Seek then by association all the aid you may find. Let not indolence cause you to linger in the pathway of wisdom. Having no lyceum of discussion, no hall of debate, it is proper that the temple of prayer should fling open its door and invite your deliberations to its holy altar.

It is meet that trusts so sacred, labors so important, influence so momentous, should shun the confusion of worldly assemblies, and mingling religion with their discussions, should sit down beneath the brooding wings of piety, and there mingle with earth, with heaven, at once.

May you return to your domestic cares deeply impressed with your responsibilities, determined faithfully to discharge your duties, and hoping and trusting in the grace of the living God for success.

Hath He said it, and will He not do it? hath He declared it, and shall it not be so? "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO A YOUTHFUL BRIDE.

N—, Dec. 21, 1842.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—You will probably be surprised at seeing my signature; and your first feeling may be one of disappointment that this large sheet had not been filled by some more familiar hand. But, believe me, there are few beyond your own family-circle who feel a more tender interest in your welfare, both here and hereafter, than does the mother of that *sweet girl* who but little more than a year since sat with you in this very room, engaged in cheerful conversation. The snows of winter rest upon *her* bosom; while the friend that sat by her side is enjoying the most unalloyed of earthly bliss, that which fills the heart and the hopes of the youthful bride. Well do I remember the time when I became *a wife*. How full was my cup of present joy, and how ardent my anticipations of future happiness! Dear E—, have you felt this same delusion fastening itself about *your* heart? Have you settled down in the belief that you are now *truly happy*, and that if this could but last *for ever* it would satisfy your soul? Suffer me to assure you *that it is not so*. “The fondness of a creature’s love” is not sufficient to fill the soul that was made *to enjoy God for ever*. When I first tasted the joys of pardoned sin, (after having yielded, as I trust, my heart to its rightful sovereign,) I had added to the happiness of *a wife* the untold joys of *a mother*; and yet I well remember saying to a young friend, four days after that blessed change, “I have experienced more happiness during the last four days than in my whole life beside.” Since that time I have been called to stand by the death-bed of a beloved mother and of a revered father and of a daughter who was as dear to me as my own soul: and these repeated afflictions have but taught me more and more of the value of that Almighty arm which alone can sustain under

sorrows like these. Long may it be, my dear young friend, ere you know the heart of *an orphan*! May your heart never bleed *as mine has bled*! Yet in this world which sin has spoiled, "trials must and will befall." But were your cup of earthly bliss constantly to overflow, and not one drop of the bitter waters of affliction ever mingle with it, yet, believe me, you will find "an aching void" within, unless you enthrone the Eternal God in your affections, and make every other object subservient to him. Love your husband, your parents, your brothers and sister as much as you please, only love Infinite Beauty, Infinite Excellence, Infinite Dignity more. And is not *this* right, to appreciate objects according to their relative value? All that you can imagine of created loveliness and purity and majesty combined, falls infinitely short of what is to be found in the blessed God. Think of the innumerable company of spirits who have never sinned, who nevertheless veil their faces as they cry continually, "Holy, holy, holy!" And have *you* no feeling of reverence in unison with theirs? Think of the blessed throng of the redeemed who cast their crowns at the Savior's feet, and, with emotions unknown to earth, sing as they bow, "Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood,—to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever!" And has this Savior no claims upon your grateful praise and your willing service? Dear E——, sin has truly blinded the mind, and perverted the affections, and ruined the soul! Well do I remember when the Savior was to me "as a root out of dry ground," in whom I saw no form nor comeliness why I should desire him. Never would I forget that he "sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God," and by this wonderful act laid me under infinite and unchanging obligations to be wholly his, and to use all my powers for him. "This is my Beloved and this is my Friend," "the Chief among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely," whom I would commend to your warmest love, your highest admiration, your adoring praise, your obedient and constant service. Think of the relations you sustain to your God and Savior. He it is who created your body, so "fearfully and wonderfully made." He gave you your rational powers, and made

you capable of knowing and serving and enjoying him. He has bestowed upon you an existence which is to last as long as his own throne endures. He gave you that best of earthly blessings, a praying mother, who devoted you to him in baptism, and who has often renewed that consecration in her closet. When the hand of disease pressed upon you, and anxious friends feared that you were about to be laid in an early grave, he redeemed your "life from destruction," and took from your side one not less beloved, but, as we believe, more prepared. All this he has done for you individually, in addition to what he did when he *bought you with his blood*. And now I appeal to all that is ingenuous within you, have you made him any proper returns? By all these mercies he has been pleading with you, "Open unto me, for my head is wet with the dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."

"He's waited long, is waiting still;

"*You treat no other friend so ill!*"

Dear E——, my heart yearns over you, as the first-born of my early friend, and the loved companion of my sainted child. Since I am denied the privilege of doing any thing more for her whom I was permitted to train for heaven, I long to bear some humble part in preparing her young friends to follow her thither. It is my constant prayer that her sweet example while in health, and her holy triumph in view of death, may lead them to seek the Savior in whom she trusted, and to follow her in the path of early piety. I have remembered you and your dear husband before the Mercy Seat, and have with tears invoked for you His favor which "is life," and his loving-kindness which is "*better than life*." "Seek first the kingdom of God," and all of earthly bliss that is best for you will assuredly be added.

Your dear mother misses you much, *as I too well know*; but she hopes to see you again. God grant she may not be disappointed! Oh that you would rejoice her heart by telling her, in your very next letter, that you and your dear husband and brother have come to the blessed resolution to serve the Lord!

"Now is the time he bends his ear,
"And waits for your request;
"Come, lest he lift his hand and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Farewell, my dear young friend. May your mother's God be yours!

Believe me, with sincere affection, yours,

F. L. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON PROVOKING OUR CHILDREN TO WRATH.

By REV. RALPH EMERSON.

The brightest gem now left in our fallen nature, is that instinctive affection which leads the fond mother to prize the life, the health, the fame, the welfare of her darling child, even more dearly than her own. This ruby is tarnished, indeed; and the actings of its magic power are also sadly misguided in the best of us. But, instead of destroying, or checking, or even blaming this noble relic of paradise, christianity bids us increase its power and elevate its aim. Its salient might needs but the guiding rein—not the curb. Though stronger than death, though so intense that no waters can quench nor floods drown it, the Bible utters no rebuke; while, on the other hand, the parent "without natural affection," is pronounced "worse than an infidel."

It is therefore a vain conceit, into which some have fallen, that natural affection in parents is to be checked and restrained, because it has so frequently been misguided, and even connected with selfishness and idolatry towards our children. We are not to love them the less, but God the more—and the universe the more—and all with a purified affection. Without it, the brother would more often betray the brother to death, and the father the son, and children would rise up against their parents and cause them to be put to death, and a man's foes would be they of his

own household. The French revolution just began to show what the world would soon become by stifling natural affection through a fantastic regard to universal philanthropy. Men became worse than the tigers of the desert.

But, while the Bible put no check on this part of our inbred nature, it gives us many a caution, and many a precept for its right direction. To some of these we shall have occasion hereafter to advert.

And here it may be to my purpose further to remark, that after all the excellent productions which our age has afforded on the moral training of children, the Holy Bible remains the one grand directory on this most important branch of education. Indeed I may say, without the fear of contradiction by those best acquainted with this branch of our literature, that one of its best results is the more complete establishment of the supremacy of the Bible as the book of all books on moral education. It contains not only the fundamental principles, but also much more of the details and modes of application than men have been wont to imagine. Nor is this strange; for, while the Bible does not profess to teach *natural science*, it is given for the very purpose of teaching *moral science*, and teaching it for all lands, all ages, all conditions of men; and coming from Him who knew what was in man, and what is needful to be in him, it can never be either superseded or corrected by man's increasing wisdom.

The subject to which I would now more particularly invite the attention of christian mothers, is *the scripture doctrine in regard to provoking their children to anger*.

That the Bible forbids parents thus to provoke their children, will be sufficiently apparent from two passages which Paul has left us. In Eph. 6 : 4, he says, "Provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and in Col. 3 : 21, "Provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." And neither here nor any where else in the Bible do we find any exception to this prohibition. In no case, whatever be the circumstances, is a parent warranted in departing from this injunction.

It is somewhat remarkable that the apostle repeats precisely

the same language in both these passages. Surely he must have been deeply sensible of the evil of this fault in parents, and also of their liability to commit it. Alas, that excellent and all-pervading trait of natural affection, which, in its pristine strength and purity, might have kept every fond parent from such a sin, the eye of Paul beheld as a beautiful but mutilated ruin—its comely proportions marred, its fragments scattered! And if we would profit by the aid of this wise master-builder, in its reconstruction, we must, with him, first survey the *ruins*, and then the *means for repairing them*.

In our present number, we can consider only the first branch of our subject,—*the evils which result from provoking our children to wrath*.

1. They are thus induced to commit a great sin against God. This I place foremost, as being the greatest of all considerations. As benevolence is the essence of all moral goodness, so anger is at least one of the worst forms of sin. To be filled with wrath at any being, is sinful. But for a child to be angry at the mother that bore him, is second in atrocity only to his anger against the God that made him. It is also to be considered that he thus breaks directly one of the most solemn commands of the decalogue. He that said, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God*, said also, *Honor thy father and thy mother*. O, where is the mother that has ever thought of what she was doing when provoking her own child to anger against her! For her to induce him to lie, to steal, to swear profanely—she would be horror-struck at the thought. Why, then, has she done this thing? How *can* she have done it? It can only be because she thought not of what she was doing. She thought, if she thought at all, only of the fault he would commit against herself, and as of one which *she* could pardon at her pleasure. Nor did she consider the account herself, as well as her child, must render to God. For herself, she can, she must, she will repent; but for her poor child, no tears of hers can wash away the guilt!

2. The influence on the child's temper is most baleful. Creatures of habit as we are, every excitement of anger increases our irritability. And peculiarly is this the effect in the plastic period

of childhood and youth. A few repetitions then may be productive of more permanent evil to the disposition than many at a subsequent stage in life.

But there is also another principle involved which renders the case still more baneful. Anger excited against our dearest friends must produce a much worse effect on the temper than the like anger against those with whom we have but few if any ties of affection; while it is likewise a greater sin. Stronger barriers are burst asunder; and therefore we might naturally anticipate such a result. And facts, too, so far as we can ascertain them, appear to substantiate the same conclusion. For, how seldom do we find a person of bland disposition who has grown up in daily collision with the irritating deportment of an austere or peevish parent. Such an one, if not consoled by the kind and judicious sympathy of other friends, feels that his last tie to humanity is severed. More wretched than the slave, he becomes a misanthrope, perhaps like Lord Byron, with power to love no being but his dog; or he becomes a villain, wreaking his revenge on all whom he has courage to assail; or he may become, if destitute of mental elasticity, a poor dejected thing that never dares to look a human being in the face.

If such, then, is the tendency, how great may be the blasting effect on the forming temper, produced by the ill-nature, or the indiscretion, or perhaps the false theory of a parent who may, nevertheless, be toiling day and night for the temporal benefit of that child.

3. Filial respect is thus impaired, and perhaps a settled hatred is produced towards the parent. Every instance of anger diminishes, at least for a while, our moral esteem towards its object. We eagerly spy and enhance all existing faults, and often impute such as are only imaginary. Instinctively bent on self-justification, the child utters, mentally if not audibly, more than he can at once believe of what he regards as his ill-usage. But by repetition, he comes at length to believe the whole. Of course that moral respect, that high esteem for the justice and goodness of the parent, so essential to filial regard, is gone. And when this is gone, nine-tenths of the power of parental authority is annihi-

lated. The crushing power of a mighty arm may, indeed, still be dreaded: but where is that spring to the alacrity of filial obedience which the child was born to feel, and which he would have felt through life, if the right course had been pursued with him? Respect and love, which are far more intimately blended than we are apt to imagine, constitute this combined spring.

But this is not all. Instead of this moral esteem, there may arise a settled hatred. Instances are not wanting of this mournful occurrence. And when this stage is reached by the vicious and vitiated child, the farther and the sooner removed from the paternal roof, the better. The oft-recurring sight of a *hated* parent will but make him twofold more the image of Cain.

4. It discourages every good wish and effort in the child. Says the apostle, in a passage already cited, "Provoke not your children to wrath, *lest they be discouraged.*" Discouraged in what? First, in trying to please *you*; and then, in trying to do well at all. Love must be elicited, or at least met by love; else it will die. Kindness must be met by kindness and hearty approbation; else it will droop, then languish, then perish. There is vast happiness in making those happy whom we love. Such is God's nature; and such the nature of the beings he has made. Hence that glorious heaven of bliss which God has delighted to provide for his children, and where he will for ever delight in making them as happy as they can be. And hence the delight which kind parents feel in toiling through the longest life to provide for their offspring; and hence the peculiar felicity enjoyed by wise christian parents when, by God's blessing, they succeed in rendering their own dear family circle the brightest earthly image of that blissful society by which the throne of God is encircled. And hence, too, that reciprocal and choice felicity which obedient and affectionate children feel, when they find themselves successful in their attempts to please their parents and make them happy. This filial delight is the elastic spring to their best obedience. This is the true philosophy of life; the emblem, because the very temper and wisdom of heaven.

But where the parent fails in this wisdom, or is devoid of this temper, in vain will the counterpart be sought in the child. The

spring of joyful obedience cannot long exist. If the child finds or even fancies his parent hard to please, he will soon lose his best incentive to effort, and sink to the worthlessness, because to the misery, of a slave. And this he will soon find or fancy, if often provoked to anger by the parent.

And if he cannot please his own parent, whom will he hope to please? He therefore becomes discouraged, likewise, in his general purpose of well-doing. The bright morning of hope is overcast. He feels alone in the world, "with none to bless him, none that he can bless." And, "this," will he reiterate from a poisoned heart that once felt all its blasting wo, "this, this is to be alone," though "amid the shock and hum of men." Alienated from his kind, and the hope of pleasing gone, all desire and effort to please are abandoned.

5. Not only does it endanger the happiness and usefulness of the child in this life, but also his future salvation. When and how the cord is struck that hardens fatally the heart against the calls of the Gospel, we may not know till the final judgment. But, in many instances, it may be much sooner than we should imagine, and by a hand we should least suspect. And can it sometimes be by the hand of even a fond parent? Shocking as is the thought, it may be so. And if so, by what blow is it more likely to be inflicted than by one of this kind? Suppose you were roused, by some special cause, to seek earnestly the conversion of your child within the compass of one week, should you not be exceedingly cautious not to provoke that child to anger during the week? and were you, by some ill-judged word or deed, to excite his rage, would not your hopes be dashed? Is not this the dictate of nature, or rather of your knowledge of the human heart? If one instance, then, would mar your efforts for a week, what would be the result of a frequent repetition of such instances in marring your efforts and hopes for a whole life?

It is the *goodness* of God that leadeth to repentance. This some are charged by the apostle with "not knowing." And how often is it likewise the fact that the remembered kindness of a pious mother, long after her death, is found, like a live coal, in the bosom of a wayward son, the only thing to rekindle his con-

victions, and to impart a saving power to her long-resisted admonitions. But where would have been that undying power of hers, if she had often provoked that son to wrath? And where, as a consequence, would have been his soul?

And not only may our own salutary influence be thus destroyed, but also the influence of others, and of the whole Gospel, on our children. Make a child a misanthrope, and you have well nigh sealed his doom for both worlds.

In another passage already quoted from the apostle; he warns us not to provoke our children to wrath, but to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Here he sets the one course over against the other in the attitude of an alternative. Both we cannot pursue. If we provoke them to wrath, we cannot train them up for God, and may never meet them in heaven.

If such, then, may be the evils of provoking our children to anger, where is the mother in a christian land who will not be anxious to know how she may avoid these evils? But this branch of the subject must be deferred to a future number.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

No deeper emotion can touch the human heart than thrills through every nerve when the young mother looks on her first born. A cord is struck before untouched. As the boy sleeps quietly in his cradle she gazes on him with feelings to which she had before been a stranger. She has loved her husband—her affections have been warm towards father, mother, brothers and sisters. But now her emotions are of a new class—a different order—strange—undefinable—so tender that her eye fills with tears while she gazes—so rapturous that her blood dances in wild yet soft delight through her veins. In its strength it may be felt again—in its strange novelty it never returns. A mother knows it now, or remembers it as past, but both pen and tongue are utterly powerless to describe it.

From infancy to romping childhood, when sickness and fears are absent, what an incessant source of delight is found in every new indication of intelligence! The first smile—how sweet! The first manifested recognition of its mother—how it makes her heart to dance! The first attempt to walk—the first effort to speak—the young mother cannot reason herself into the belief that ever child was before so deeply interesting. To her it is such a being as never before existed.

It is indeed most wise and kind in the good Author of our being to implant such deep affection in the parental heart. The cares and anxieties of rearing our offspring are compensated by present pleasure, instead of waiting a distant reward. If every day has its toils, it brings also rich present enjoyment. That heart is cold—it is not a parent's heart, that can sneer at a mother's fond partiality for her child. Let her feel that no other child ever presented such claims to a mother's love. It is her privilege to feel this, and to taste all the pleasure that such a feeling, unrestrained by cold and heartless reasoning, can give. Indeed no reasoning can clothe another child to her with any portion of the interest which hers presents. She sees and admires the beauty and the sportive smiles and gambols of another's infant—but these in her own reach a deeper fountain—they strike at once on the heart's finest cords.

It would seem scarcely possible that a mother should not be a religious woman. The deep affection and tender solicitude for her offspring lead her to look for some higher power than her own to shield and protect its helplessness, and looking to the future she desires some sure and ever-present guide to accompany her child amidst the temptations and vicissitudes of life. She must look up—she must feel how weak her arm—how impotent her best skill. Knowing, as every one in a christian land does, that there is an abounding fountain of wisdom—a power unrestricted by time or place or circumstance—she cannot, when she looks on her infant, and her full heart is overflowing—she cannot but look up with gratitude, and offer up her prayers for that protection and for those blessings which an infinite Being only can bestow.

E. W. C.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LITTLE ELLEN.

"Sanctify me, oh Lord"—this simple petition I. had often uttered and pondered in my heart, but I can never hear it now without a still sweeter association and remembrance—memory recurs to a winter at the south only a few months since.

The family group were gathered in the parlor for the evening, and the mother of little Ellen and Henry, after bidding them good night, had left them, saying, "Be kindly affectioned one to another." The elements without were stirring with the approach of a winter's storm, the winds beat fitfully against the mansion, and the thunder was rumbling in the distance. It grew still nearer, but yet in our closed apartments the lightning had not been visible, till with startling power the whole room was filled with a glare of lightning, succeeded almost instantly by a terrific peal of thunder.

The mother sprang to the bedside of little Henry and Ellen, her children lay calm and quiet, while Ellen repeated "Sanctify me, oh Lord." It was a scene for a painter!—for a lover of the beautiful and sublime! but more than all for the christian mother, who loves the Savior's words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Little Ellen was but five years old, and it is not supposed that she could understand, in its fullness and richness of meaning, the words "Sanctify me, oh Lord," her comprehension and petition only extended to take care of me, and make me good, oh Lord.

But here was already the fruits of a pious mother's instructions, already her child, in an hour of fear and danger, looked up, calmly trusting her heavenly Father, with the confidence of the Psalmist when he exclaimed, "Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO MARY H. H., AGED EIGHT MONTHS.

I saw thee, Mary, lovely one,
All brightness, life, and glee—
My days were happier for thy smile;
My dreams were full of thee.

I saw thee pale and suffering,
I heard thy moaning cry—
Its memory still upon my heart
With saddening weight doth lie.

I saw thee lone and silent laid
In the familiar room—
I long'd to fold thee in my arms
And save thee from the tomb.

I saw them bear thee slow away—
My tears, how fast they fell!—
Till suddenly a whisper came,
My bosom's strife to quell.

It bade me turn an eye of faith
To yonder heavenly home:
I dried my tears—how bright the bliss
From which thou ne'er shalt roam.

I saw thee happiest of the throng
That bow before the throne—
I heard thy angel brother's voice
Greet thee with gentle tone.

I heard thy own unfettered tongue
Lisp the song of heaven;
And to thy tiny, clasping hand
A golden harp was given.

Mary, how strange! but yesterday
Thou wast a feeble thing,
And now beneath thy finger's touch
Immortal numbers spring.

I see thee still, dear, lovely one,
Clothed in eternal bloom—
The vision of that calm, fair brow
Dispels all thought of gloom.

Unchanged thou art, save that the clog
Of flesh is laid aside—
For ever loving and beloved,
How swift thy moments glide!

I wish thee joy, I wish thee joy,
Eternity is thine—
Speed thee—immortal is the race—
Thy portion, bliss divine.

S.

THE
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For the Mother's Magazine.

ON PROVOKING OUR CHILDREN TO WRATH.

By REV. RALPH EMERSON, D. D.

(Concluded.)

It is my design in these papers to consider the Scripture doctrine on this important subject. In a previous communication I have endeavored to present some of the more prominent evils which are to be feared from a disregard of the twice-repeated injunction of the apostle, Provoke not your children to wrath. The child may thus be induced to commit great sin; his temper may be injured; his filial respect may be destroyed; his hope and his desire of doing well may be discouraged; and his final salvation may be endangered.

I now proceed to consider *how these evils are to be avoided*; or, to speak more definitely, *how the mother is to guard against presenting any such provocation*.

And here, perhaps, some may imagine, at the outset, that the rod of correction must be cast away for ever. Not so, however.

For, it must be recollected, we are inquiring for the Scripture doctrine on our whole subject; and the Bible in this, as well as in other parts of a christian education, must be our rule. And the omniscient Lawgiver, knowing well the points in which the tender heart and imperfect judgment of the kind parent would be most likely to err in the application of the divine principles, has expressly guarded us against this mistake. He has commanded us to chastise the wayward child, and not to spare him for his crying. Nay, he assures us that he who spareth the rod hateth his child. It is the very dictate of wisdom and of love, both for this world and the future, to inflict corporal suffering on some occasions. Of course the infliction, thus commanded by God, cannot necessarily be an infringement of his other rule. Nor does such punishment, when really demanded, and when right in manner and degree, necessarily excite any anger at all. This I shall endeavor to show, among other things, while considering the first of those directions which I will now venture to propose.

1. The mother who would be sure never to provoke her child to wrath, must always govern her own temper. It is in itself at least as great a sin in *her* to be angry, as it will be in her child to be *provoked* to anger. And if we are right in placing the sin the child may commit as the first among the evils we have considered, we are right in reminding the mother, first of all, of this dissuasive against indulging the like passion. And again, if we are right in noting it as a sin of peculiar aggravation, and “next to that of anger against the God that made him,” for a child to be angry with the mother who bore him, what shall be said of the mother who is angry with the child that God has given her?—and a child, it may be, of many prayers. The mother who may feel herself in no danger of committing this sin, will pardon this great plainness of speech, in the hope that some weaker sister may be benefited by so solemn a thought.

And not only is it a great sin, but, like some other sins in parents, it bears with it its own baleful visitation on the children. Viewed simply in the light of *example*, it is most balefully contagious. As smiles produce smiles, so angry frowns produce their counterpart; and the parent sees his own image, as face answereth

to face in water, reflected from all around him. And as the enchanting tones of inimitable love draw forth their accordant music from the infant tongue, so do the harsh notes of anger produce their own jarring echoes. But when, in addition to the mere force of example, the child finds this anger directed against himself, an antagonist passion is roused; and that anger which he has been practically taught to indulge towards others, is directed towards his parent.

But whether this last stage be reached or not, there is another evil which must necessarily follow: I mean the prostration of that high moral dignity in which the parent ought always to stand in view of the child. This serene elevation, the result of a benign equanimity, and resembling the moral dignity of God himself as compared with the irascible and consequently despicable gods of the heathen, is lost to the parent by his indulgence in anger. At the sight of so degrading a spectacle the astonished children may be led to exclaim, as of Samson shorn of his glory, behold he has become weak like one of us! And, if themselves enraged at him, they may despise—and if not enraged, they must pity—their fallen father. Even a single sad scene of flashing anger they will never forget; nor can years of a better temper completely reinstate him on that throne of moral supremacy he once held.

To guard completely against the evil, the parent should *never* be in a passion. But if this point be not maintained, he should at least be careful never to speak to his child till the passion has subsided, lest, like even the meek Moses when thus excited, he speak unadvisedly with his tongue.

And least of all should a parent *chastise* the child while in anger. If he do, he will be likely to inflict too severe a chastisement, and thus discourage the child, if he do not also cause him to harden himself in anger and in the purpose of secret or open revenge. But suppose the punishment be not too severe, it may still, from the angry manner of its infliction, appear to partake of the nature of revenge, and thus defeat the best moral effect on the child, a loathing of his *sin* as well as of its consequences.

I have said above, that the use of the rod need not produce anger in the child. The way is now prepared for showing *how* the

painful duty may be so performed as to avoid this great and besetting evil.

The general and very comprehensive direction may be thus expressed: the duty must be so performed as not only to be, but also to be seen to be, a truly painful duty to the parent. The parent's heart should writhe much more than the body of the young offender. And for this purpose it is generally needful that time should elapse before the infliction, in order that all passion and perturbation of mind may subside in both parties. Then, not only will the parent be in the right state of mind for so solemn an act, but the child will be the most likely to appreciate the motive, and to be led to abhor himself for his crime. And I doubt not that many a wayward child has thus been led to true repentance towards God as well as towards his parent, though we cannot hereby be justified in employing the rod as a means of grace. And, on the other hand, we may well believe that an *angry* chastisement has generally made the child twofold more a child of rebellion.

Indeed, reproof, even without stripes, if given at the right time, deliberately yet earnestly and very solemnly, affectionately and yet with an unwavering indignation of the crime, sinks into the very soul of the young transgressor, withering to the dust that pride and naughtiness of spirit that might, in the hour of passion, have braced the will against the severest infliction. If sad but salutary experience might speak, I would say, O how I used to dread, not stripes, (for those were not inflicted,) but that solemn hour of reckoning which I knew would come. How I wished my parents would, like some others, instantly inflict on my *body* what punishment they pleased, instead of afterwards punishing my soul by arraying before it its sin and ingratitude, when that soul had lost its power of resistance and could only sink down in self-abasement!

Prayer, too, with the child, should sometimes precede or rather follow the chastisement. And when used, it should be short and very appropriate, the child being taught to unite heartily in the confessions and the pleadings for pardon.

Reproof and chastisement, thus administered, I again say, need

not excite anger; and they may be speedily followed with gratitude, love, and increased filial respect.

2. The mother should early study the peculiar temperament of the child. As there is an endless variety in human countenances, so is there in human tempers. No two are precisely alike. Each has its own peculiar obliquities as well as its beauties; and just as absurd is the hope of removing all moral as well as natural deformities by any one application. The diseases of the mind are multiform as those of the body; and just as various are the remedies to be sought. Never, therefore, should the parent imagine that one unvarying mode of treatment will answer for all his children. And never should he be confident that the course which has proved successful with three of his children may not fail with the fourth. And much less should he imagine that he could successfully train up all the children of some other family.

This view is highly important to the success of any parent of a numerous family. And while it rebukes a vain presumption before the experiments are completed, it also excludes all vain boasting when success may have crowned the whole. Even President Edwards had one perverse son whom he failed of guiding in the way he should go. And so had David. And so with many other great and wise men. Some children, with almost no parental training, are seen to grow up the models of discretion and virtue; while of others, we are tempted to say, no man can tame them. And often is it the fact that the child who has required and received more parental solicitude and care than the whole six or ten other children of the family, becomes, after all, an exceedingly perverse man.

But while some children are much more perverse in their temperament than others, we are by no means to ascribe the whole of the difference in the final success of parents to this cause. Occasionally it may be found that the chief reason why a parent succeeds so much better with one child than with another, is the fact that his mode of treatment is not equally adapted to both. In other words, he either does not sufficiently study their diverse peculiarities, or he knows not how to meet those diver-

sities of temper. What is salutary in one case is less so in another, and positively baneful in a third. It has been well said that there is some good thing in even the worst of men. And so is there probably some assailable point in which every individual may be reached. The devil knows how to approach this point for evil: and God knows how to reach it for good. But "we who are of yesterday," how little do we know in some of the more difficult cases. And I must here add, how little do some even try to learn by any careful study of the peculiar tempers of their children. The discreet physician detects the nicest shades of difference in the diseases of his patients and in the aptitude of their constitutions for enduring his remedies; and with ceaseless vigilance does he watch their varying symptoms from day to day. But some parents seem to act as though there were but one phase of moral disease, and but one remedy, (perhaps the rod;) and that to be applied in an equal degree in all cases. This is empiricism, over which the devil rejoices, as leaving but little for him to do; but empiricism which he never practices in administering his poisons.

In this view of the complicated and delicate science of education we may readily see the reason why a perverse boy is sometimes so readily and completely reclaimed by being transferred from the paternal roof. Thus one of you may have a child who is frequently provoked to anger instead of being reclaimed by the means you employ for his good, while your plan succeeds well with the rest of your charge. He does not like your ways. And I also may find one of mine equally averse to my ways and irreclaimable by my course of discipline. Now it is quite possible, were we to exchange these two sons with each other, all parties would be completely accommodated. The wants of these sons would be met, and they would be reclaimed. But, since such exchanges cannot be expected, it remains for those who find their efforts baffled, to study more carefully the peculiarities of their children, if peradventure they may find some more excellent way for checking their bad and eliciting their good propensities.

Another remark is also as obvious as it is important. The

same course of training, and with the same sort of children, may be the best for some parents but not for others. Some are better fitted to wield one kind of means, and some another. Some may succeed best with mild means, and some with the more severe. The very tones of voice which a parent can command, to say nothing of the majesty of personal appearance and of physical strength, are not to be disregarded on such a question. The roar of the lion and the music of the linnet may be equally effective : but both cannot proceed from the same organs. And no more can the best influences of the mother assume the same form with those of the father. Nor can the good systems of education we find in books, be followed by all with equal safety or advantage. The very manner of applying the means, may itself be the greater means, whether of good or of evil : and contempt instead of respect, or anger instead of love, may be the result.

3. A prompt attention should be paid to all the questions and requests of the child. This is far from saying that all requests should be granted, or all questions fully answered. But unless they are promptly noticed in some way, the child will repeat what he has said in a louder voice. And soon that neglected voice will assume, first the imperative, and then the angry tone. And, as a matter of fact, the child has become angry. And the further fact is, that he has been *provoked* to anger by (shall I say the truth?) the *negligence* of his parent. Who has not heard of such things? And yet who, amid the frequency of their recurrence, has duly reflected upon all their bearings? And who has stopped to think of the violation of the apostle's twice-repeated injunction?

And now, shall I here venture to suggest what I believe a further fact; and then to offer the best palliation I can for it? The supposed fact is this, that mothers are much more frequently guilty of this fault than fathers are. Harshness and severity may be much more common in fathers, while of such negligence as this they are rarely guilty. And now for the *apology*, though not the *justification* of this neglect of a divine command. The palliation is found in the extremely trying office which the hard-working mother has to discharge. And what is this office thus

imposed on the weaker, the more delicate vessel? She, indeed, can much better tell it; but a man can readily tell more than I have space here to utter.

In a large family, with but little if any aid, she has not only every thing to see to, but also almost every thing to do. And if, in the midst of such toil and distraction, two or three little children begin to speak to her at once, surely she has an apology if she does not at once hear them all, nor even answer any one of them at the first call. And what, too, if she form a habit of inattention to their requests? It can be regarded as no wonder. And yet it must be regarded as something far more than a mere wonder—a sore evil, which costs both her and them very dear—and which is by no means removed by being explained. It is a sore evil to her, in as much as she loses their respect and her authority over them, when they come to insult her with angry and imperious tones. A sore evil to her also, in as much as she gains nothing by the delay, for she has all their questions finally to answer, and perhaps also to spend twice the portion of breath, if not likewise of animal spirits, in reproving them for their impertinence. And a much sorer evil is it also to them, in the sin they thus commit of being angry at a mother, and in the depravation of their tempers, and in the special chastisement of God which they may incur.

What then shall she do in so hard a case? All I can here say is, let her make the *moral* care of her children her *first* care, come what may of other things. Better that their food be spoiled, than that their souls be left to famish for the want of a moment's timely care. Better, infinitely, that their raiment be neglected, than that they be left to an eternal exposure of their shame through her neglect of the higher duty.

But, in truth, she is driven to no such alternative. It is all a mistake. For she will gain much time for other purposes, instead of losing it, by forming a habit of instant attention to all they say. And if she cannot at once answer all their questions, she can at least impose temporary silence on them, just as men do, and not allow them to become impertinent and disrespectful and angry. This done, and the authority of the mother is pre-

served, much time and trouble are saved, and a multitude of sins are prevented.

4. Just views of the sin and the disgrace of being angry at a parent should be frequently impressed on the child. God's first commandment with promise, is the ample basis for this all-important lesson. Such religious views can be very early inculcated by the mother at least as well as by the father. And when properly inculcated, their effect is lasting and powerful beyond all other kinds of discipline. Probably all who have thus tried such religious motives have been astonished by their success.

5. If a mother would prevent the evils in question, she should be careful to secure a proper degree of filial respect toward herself. Respect for a person, and especially moral respect, represses and even overawes anger. One would not easily be provoked at such a character as Washington. There is too much of reverence to admit of it. And though anger and disrespect are not the same, and may exist separately, yet are they twin-sisters, and one prepares the way for the other.

What, then, are the ways in which a mother is peculiarly liable to forfeit this respect? and what shall she do to secure and increase it? Some things in answer to these weighty questions have already been incidentally noticed, and need not be repeated. I will add but a single topic on each question.

It is probably no uncommon thing for a woman to appeal to her husband, in the hearing of their children, to support her authority. This, I cannot help thinking, is one of the greatest mistakes she could make. He may, indeed, teach them the duty of respecting their mother; but for her, in their presence, to appeal for such aid, will be regarded by them as an acknowledgment of her inferiority in right or power to *command* their respect. And such an acknowledgment may detract more from their respect towards her, than his commands can possibly add. She must command respect by her own conduct and dignity mainly, if she is to hope for it at all. She is herself to repress their incipient disrespect, and herself to punish the transgression in her own way. And I may here add, that one of the forms in which she will be first called upon to suppress their disrespect, is in for-

bidding them to say *yes* and *no* to her. Never should she suffer the use of either these stout little Saxon words to her. The child may at first mean no harm; but the bad effect will soon be apparent in him. Nor is a lesson or two on the subject sufficient. The error must always be corrected on *the spot*, or the bad habit will be formed. And here is another point in which mothers are much more apt to fail than fathers; and hence a great cause of their diminished respect.

In regard to positively increasing filial respect towards a mother, I know of nothing more effectual, in addition to what has already been suggested, than the faithful discharge of that most important of all duties towards children, the duty of imparting religious instruction. No office under Heaven is so fitted to command the respect of the inmost soul of man as the office of a religious teacher. This is proved by the veneration in which such teachers have been held in all ages, and among all nations, and of whatever religion. Even the Druids were more revered by our savage ancestors than their kings. Something of the dignity of the divine Being and the awe of the external world is transferred to the person who unveils such sacred mysteries to the opening mind. True, the devout mother will not teach the momentous truths and duties of religion to the young immortal God has committed to her charge for the *purpose* of commanding his veneration towards herself. This would be a profanation. But equally true is it that she cannot begin to teach them as she ought without incidentally producing this very happy result; a result lasting as life, and as salutary as it is lasting.

From this consideration, then, as well as from other and higher motives already suggested, I close by again saying, *let the moral and religious training of her children be a mother's first and chief care.* In this way will she best serve herself, and serve her husband, and serve them, and serve her generation, and serve her God.

INFLUENCE OF A PRAYING MOTHER.

From the New-York Evangelist.

The Bible begins the story of the Redeemer's mercy; but it is only a beginning. The whole history of redemption can never be said to be published, till every name on the pages of the book of life has been read, and the leadings of God's mysterious providence, in regard to each one, have been unfolded in eternity.

A few years since I was called from my study to see a stranger. He brought a letter from a friend in Ohio, which stated that he was "a man of the right stamp." His name was Joseph W. Barr, then a student at the Theological Seminary at Andover. He was out of health; had walked nearly thirty miles; and there was nothing very prepossessing in his first appearance. But a few hours' acquaintance only was necessary to discover that he was a man of a strong, well-balanced mind, of deep piety, and a breast full of benevolence. One great object of his visit was to restore his health, which had become impaired by study. But instead of lying upon the couch, taking gentle exercise and "light medicines," he hired himself out, for the vacation, as a carpenter; and a better or more diligent and faithful workman seldom entered the shop. He received high wages, and the family in which he resided can hardly speak of him, to this day, without tears. On leaving us he carried away a good stock of health; and more of the heart and good wishes, and pure substantial tokens of confidence from his christian friends, than if he had spent his time in any other way. While in my study one evening, I requested him to relate to me his christian experience, and the dealings of God in regard to his soul. He began at once, and did it with such simplicity and humility that I was compelled more than once to turn away my head to conceal my tears. I wrote down the account just as he had related it, as soon as he had left me. It is not merely a true account of his conversion, but, as nearly as possible, in his own words:

“ Among my first recollections is the image of my sainted mother. We lived at the West, in what was then a howling wilderness, but is now the flourishing State of Ohio. My father was a minister and a missionary, and my mother was every way qualified to be his helper. My father was gone much from home in searching for the scattered sheep of Christ's fold, and could not do much towards forming my character. But my mother! she was an angel to me. We lived in a log-house, and had but one large room; of course she had no closet there. But there was a beautiful grove a little back of the house, and there, as early as I can remember any thing, I can remember that she took me by the hand and caused me to kneel by her side while she prayed aloud for my absent father and for me. At first, I hardly understood it; but soon learned that God, who dwelt far, far above those high trees, could hear her prayer, and was hearkening to her sweet voice. She used statedly to lead me there, and always laid her right hand on my head while she prayed; and feelings of deep awe always came over me. She never omitted this practice whilst she lived; and I there had distinct and correct impressions made as to my character, as well as to the character of God.

“ She died when I was nine years old, and was buried near by. During the most giddy and wicked period of my life I could never forget these impressions. The grove is cut down now, but the spot seems a hallowed spot. Even since the grove has been gone, and since my mother's grave has become level with the surrounding ground, I have stood on this spot, and her meek image seemed to be before me, and her voice, tremulous with feelings, seemed to come again to my ears; and I have paused there in tears, chained by a remembrance of her faithfulness and her love. No legacy could she have left me half so precious, nor could her features have been more vividly and accurately left upon canvass than they are upon my memory.

“ Many years after my mother's death, I was in the hey-day of youth, and in a course of sin truly dreadful. The restraints of conscience were broken, and there was little that could or did check me, except my early education. My mother had died

when I was a mere child, and my father was too far off to reach me otherwise than by his prayers. I well remember many seasons of deep conviction for sin, but which my stubborn heart resisted or stifled. One night at a ball, whither I went, as I should then have said, for rational and innocent amusement, my conscience was suddenly startled.

"I was introduced to a young lady for my partner who came from a distant section of the country. After the dance, in which we were partners, I entered into conversation with her respecting the place from which she came. She gave me many interesting particulars of that then newly-settled place, and among other things mentioned the late sickness of her father, and the many continued kindnesses and attentions of a Mr. Barr, a missionary; stating that Mr. Barr had been to see her father very frequently, and that she felt much attached to him. She knew not my name. I replied that 'Mr. Barr, the missionary, is my father.' She started as if from an adder. 'Your father! *he* your father! *what would he say if he knew you were here?*' Had a dagger been thrust into me I could not have felt the wound more deeply. It spoiled the evening for me. It ruined my peace; and, though I know not that it can be said to have been the means of my awakening from the sleep of sin, yet I am confident it planted a thorn in my conscience which was not taken out till I had bowed to God with a broken heart. The giving and receiving of this keen reproof were both, as it were, involuntary, and show that neither of our consciences could approve of the employment of that evening, if allowed to speak out without restraint.

"A few days after the ball I was present at a communion. At the table many of my near friends were found. The scene before me, and the thoughts of a future, eternal separation, affected me greatly. The sermon, too, reached my conscience; and I might, at the close of the services, be said to have been under strong convictions for sin. The same day a very devoted christian was accidentally thrown in my way. He began to address me on the subject of my salvation, without knowing any thing of my previous history or the state of my feelings at that time. Then my heart began to rise with a strength of bitterness which I never

knew before. I reproached him, pointing to the inconsistencies in the church; raved like a madman; and while my conscience was grinding me like a millstone, I still kept pouring out my invectives. He bore it all with meekness, perfectly unmoved, and, by his gentleness, held up a shield which caused every dart I threw to recoil upon myself. His christian meekness was too much for me; I rose up in wrath and left him. Had he given only one retort, shown one angry feeling, it would have relieved me; but no, I could find no handle. I went out into the woods, smarting under the wounds which I had been giving myself; and when I could stand under it no longer, I returned, told my christian friend my situation and feelings, asked his pardon, and begged his prayers. Truly, as Henry Martyn beautifully says, 'And this also I learned, *that the power of gentleness is irresistible.*'

"I had now been under deep and pungent convictions for sin for more than three weeks. I could not pray. I could not feel sorry for sin, nor hate it, except as it must bring me to unspeakable ruin. There seemed to be no mercy for me. The heavens were brass, the earth was iron, and I was fast preparing to look up and curse God. Perfectly sensible of my situation, perfectly convinced that I deserved hell, I could not feel regret or humbled. Every feeling of my soul was deep awakened enmity to the character and government of God.

"At length, after struggling with the terrified conscience and the stirrings of the Spirit of God, *I determined to take my own life.* It was not the result of a paroxysm of despair, but the cool deliberate determination of one who dares throw himself upon the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler.

"After coming to this determination, I selected my time and place. Not far from me was a considerable waterfall; thither I went one beautiful morning, fully resolved to return no more. The waters, dark and deep, gathered themselves together in a narrow channel, and after whirling themselves around several times, as if recoiling from the plunge, they rushed headlong over a time-worn rock, and fell forty feet or more into a large basin beneath. On that rock I placed myself, prepared to do the deed.

I looked down into the great basin forty feet below me, and there the falling waters were boiling and foaming up, as if indignant at being thus cast down—fit emblem, I thought, of the helpless raging of the wicked in the world of despair. But I will now know the worst which God can inflict upon me. I will plunge in, and in five minutes I shall *know* what hell is, and what is to be my situation for eternity!

"I drew myself back to take the plunge. There was no faltering—no shaking of a single muscle—no sensation of fear. But just as I was in the act of leaping, the hand of Omnipotence seemed to be laid suddenly upon me. Every nerve seemed to be paralyzed, and every bodily function to fail. A cold shivering came over me, and I had not the strength of a child. I turned my face away; the beautiful sun was shining, and for the *first* time a voice, like that of my departed mother's, seemed to say, '*Perhaps there may yet be mercy for you.*' 'Yes,' I replied, '*I will seek it till God takes my life.*' And there, and on the very spot where I was about to consign soul and body over to endless misery, there the mercy of God found me, and there the first ray of hope visited me. O! I can never think of this temptation without feeling that I have been near the pit; and that man, if left by God, will quickly destroy both soul and body."

Before closing this narrative I will add that this interesting young man lived the life of devoted, consistent, ardent piety. He completed his education, and devoted himself as a missionary to Africa. He was all ready to depart—had taken farewell of his friends, and was, as I believe, on his way to the ship which was to convey him to Africa. He arrived at Richmond, Virginia, on Saturday night, and was to have preached the next day; but about midnight he was seized with the cholera, (of which he was the first and only victim in that city,) and after twelve hours passed in indescribable pain, he calmly and sweetly fell into the arms of God's messenger, and was carried to that glorious assembly where the praying mother, we doubt not, welcomed to her everlasting embrace the child of so many prayers.

How mysterious are the ways of God! He raises up pious friends, and leads them to labor, and pray, and go down to the

grave without seeing any good fruit from the plants which they nourish and water with prayers and tears. But long after they are gone their prayers are answered and their labors blessed. Let no praying mother doubt that her prayers will finally be answered. He is mysterious, too, in that he raises up instruments apparently fitted for great usefulness, and then cuts them off just when they promise to be most useful. But his own glorious plans will go on, and he will raise up others to take the places of those who are dead. All shall be for the glory of God! O! the blessedness of belonging to a kingdom which cannot be injured by any changes among such beings as we are. Reader! if you belong to this kingdom, be up, be doing, be vigilant, be faithful. Your crown is near, it is sure. If you do not belong to this kingdom, come at once and give yourself to the work of serving God. Repent of all sin, forsake all sin, and that same Redeemer who saved the dear youth of whom I have been speaking, shall be yours.

For the Mother's Magazine.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF MRS. LOUISA CLIFFORD WHITE.

Miss Louisa Clifford Payson was born and principally educated in Boston, Massachusetts; and in 1830, during a temporary residence at Andover, she became interested in the truths of the Bible, and connected herself with the church of Christ. In the spring of 1832 she was united in marriage with Rev. Morris E. White, of Southampton, Mass.; and leaving all we could say of her when she graced the refined and festive circles of her youth, we will pass to some account of her in the relations she then sustained as the companion and help-meet of her chosen friend and partner through life's pilgrimage.

The sphere of her labors was not untrodden ground. The wife of the former pastor, Mrs. Mindwell Gould, whose praise

is in the churches, there labored and died, and many active and efficient ladies still survive, and secure for themselves a good report. To these in a great measure she confided the more active direction of the benevolent associations of the place, and with untiring efforts devoted herself to the early training of the children of the parish. Her labors for them in the Sabbath-school have already been extensively known and imitated, and in this brief record I will only say, as the inhabitants were not compactly settled, and many mothers must be detained from public worship with the care of their young children, she conceived the benevolent project of collecting them in a Sabbath-school during the afternoon service, thus giving mothers an opportunity of hearing the preached word. She received all those who were too young to profit by the exercises of the pulpit, excluding none who were old enough to lisp the name of the Savior; and although such a school could not be punctual in attendance, yet we understand it sometimes numbered more than a hundred. A school-room near the church was the place where she usually met them, but when her health rendered it inexpedient, she received them at her own house, and from year to year did she thus feed the lambs of the flock.

A popular writer, after describing her labors, has said, "I doubt not she is doing more for the good of the human race than many who wear plumed hats, and swords by their sides." She had also a juvenile sewing-circle, to which she devoted much time and attention, until her increasing family cares rendered it inconvenient for her to attend upon it.

But these efforts did not satisfy a mind that was deeply impressed with the importance of *first impressions*. She saw and felt that with parents, and especially with mothers, rested the character and in a great measure the destiny of their children, and that they must themselves *be* what they wish their children to become. With these views she united with the ladies of the parish in a Maternal Association for mutual benefit, and after she became a mother she identified herself particularly with this institution. For this she read, for this she labored, and for this she prayed; and considering the obstacles that are ever thrown in

the way of *new* associations, she accomplished more than could have been anticipated. The *monthly* meetings of the Association were designed especially for mothers, but at the quarterly meetings the children assembled with them, and so deep was her conviction of the importance of those meetings, and her own responsibility in connection with them, that it frequently caused complete exhaustion and an entire prostration of her delicate frame. She interested the ladies deeply in periodicals designed especially for their benefit as mothers, and at one time, as your records will testify, there were about twenty copies of your Magazine taken in the parish.

The mothers were also influenced to purchase a library for themselves and families. It was her custom to peruse the books before purchasing them for the Association, and thus they were volumes of her own selection and approval, and that library is said to be one of the choicest collections of its size and kind ever made. Her list of books has been extensively copied for similar use, and thus many mothers are reaping the fruits of her researches, and being dead, she yet labors in her chosen sphere.

Although for the last three or four years of her life her health would not allow her to engage with former energy in her favorite plans, yet she had the satisfaction of frequently hearing, from different and distant places, of the influence her example had exerted in the formation and sustaining of similar associations.

In the management of the two children she has left behind, her practice and theory were happily blended; so much so, that since her death many a young mother has acknowledged with tearful eye how much she had depended on her precept and example for aid in training her offspring.

She succeeded in making herself the confident and companion of her children. She interested herself in all their little toys and sports, and particularly was she successful in cultivating their consciences and creating within them a reverence for the God she loved and the Sabbath she honored. Her whole course with them, her prayers with and for them, and the records she has left behind of her secret wrestlings on their behalf, show that their spiritual interests lay nearest her heart; and may we not

hope that in many circles of mothers, when these institutions are commended to God, these motherless ones will come up in remembrance in their prayers ?

Mrs. White's attachment and devotion to her husband was proverbial among her acquaintance, and as the wife of a *pastor* she was in many respects a model for imitation. When she entered that important relation she incorporated herself emphatically with the work of the Gospel ministry, and in all the cares, toils, trials and councils of her husband, she bore a part. She was indeed a help *meet* for him ; and his brethren in the ministry remember her as one who participated in their joys and shared their sorrows.

She cultivated a deep interest in the people of their charge, and a *parishioner* always found a ready welcome at her fireside, let her circumstances or company be what they might. She was frank and ingenuous almost to a fault ; yet courteous to all, and never ready to impute a wrong motive for insult and abuse.

She had no sympathy with the noisy efforts that have distinguished some females of the present age. On the contrary, her efforts were all noiseless and unobtrusive, and like the hidden rill, traced only by the verdure that springs up in its course. It was her belief that *home* is the circle where the virtues of woman should shine, and that any attempt at public teaching, display, or general admiration, was unsuited to the female character.

That inimitable description of a wife by Pollock, could well be applied to her :

"Best pleased to be admired at home,
"And hear reflected from her husband's praise
"Her own. She sought no gaze of foreign eye,
"His praise alone, and faithful love and trust,
"Was happiness enough for her."

As a *christian* she was consistent, exemplary and cheerful. Religion with her was not a gloomy subject ; she looked and spoke *naturally* when it was the theme of discourse, and all her modes of manifesting religious feeling were such as accorded with her temperament and taste. It rendered more attractive to her all

the enjoyments of life, and she loved God in his *works* as well as in his word. She was very conscientious in the performance of religious duties, nothing being permitted to interrupt her seasons of retirement. She has been known to withdraw from the social circle to observe the consecrated hour. At some seasons of the year she would rise earlier than the time for commencing her daily domestic duties, that she might enjoy the first quiet fresh hour after waking in meditation and communion with her Savior.

She possessed a deep reverence for God, his word and Sabbath, and her whole deportment was a commentary on the religion she professed. Still she made no pretensions to a life of uncommon piety or usefulness. She was not one to speak of her religious affections and exercises; on the contrary, she was distrustful of her title to a heavenly inheritance, and not until a few months previous to her death was she enabled to say, "*I know* in whom I have believed." Still there are many who have witnessed the fervor of her prayers, and felt on their own hearts the persuasive influence of her entreaties to walk in the paths of righteousness.

But she has ceased from her labors, and we delight to think of her lovely spirit that has rested on our pathway in its heavenward journey. Her early character had been cultivated under those influences which soften, refine and render attractive the domestic virtues, and a well-balanced and highly cultivated mind, united with superior personal attractions, made her the idol of her friends and family.

The circumstances of her departure were peculiarly afflictive to her bereaved friends. She died very suddenly, at New-Haven, Connecticut, while on a journey for health. Her husband left her on Wednesday, and returned to their home. On the following Saturday a messenger summoned him to her dying-bed. He hastened thither, but arrived only to behold the tabernacle of clay which the freed spirit had left. Her remains were carried for interment to the scene of her labors, and the ladies of the parish have expressed their respect for her character by placing a marble over her grave.

She died at the age of 31 years ; but if, as we fully believe, she had accomplished the great end of life, it was long enough for her ; though for her companion and dear children we could have wished it longer.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

WHAT EDUCATION SHOULD BE.

Education, unaccompanied by moral training, is like a sword in the hands of a madman—and yet grieved am I to utter it, much of the education of the country is of this sort. The schools of most reputation are eagerly sought—the colleges of richest endowments are greedily visited—*knowledge, knowledge* is the cry, while not a thought is spent upon the moral education which may be going on during the acquisition of that knowledge—of the poison that our children may be drinking in—the poison of immorality, of licentiousness, of infidelity. My friends, rather let your children lack the accomplishments of life—rather let them be behind in the knowledge of the day, than procure them at such a cost. But no schools, however well conducted, no colleges, however strict the moral discipline, can achieve any thing for your children, until you yourselves train them in the homestead, to obedience, self-government, to courtesy, to virtue. It must be “line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little”—it must be daily instruction in the word of God—it must be a constant watchfulness over faults and habits—it must be earnest prayer for them and with them ; and accompanying all this, must be a free use of the rod of correction : for “folly is bound up in the heart of a child,” and nothing else can fetch it out. This is education, and it is the want of this which has made our schools and colleges rather engines of evil than instruments of good.

Bishop Elliot, of Georgia.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A LOVELY BRIDE.

I was spending an hour not long since in turning the pages of a pleasant miscellany, in the course of which my eye fell upon the following perhaps rare but beautiful and touching incident in the history of one who that day was to become a bride.

A party of lively and interested cousins and friends had early assembled at the bridal mansion for the purpose of decorating the drawing-room where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. At length this pleasant duty being accomplished, they retired, happy in contributing to the joy of an occasion which, while it would take from them one whom they loved, would unite that one to the object of her highest regard. The room was beautifully decorated with rich and variegated bouquets, and on a centre-table lay the gayly adorned bride's loaf, an object of great importance.

I said all had retired from the lovely spot—but there was one of the cousins, who, a short time after, stole gently back to look once more at the varied beauty of the scene, and to indulge by herself the hopes and anticipations of an affectionate heart for the future happiness of her friend. She gently opened the door, and was about entering, when she noticed the sofa was wheeled round to the precise spot where that evening the happy pair were to rise and exchange their solemn vows, and there the lovely bride was kneeling—so absorbed in her own solemn thoughts that the intrusion of her friend was unnoticed. That friend stood for a moment gazing in holy admiration at the scene—she longed gently to approach and kneel by her side—but the occasion was too sacred to admit of social union, and she retired.

And what so solemn and absorbing was occupying the thoughts of this happy being? Was it the anticipations of earthly felicity that had brought her there? Looking round upon the beauty and gayety of the room, where in a few hours she would give her hand to him whom she preferred to all others on earth, had she

in the wildness and excess of her emotions fallen into a reverie? Nothing of the kind. Delighted she might be, and justly was—but she had one duty to perform—a high and holy duty ere she plighted her vows to the object of her earthly affection. There, in that spot where she would soon stand and surrender her earthly all to her husband, she would first consecrate herself to the Lord. The prior consecration was due to Him. On that altar she wished to offer an earlier and holier incense—on that spot to make a record of the prior deed, which she had given of her self to her superior Lord.

I know not of an earthly scene more lovely, or of an immortal being in similar circumstances, in an attitude more becoming. And I am sure that if her intended husband had himself the love of God reigning in his heart, and could he have seen her there, whatever he might have thought of her before, his love would have become more pure and intense—he would have said—not perhaps with perfect truth, for others, it is to be hoped, have done so before her—but he might be forgiven if, in his ardor and admiration, he had exclaimed, “Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.”

What a beautiful example for the imitation of those who are about to be led to the hymenial altar! Most beautiful! most becoming! I know not the subsequent history of that “lovely bride,” but I am sure she never repented of that act of self-dedication to God. She may not indeed have escaped sorrow and affliction; but if they were her lot, I know that God would remember the kindness of her youth. He would not forsake her. She might bury husband and children and friends—she might suffer from sickness and poverty—but in no hour would her heavenly Father forsake her—he would guide her by his counsel, and afterwards receive her to glory. Youthful females! would you lay the foundation of future peace—would you provide against the reverses of fortune—would you have a friend and protector through this world of vicissitude—would you have consolation in the darkest night of adversity which may set in upon you, imitate the example of “a lovely bride.”

W—— N——.

*Selected, by permission, from "JUVENILE SONGS," by Thomas Hastings;
published by D. Fanshaw, at 148 Nassau-street and 601 Broad-
way, New-York.*

"THE SPRING OF LIFE."

Lively.

Words by M. M. Davidson.

1. The spring of life is o - pen - ing Up-on my youthful
2. To guard my youthful couch from wo, An an - gel hovers
mind, And ev - ery day the more I see, The more there is to
near, Watches my bo - som's every throes And wipes each childish
find; The path of life is beautiful When sprinkled o'er with flowers, And
tear. It is my mother—and with her, Through life I'll sweetly glide, And
I ne'er felt af - flic - tion's touch, Or watch'd the weary hours.
when my pilgrimage is o'er I'll moul - der at her side.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THE

WORLD OF THE FUTURE

BY J. H. B. HARRIS

Author of "The World of the Future"

With Illustrations by J. H. B. Harris

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AND
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The following piece of poetry from Miss Gould, was prepared for the "Winter-green," for 1844. From what we have seen of the Annual, we think it will make a rich present for the coming new year. It is for sale by Collins, Brothers & Co. New-York. And by Thomas, Cowperthwaite, & Co. Philadelphia.

THE MARINER'S ORPHAN.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

That cold, faithless moon looking down on the wave !
How dark grows my heart with her beaming !
And yonder she smiles on the new-covered grave,
While tears drown my sight in their streaming.

For there lies my father, down, down in the deep,
O'erwhelmed by the black, heavy billow !
And now have they borne off my mother, to sleep,
Where damp clods of earth are her pillow. •

How oft did she kneel, when that moon from above
Hung mild o'er a calm, sparkling ocean,
And lift her sweet voice in thanksgiving and love,
To Him of her evening devotion !

And when into clouds all their brightness was cast,
With looks full of wo and imploring,
She bowed like a reed at the rush of the blast,
And prayed while the tempest was roaring.

Then pale at the noise of the storm and the sea,
While tears rolled as crystal-drops shining,
She threw her fond arms round my brother and me,
Her trembling to stay by their twining.

But, oh! when they told her the whole fatal tale,
By silence her anguish was spoken;
She heard the torn bark had gone down in the gale;
Then sunk! for her heart-strings had broken:

And since, when I see the bright moon beaming clear,
With stars gathered thickly around her,
I think of that night when no ray would appear
To light the frail bark that must founder.

The sound of the waves as they die on the shore,
It fills me with sadness and sighing;
To me they bring back a dear father no more—
They show me a mother when dying.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE HABIT OF PRAYER.

BY HARVEY HEWCOMB.

In a recent number of the Magazine, several questions, propounded at the meetings of the London Maternal Association, were published, with the request that some of your contributors would furnish communications on the subjects to which they relate. Among them was this: "*Ought children to be required to maintain their regular seasons of prayer; or, should the duty be*

set before them, and they be left to voluntary action?" In answer to this question I would offer the following observations; which I believe to be agreeable both to Scripture and experience.

1. *It is the duty of children to pray.* This no one will dispute. It is no less the dictate of nature than the requisition of God's word, that the creature should hold daily intercourse with the Creator. This intercourse should be commenced with the first dawnings of intellect and the first developments of moral feeling; neither of which can be suitably cultivated without that sense of dependance and accountability which the habit of prayer is so admirably adapted to produce and sustain. If, therefore, our children grow up *without the habit of prayer*, we may expect them to grow up *ungodly*.

2. *It is the duty of parents to enforce obedience to God, so far as the thing is practicable.* They are the appointed guardians of their children, to whom God has commanded obedience, that they may have the ability to lead their offspring in the way they should go. Parents are to their children in an important sense, though not absolutely, *in the place of God*. He has delegated authority to them, to be used in his name, to secure obedience to him. When children obey their parents' righteous requisitions they obey God; and when they disobey such requisitions, their disobedience is to God, through their parents. It is spoken to the praise of Abraham, that he would "command his children and his household after him," in the way of the Lord. But could he do this if he did not require them to worship God? True, the parent has no means of enforcing the *obedience of the heart*; and therefore he does not possess the power of securing prayer that is truly spiritual. And it has been objected, that to require the child to observe the *form* is only to encourage hypocrisy. So, likewise, it has been said that as all that an impenitent sinner does is sin, to encourage the habit of prayer in impenitent children is to countenance "unregenerate doings." But the parent should explain the nature and enforce the obligation of offering *penitent believing prayer*. Yet his not having the power absolutely to secure this, does not release him from the obligation to require the outward performance of the duty. In

doing this, he sanctions hypocrisy and "unregenerate doings" no further than he encourages his children to think their prayers are meritorious, or to engage in their devotions with the idea that they are *means of conversion*. But, though such ideas should be studiously excluded from all our instructions, it is an undeniable fact that the habit of prayer has a good influence upon children that give no evidence of being regenerate; and that none are ever converted, so far as we know, till they begin to pray. The old distich is true even with reference to the *form* of prayer and the outward conduct of the unregenerate:

"Praying will make us leave off sinning,

"And sinning will make us leave off praying."

3. *Children are volatile and forgetful.* If it is allowed that adult christians may sometimes grow remiss in their duties, we cannot say that it is incompatible with the existence of grace in the heart of the child, that the same disposition should sometimes manifest itself. But the influence and authority of the parent, judiciously interposed to require habitual attention to the duties of the closet, may save the child from grievous backsliding.

4. If the child is trained from infancy to observe its regular seasons of devotion, the exercise of authority will rarely be required. It may be necessary to remind him that the hour has arrived for him to retire with his Bible to his closet; but this is all that will generally be needed. I may, however, remark in this place, that it is of great importance to have a convenient and comfortable place of retirement for every member of a household, and especially for children; where this is not attended to, the neglect will prove a great hinderance to piety. The Jews were wise in providing a place of prayer in every house; and it would be well for christians to follow their example in the construction of their houses.

It is impossible to calculate the advantages of having the *habit of daily prayer* early established, and interwoven with all the associations of childhood. It operates as a regulator to the whole conduct. It calls back the mind at stated seasons every day, from the vanities and follies of youth to the serious con-

cerns of eternity. It tends to chasten the spirit, even of an unconverted child. And the habit thus established, if the individual becomes a true christian, will affect the christian character through life. I conclude, therefore, that no one will leave a child to neglect the habit of prayer, unless he intends to abandon him to an ungodly life.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

John Newton, a name known to all the friends of religion, both for the remarkable features of his religious history and for the usefulness of his religious life, broke away in his youth from the restraints of a religious education, and became profligate, addicted to every vice, connected himself as a mariner with a vessel engaged in the slave trading—and will you look in a mind so deeply debased for any remaining traces of pious education and of a mother's prayers? Behold him wandering upon the sands of Africa, so debased and wretched in character as to be despised and cast out by the negro savages. And can the memory of a mother's influence reach him here? He lies down upon the sands for his repose for the night—his thoughts stray back to the scenes of childhood—he finds himself repeating the little prayer conned in the nursery :

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
"If I should die before I wake,
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The influence of other days rushes back over his mind with overpowering impression. By the grace of God his soul is renewed, and the sequel you know. It may seem a small matter to you now, ye mothers, that your children are fixing upon their minds the impressions of these simple forms of religious thought. But if you are binding upon the hearts of those children the cords by which, after wandering so far, they are to be brought back to hope and heaven, ye are doing a great work.

N. E. Paritan.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

No. I.

Human governments of every description are based upon the Divine prerogative, and constitute a part of the Divine administration. It must be obvious, therefore, that they involve principles of policy and objects which can be fully appreciated by those only who have acquired a clear perception of the true economy of the moral government of God. It is not pretended that this subject is wholly devoid of difficulty. But still, guided by sound reason and by the Bible, we may arrive at some very important principles of God's moral administration, which may render an essential service in the elucidation of our subject.

The necessity of government is laid in the constitution of things. If all intelligences were absolutely infinite there could be no occasion for mistakes—no incentives to sin. For in that case every one would seek his own happiness in the best possible manner without interference with the happiness of others. An Infinite Being will not sin. But as all created intelligences are finite, they are of course liable to mistakes, and through these mistakes to be led into courses of conduct destructive alike to individual happiness and to the general good. The avoidance of so great an evil involved a necessity that God should devise for them a substitute for infinite knowledge, which he has accomplished by prescribing for them rules of action emanating from himself that are in every respect perfect. The government of God is designed, therefore, to supply the deficiency in the capacity of his creatures, and while it leaves them free agents, to furnish them with the means of self-control. If they were uniformly and perfectly obedient, they would be as holy and happy as they could have been under the guidance of an intelligence at once their own and infinite. The great object of the Divine government then, so far at least as it respects the human family in a state of probation, is to

secure in them habits of unwavering obedience to the dictates of infinite intelligence, as manifested in that law which is holy, just and good.

One of the principal features of human depravity consists in the fact, that men are utterly unwilling thus to be guided. Conscious of their free agency, they refuse to be influenced by what they know to be right; and hence they place themselves in open rebellion against the Divine government. In dealing with them as rebels, God, as the great Moral Governor, exercises over them various acts of discipline, designed, without interfering with their freedom, to bring them back to their true allegiance. A most essential part of this process is involved by the influences of the domestic constitution. It is in this connection chiefly that the true value and glory of this constitution are made apparent; and it is also *here* that we must look for the clear development and importance of its associated duties. It is through this institution that God, by employing the agency of parents, according to the fixed principles of his own law, is acting with great directness upon the character and destinies of the entire race. How fearful, then, are the responsibilities of a parent? He is the vicegerent of God!

The division of the race into families, taken in connection with the fact that each individual is brought into being in a state of helpless infancy, shows very clearly that God designed by this arrangement to establish a system of early training adapted to the necessities and calculated to promote the moral and everlasting welfare of the whole. By this arrangement the parents of one generation are made responsible, in a most emphatic sense, for the character and condition of that which is to follow. Not that every parent who happens to have a vicious child is himself to be regarded as a reprobate; such an inference would be altogether unjust. It cannot be questioned, however, that a true and faithful development of the parental constitution would secure the uniform and rapid advancement of the race in virtue and happiness. Nor can it be doubted that the great aggregate of human attainment would thus be perpetuated and immeasurably increased in every succeeding generation.

God has so ordered the circumstances of infantile development that parents cannot avoid imparting to their children peculiar and permanent impressions which go very far to make up their character for life. This is emphatically true of mothers. A greater amount of influential knowledge is usually acquired by a child during the first five or six years of its existence than at any subsequent equal period. Habits of thought, of investigation, and of industry, or of mental and physical slothfulness, have their origin in early childhood. The same is true of the disposition, and to a great extent, of the propensities to good or evil. Who but a mother can gain a sufficiently early access to the minds and hearts of her children to secure for them a right direction? Maternal influence in the formation of character is far more efficacious than is the paternal; and if it be true that God has instituted family government as a part of his moral administration, as has been already shown, how immensely important is it that all mothers should rightly understand its nature and the principles upon which it is to be administered?

It is believed that scarcely any department of human duty is so much insisted upon and so fully explained in the Bible as that now under consideration. To both parents and children God has given, upon this subject, "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Not only so, but he has fully depicted the fearful consequences of parental unfaithfulness. Whoever will compare what the Bible teaches on this subject, with the state of society as it now actually exists, will be startled by the conviction that nine-tenths of all the evils which now afflict the race are justly attributable to the neglect or mal-administration of family government. By many this whole subject is treated as a matter of very little moment. Others, admitting its importance in theory, almost entirely neglect it in practice. While others still, from the want of the proper investigation and of established principles of action, so grossly pervert the institution as to render it utterly inefficient.

Every parent, as the governor of his household, holds his commission from the court of heaven; and if it were not for the fact that he also holds clear and specific instructions from the same

unerring source, his position would be deplorable. If he were to be held responsible for the results of his administration, without having any guidance as to the nature and duties of his trust, he might well adopt the lamentation, "O that I had never been born." But, blessed be God, his duties are made as clear as is his authority; and if he proves himself in all respects true and faithful, he may go on his way rejoicing in the assurance that his "children are an heritage from the Lord." An unfaithful parent, however, must abide the consequences of his folly.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THETA.

FILIAL TRIBUTE.

The following acknowledgment of John Quincy Adams was made in a reply to an allusion to his mother, in a complimentary address of Hon. George N. Briggs, in Mr. Adams' late tour:

"Allusion has been made to the instructions of my mother, and honorable mention has been made of her as a mother in Israel. What man—that can be called man—would not, must not be affected, at the commemoration of his mother's virtues before such an assembly of his fellow-citizens? It is true, she was renowned even in that period of renowned men of our country. And is it not due to the occasion, to this numerous witness of the declaration made by my friend, as to the nurturing care of my mother—is it not due to gratitude, to nature, that he should in this audience of his fellow-citizens acknowledge and avow that such as I have been, whatever it was, that such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and examples of my mother."

For the Mother's Magazine.

WE MUST KNOW AND LOVE OUR BIBLE MORE.

This is an age of perversion, when the effervescence of things float about us, when we are tempted from every quarter to read

every thing but the Bible, and when no persecution drives us to the word to live on its promises ; but we have our feet in the little streams that murmur and gurgle about us, and we neglect to bathe our whole souls in the pure fountain which would make us entirely clean. Without this blessed book how can we be clad in the whole armor of God, or lay hold upon the "sword of the Spirit," which is the word of God. On a sick and dying bed I doubt not among our deepest regrets will be that the living word does not dwell in us richly.

If then this is an age when the Bible is neglected in one sense, it is an age when the Bible is most emphatically needed, even the very words of our Bible to controvert the subtle errors abroad in our land. Let us begin with ourselves, and be Bible christians in heart, in knowledge, in doctrine, and in practice ; let our children live as it were in a Bible atmosphere, where there is no dimness to cloud the mind, but where the only telescope of truth presents the past, present and future more vividly and distinctly before us than any thing else. We little know the forms of delusion that may assail our children, but we know of no greater safeguard to throw about them as a shield and buckler, or more noble impress to stamp upon their young hearts, than the very words that were written by holy men of God that spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We shall not then find children of pious parents far advanced in the higher branches of learning (as they are called) and spending hours of each day in attaining accuracy and perfection in some accomplishment, conversant perhaps with the mythology of the ancients, yet *deplorably ignorant of the Scriptures*. We have reason indeed to condemn ourselves that this knowledge is not made paramount to every other acquisition, when we remember that it is in direct disobedience to God's definite command : "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart, and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up." It was important that the Jewish children should know of the way of the

Lord and his past dealings, and so it is for ours, who are gathered from among the Gentiles. We, too, often attach trifling importance to this precise, literal information, and yet there is not an incident in the Old Testament but either throws some light on the New Testament, or the New reveals some explanation of its more concealed mysteries. This knowledge will give a distinctness to our ideas of the character and attributes of God, and shed light upon God's providential dealings.

An awakened soul feels the power and significance of every scriptural term as it fastens on the conscience, and asks for no other proof of its inspiration. Were our own hearts filled with them we could not have such a dearth of ideas, such a mere miscellany as we often find drawn from epitomes of divine truth, for we should be ushered into a new world with grand reefs of thought to dwell upon. We could then grasp eternal truths with strength and vigor, while there would be a freshness in our piety, and with the influences of the Holy Spirit a blessed and luminous reality. We could not then be satisfied with gathering flowers, but should acknowledge that we had erred and strayed from rich pastures like lost sheep, and that hereafter we will not wander from a fold that is fraught with that inspiration that is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and for instruction in righteousness. Our devotional reading will still furnish drink for our thirsty souls, while searching the Scriptures as for hid treasure will be the filling our nets with a large draught.

If there is any thing in the "mother's face," so is there in the mother's manner, and if the whole word of God is engrafted in her soul it will impart that unction of manner which cannot fail to impress her children. And while the little group, of different ages, gather about her, she should be able to dispense to each one in proportion to their capabilities, from time to time, and continually and accurately, that narration of those wonderfully interesting details concerning the creation of the world and the succeeding events, and then the Lord's dealings with the Israelites and his people; the deep devotional strains of the Psalmist—the prophecies that are plain before us—and *the story of our Savior*—Paul's interesting history, and of the things new and old from the

Epistles. How ennobling to form the taste of the young aspirant who thirsts for the images of the beautiful and sublime, from the lofty strains of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and to inspire the mind of the lisping one, as he hears the simple words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," to

"Wish that his hand had been placed on my head,

"That his arms had been thrown around me,

"And that I had seen his kind look when he said

"Let the little ones come unto me."

Let us then be mindful of the things that were written aforetime for our learning, and keep them as a perpetual token of remembrance.

Our purpose will be gained if this little volume and all else is laid aside really to catch the Inspiration of the Bible—*Inspiration*—how electrical the word, no other volume of the past or present can claim it, or carry such conviction of its power and truth to every conscience.

HABITS OF READING.

Character is formed more as the result of habits of daily reading than we are accustomed to think. Scarcely less depends on these than on the character of the books read. One man will glance over a dozen books, gaining some general conception of their contents, but without mastering a single thought and making it his own; while another in the perusal of a single work will gather materials of thought and conversation for a lifetime. Grimke, of South Carolina, an eminent scholar and orator, attributed his distinction to the influence of the thorough reading and study of a single book—Butler's Analogy: while thousands, if they would confess the truth, might ascribe their mental dissipation and imbecility to the indiscriminate and cursory reading of whatever comes in their way.

There is an evil in this direction that lies back of the character

of the popular literature, and that could not but work immense mischief even if what is so universally read were a great deal better than it is. We allude to the habit of reading for amusement or excitement. There are multitudes who have no other or higher object in reading. If the book is only "interesting" it suffices. No matter whether it contains a single valuable thought, fact or principle: no matter if it is true or false. It is enough that a morbid love of what is wonderful or amusing is gratified. It helps to "kill time," and satisfies an appetite that is as craving and about as healthful as that of the drunkard for his cups.

It is truly melancholy to see so many minds employed in catering for the risibles and lachrymals of weak men and silly women, who spend the best part of a lifetime in an imaginary world, living in "castles in the air" and feeding on husks of sentimentality. If there were no duties to be performed in this matter of fact world; and if men had not immortal souls; and if there were no day of final account, it might be well enough, perhaps, to yield one's self to the control of fancy, and surrender the mind to become the plaything of every literary harlequin who chooses to amuse and delight us: but we have duties and we have souls, and there will be a judgment-day, and we protest solemnly against the prevalent neglect of all these in the habit of simply reading for amusement. We object,

1. Because it is a wanton and wicked *waste of time*.
2. Because it *enervates* and *dissipates the mind*.
3. Because it *unfits the mind for solid and instructive reading*.
4. Because it engenders such a false taste, that even the Bible, and serious books, and the preached Gospel become powerless, or are only valued, in the degree that they excite or amuse.
5. Because *eternity is a sober world*; and the mind that has given itself up to amusement in this life, will find itself poorly prepared for the realities of another. It will be a sad meeting when the writers and readers of amusing fiction stand before the Judge!

American Messenger.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

What is a mother's privilege? It is thy privilege, christian mother, and thou must not neglect it, to train up thy child for heaven. It is your privilege, Oh! ever prize it, to plead for him the promises of a covenant-keeping God. He bids you come; he will not suffer any one to forbid you, when with yearning soul you bear your little one, warmed in your bosom, its heart beating with kindred life against your own, to Him who died for you and your child. This, this is a mother's privilege—to win a blessing for the babe you love that shall abide on its spirit through the eternity of its being. As it lies lapped in your guardianship, unconscious of the care that watches its slumbers, you can breathe over faith's heartfelt dedication of your love to your present God. As in gentlest ministry of tenderness you open for it your bosom's fount and give it as it were to drink from your own life, you can bear its name in all the urgency of a mother's love on your humble, holiest prayer! You can bind its soul around your own, inseparable from you and never to be forgotten or neglected while life or hope is yours. To watch its infant passions and check their promptings, to train its infant thoughts, to twine around its infant heart a tie that heaven will kindly own, and that shall wax stronger and stronger beneath a Savior's smile—this, this is a mother's privilege. Make it all your own. Think not it is enough to HOPE, but be sure to KNOW that your child is an heir of heaven. Promises bright with protection, and more precious still, with eternal life, beckon you on every page of God's revelation to labor for a world that needs salvation. Plead them, plead them mightily, and leave him not till he bids you go in peace. Motives break forth in voices from heaven bidding you, "Come in with thy child, come!" and in unearthly warnings from the pit, "Turn him from every path that may bring him here;" and as they pour their tide of influence on your heart, they proclaim that you have a work of faith and labor of love to perform, in which you must not linger, or faint, or grow weary. Strengthen

then that faith by feeding on the word of truth, and drink in, in communion with an all-sufficient Redeemer, the streams of life that may invigorate you to the noblest deed that your immortal spirit can accomplish. You must win that soul, instinct with undying energies, to be a living gem in the Savior's crown. Pride would teach you to ask for greatness, for honors to laurel the brow of your loved one, for what the earth-born delight in and call happiness, to be his portion here: but ask them for a greater boon than any or all of these; you must beg, and passing this narrow bound of time, your prayer must reach out to grasp a prize of which he can only know the worth, as he learns it where eternal ages stamp it never to be forgotten or unenjoyed. As if but one sole request, which must never be let go till it is granted, is your errand there, so make your urgency be felt at the footstool of the throne. A MOTHER'S voice—a MOTHER'S heart shall not plead in vain.

S. G. E.

PROPER TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Children should be *trained* up. If you desire your offspring to serve God on earth and enjoy his favor for ever in heaven, their spiritual welfare must be the object of daily, continual care. Occasional efforts, few and far between, are not likely to be productive of much good. A divine precept is, "*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" On this important passage Dwight remarks—"The word *train* originally denoted *to draw along, by a regular and steady course of exertions*; and is hence very naturally used to signify *drawing from one action to another, by persuasions, promises, and other efforts continually repeated*. In a loose and general sense, therefore, it may easily include all the duties of parents to their children."

This is a very important representation of parental duty. How would you *train* a tree? Would you not begin the opera-

tion while the branches were yet young and pliant; fixing them then in the right direction, and afterwards watching and guiding their growth? Would you not continue the process, by pruning away what was useless or hurtful, and directing every useful shoot till the tree should assume the shape desired, and cover the wall it overspread with verdure and fruit? Thus train a child, thus endeavor to subdue and remove whatever is baneful, and thus guide into the right way his views, his feelings, his desires and affections. Think it not enough occasionally to give a check to what is evil, or an impulse to what is good; but pursue the course now described, from month to month, and from year to year. This is training up a child in the way he should go. How is a young animal training for any particular service? The process commences early, is pursued steadily, and never relinquished till the object contemplated is accomplished. Thus "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

* * * * *

In training up your children, make your arrangements for them in this world, in view of the next. Let eternity be kept in sight. In all your plans for them, contemplate not only their temporal, but their everlasting interest. If you were about to place your child in a situation for one day, and then in another for twenty years, would you, when planning for the day, forget the twenty years? If your plans could embrace both, well; but if not, surely you would never so forget the twenty years as to pursue any measures that would render your child wretched through that time, for the sake of promoting his interests through a single day. If, in case the interests of the two periods were in opposition, you would let the twenty years outweigh the day. And you would esteem it no more than madness to plan for the day, and to forget the twenty years. The difference between a day and twenty years is, however, perfectly insignificant when compared with that between the longest life and eternity. Let eternity, therefore, be brought into all your estimations, plans and arrangements. Never so plan for this world as to undo your child for that which is to come; but, while striving to promote

the temporal good of your offspring, always consider also their eternal happiness. Regard both worlds in your arrangements when you can, but when you cannot, especially regard the eternal world. Let your children know, that in your efforts for their good you act under the influence of these principles. Impress upon their minds that eternity is before them, and those only are truly wise who can secure eternal blessings. Say, "My child, what concerns you most, what I am most anxious about, is not what you are to be, or to possess here, for a little while, but what you are to be and have for ever. You and I are soon to be the inhabitants of another world. There we must abide for ever. That world must be either heaven or hell; and by faith in Christ to reach heaven, and obtain its blessings, is your chief interest and weightiest concern!"—*Parental Care; by the author of "Persuatives to Early Piety."*

For the Mother's Magazine.

EXTRACT OF THE REPORT OF THE WEST MEDWAY
MATERNAL SOCIETY.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
"And ask them what report they 've borne to heaven,
"And how they might have borne more welcome news."

Self-examination is an important exercise of the christian in all the various duties of life, and among the first are those which regard the responsible relations subsisting between mothers and children; and in taking a retrospective view of the past, I feel that we have cause for humiliation before God, that we have been so unfaithful to the trust committed to our charge.

An eminent writer on the subject says, "The question which every christian mother deems more important than almost any other is, how may I best promote the moral and spiritual wel-

that the children of the strictest religious parents become the most irregular in their conduct when released from parental restraint. Nothing is farther from the fact, though we admit that there are occasional melancholy instances of this. But there would be found, on close investigation, probably in every case of this kind, some deficiency in the early training. *Strictness* is not all that is demanded. Something more than a frigid law is required in the training of children. Yet, with all the defects of christian parents, it requires but moderate accuracy of observation to discover, that of those converted in early or later life, a very large proportion are the children of pious parents; and the instances in which the descendants of parents, who have exhibited good evidence of piety from the birth of their children, have died impenitent, are extremely rare—much, very much rarer than from the frequent and great defects in their right training we should have good right to expect. And perhaps few parents when they see their children, one after another, exhibiting evidence of a change of heart, have not wondered that God had shown such kindness, and in bestowing a blessing promised to their fidelity, had so mercifully overlooked their glaring and conscious deficiencies. They feel self-condemned while blessings so rich descend on their families.

To train up a child in the way he should go implies much. It is not enough, as before suggested, to devise and enforce right laws in the family. The inculcation of correct principles, enforced by constant example, must be commenced early and continued late. In very many things the child may be made to understand what is right and what is wrong before his tongue can utter a word. The parent must begin here; and at this age, and for long after, it is scarcely necessary to remark that the mother's care, and skill, and fidelity are vastly more important than that of the father. The writer cannot remember when the duty of always speaking the truth, of implicit obedience to his parents, and of using no prophane language were first impressed on his mind; yet he is conscious that at some period to which memory cannot reach, a mother made him feel that these were cardinal virtues, or rather that their violation was a sin against an all-

seeing God of fearful magnitude. His principles and feelings in regard to these would appear to him innate, if they did not always seem in some mysterious way connected with his mother. There are but *three* duties or principles, yet, when fastened firmly on the conscience, they are as a hedge around the youth, guarding him from a thousand vices.

A conviction in the child that an unseen eye is ever upon him—that to a holy and ever-present Being he is answerable—that power and justice are attributes of this Being, may be fixed on the mind in early infancy; he may be made to feel this, and conscience be thus awakened so soon as he can understand our language. The conviction must be firm and unwavering. To effect this something more than precept and verbal instruction is wanted. While these ideas are conveyed into the mind of the child, the mother must give proof, by her conduct, that she feels and acts herself on the conviction of their truth. If a child is told by its mother that a thing is wrong and will draw down the displeasure of God, one single instance of the commission of that wrong by the mother, seen by the child, will make him feel that in her instructions she has been dealing only in fables. She may feel the bitterness of grief and deep contrition, but this is usually unseen by her child, and the act, to his mind, belies all her professions.

The earliest impressions made on the mind are of the longest continuance. The old man in his dotage forgets the events of his active life—all to him may be a blank since his early days, but yet the scenes, and events, and feelings of his childhood are in his memory as things of yesterday. And the character of the mind and its bent through life may be taken from the very play-things of his childhood. Ambition for good or for evil may be so awakened that no after power can utterly quell it.

It is not our purpose, nor is space allowed us, to enter into the details of parental duties. This would demand volumes rather than a few paragraphs. Our sole object is to make parents feel that there is absolute certainty in the quotation from the words of the king of Israel placed at the head of this article. Let the christian mother think of this—give earnest and continued

diligence, ever watchful and prayerful, in training her children in the way in which they should go—making them ever to feel that she is to them the most affectionate and disinterested friend—acustoming them to make her their confidant in all their little pleasures or troubles; let her habituate them to kneel with her in the morning, and to ask of her and their Heavenly Father to keep them from doing what is wrong, and to enable them to do what is right during the day; and at night to look over and recount to her their acts during the day, and to consider what have been their faults; and then let her lead them in confessions to a throne of mercy—let her make it the great and prominent object of her thoughts, her prayers, her life, to train them in paths of virtue, and to prepare them for the right discharge of all their duties both to God and man—to fit them, in fine, for usefulness in this life and blessedness in the life to come; let her do this and she may have not a hope but an assured confidence and undoubting certainty that that God, ever richer in mercy than his promises, will give them to her glad embrace in a world where there is fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

E. W. C.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MISSIONARY FLOWERS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

MESSES. EDITORS:—After I came on board our vessel to embark for Persia, a packet of letters was put into my hands, in which I afterwards found the following note (anonymous) from a lady of your city, enclosing the sum therein named. Thinking that your readers may be gratified with the missionary interest which it indicates in its devoted author, and some of them, perhaps, induced to emulate her example, I forward a copy for the N. Y. Evangelist:

"Will Mr. Perkins accept a small offering from a Christian female, to aid him in his labors among the Nestorians?"

"The amount enclosed (\$5) is the proceeds of the sale of some favorite plants, which will yield a sweeter perfume in being thus dedicated to the service of Him who caused them to bloom.

"New-York, February, 1842"

May such incense soon rise from myriads of American flower-gardens, and the period be thus hastened, when a brighter than the bloom of Eden shall smile on the face of a world restored to its allegiance to God.

Very truly yours,

JUSTIN PERKINS.

Mediterranean, Long. 20° E., April 3d, 1843.

I see these flowers spring
 With Nature's gladness in their honeyed cells,
 And gayly fling
 Back to the heavens, whene'er the zephyr swells,
 Their heaven-imparted sweets;
 The sunny beam,
 Whose light becomes their life, receives their smiles,
 While each enticing cup,
 Flowing with sweets from dews and gentle showers,
 Is sending up
 Thank-offerings to the skies, and well beguiles
 The fleeting hours.

The Lily of the vale,
 All decked in innocence, with bending form,
 Bows gently to the gale,
 Uninjured by the threatenings of the storm;
 And when 'tis past,
 Flinging her corols forth with playful toss,
 I see her cast
 Her tribute to the skies, nor feel the loss—
 She borrows from the hand
 That tips her petals with the honeyed dew,
 At whose command
 She can each day her luscious stores renew.

The blushing Rose,
 Springing in beauty from her emerald lair,
 Around her throws
 Peculiar fragrance on the laden air;
 And forced to meet the gaze
 Of rapt admirers who her throne approach,
 Looks meekly down,
 And wounds the hand that with unhallowed touch
 Would take away her crown.

The Passion-Flower,
 Which Nature gave to Piety, when she
 Implored a dower,
 At once speaks Faith, and Hope, and Charity—
 Her three-fold source of power;
 Faith upward turns
 Her patient eye to that pure land of rest
 Whence Hope returns
 To lean again on Charity, the best
 Of all the three;
 And walking arm in arm, with grace combined
 Where love divinely burns,
 Shall with the Christian virtues be enshrined.

Sweet emblems they,
 And more of which I now can scarcely tell,
 Which freely every day
 Around me throw their soft enchanting spell:—
 The chaste Verbena stands,
 Upright and pure, to speak of those who dwell
 In far off lands,
 And leads my heart in sympathy away.
 Each blossom bears
 A lesson on its richly scented page,
 And 'mid life's joys and cares
 Whispers to childhood, youth, and riper age.

All these are sacred things!
 And when the little visiter partakes
 On humming wings
 Their varied sweets, my loving fancy wakes,
 And to me brings
 A vision of the land to which they^a sent
 Diviner stores—
 Where, with the Orient's gladness shall be blent
 A holier fragrance now,
 To calm the spirit that, with sorrow bent,
 Beneath the Cross shall bow.

And when this life is past,
 Perchance these flowers shall live beyond the tomb,
 And ever cast
 In paradise around a sweet perfume,
 Where they at last
 Shall then unchanging and immortal bloom!

THE
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE
AND
FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. NOVEMBER, 1843. No. 11.

THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Preached in Surrey Chapel, London, by Rev. E. N. Kirk.

"And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them."
Luke, 18 : 15, 16.

The prince of darkness has fearfully extended his empire over the whole human family ; and the Son of God, the Prince of peace, has come to "destroy the works of the devil," to open the prison-door to the captive, and let the prisoner go free. He has come, with the voice of authority, to command the prisoner to escape from bondage, and, with the voice of tender invitation, to entreat him to leave his vassalage and disown his allegiance to Satan. And there are two remarkable features in all his commands and invitations ; the one is, that they regard all classes of men, without respect to any of the distinctions that pertain to the present and temporary forms of society ; and the other feature is, that they extend to human nature in every age of its existence, from its earliest stages and its first developments. This feature the disciples of Christ did not, at first, understand ; they supposed that the kingdom which our Lord had come to establish,

was of such a nature that it required the full maturity of the understanding to appreciate its advantages and to enter upon the discharge of its duties. Hence, (as you may suppose his group principally to have consisted of mothers,) when mothers, obeying that maternal instinct, which often is more wise than the sound deductions of philosophy, (sound in the eyes of those who make them,)—that maternal instinct which felt for the little ones, felt their helplessness and their want, and had learned the power and goodness of the great Redeemer,—when they drew nigh and presented their infants to him, to come within the blessed sphere of his benignity and mercy, the disciples interposed, rejected the infants and rebuked the mothers. But Jesus said, Suffer these little ones to come to me ; let no man forbid them ; the kingdom that I am establishing reaches even to the infantile state of human existence ; little children, too, are to be the objects of my grace and of my redeeming power : “Suffer little children to come unto me.”

The first duty that devolves upon those who have the care of human beings is of course *physical* ; it pertains to the animal, the material part of human nature, because that is first developed. The next development is unquestionably *moral* ; the child begins to *feel* before he manifests much understanding. It is unquestionable that the conscience is developed much earlier than they whose observation has not been specifically directed to this point are prepared to believe. It is certain that the heart is very early developed ; and God seems, in the very manner of the development of the faculties of human nature at successive periods, to indicate the kind of care, the kind of instruction, and the kind of influence which should be brought to bear upon human nature. Last of all seems to come the higher range of the *intellectual* powers.

The first duty, touching the character and interest of man as a moral being, is to bring him under the moral government of Jesus Christ. The first duty with the mind of man is to make him understand and feel his want and his guilt as a sinner. The first and most important lesson that a mother can convey to the heart and the understanding of her child, is, that he is the

degenerate shoot of a degenerate vine, and that in Christ alone is his help. His little mind should begin to understand first the story of redeeming and incarnate love—the history of Him who became an infant, and then the “Man of sorrows,” and then the bleeding Victim, and then the living Intercessor and the omnipotent King, to raise us from our ruin ; and the first attractions of the little heart, beyond the father and the mother that begat and that nurture, should be to the great Benefactor that has come to redeem. “Suffer your little ones to come to me,” said Jesus : from them that are indifferent, and from them that have objections to them, he seems to turn to mothers, and say, “Bring your little ones to me.”

The first duty to man, as an immortal being and the subject of God’s moral government, is to induce him, just as rapidly as his affections and will are developed, to break the bands that bind him to the kingdom of darkness, and to bring him, an intelligent and a voluntary subject, into the kingdom of the Lord Jesus, to teach him to love, to teach him to obey, to teach him to serve his “God manifest in the flesh.” And it is an interesting object of investigation, to see what full provision God has made for the reclaiming of man from his apostacy, the introduction and the conservation of man in “the kingdom of his dear Son ;” and that from the earliest period of his existence.

There is something very wonderful in the family-constitution ; there is something in it which even the church herself has not fully understood, but which many indications in Providence show that she is going to understand more fully. There is more power in the family constitution, there is more moral power in a mother than the world has begun to conceive, than even *christian* mothers have yet begun fully to apprehend. And, as they advance in faith on God’s promises,—as they rise in strength of a holy confidence that seizes the promise of an unchanging God,—as they become intelligent in those great purposes of his moral government which pertain to us, and which are essential to direct us in the right discharge of duty,—we have no question that the moral power of the mother will rise ; and just as far as we get away from Paganism, and all its degradation of the female sex, just as far as we get away from the foolish and romantic

ideas of woman that prevailed in the days of chivalry,—just so far shall we come into the clear and glorious light of christianity, and woman will be, what God meant she should be in his hand, the regenerator of the human race.

There is a peculiarity in the maternal feeling, that no man, who feels himself identified with the interests of the human race, can observe without himself feeling the deepest interest. There is something in a mother's love that cannot have been unintended; there is a reason for that peculiar delicacy and tenderness—for even that tenderness of tone which *we* cannot imitate; there is a meaning in the fact that the musical scale of a mother's voice is pitched differently from ours. It is one of God's great instruments for fitting her to reach man in those periods of his existence when every thing is tender in his body and in his soul.

There is an affinity between the feelings of a mother and a child, that does not exist in kind or degree between the father and the child, indicating a peculiarity in the duty and a peculiarity in the responsibility. I may say, in passing, (because I deem it of importance,) that perhaps there will become, for a time, extravagant, and exaggerated, and unharmonious, and unauthorized views of the duty of mothers, and that fathers will forget their peculiar station,—for it is one of great peculiarity, and it is one of equal responsibility, different in kind. I wish not to encourage any exaggerated view; I wish not to roll more burdens upon the tender sex than God has placed; but my specific duty will lead me peculiarly to speak, and alone to speak, of maternal duty.

There is something in the entire helplessness of human nature, in the entire dependence of human nature,—there is something in the imitative propensities of children,—there is something in that perfect confidence that characterizes children,—which fits them to come so fully, so entirely, under the kind and powerful influence of the enlightened and sanctified maternal heart; and the noblest object on the footstool of God is a christian mother, moulding human nature in the first stages of its earthly and of its immortal existence. Oh! that I might have light from God, to help even mothers this day to estimate their high calling and their holy commission.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

No. II.

The science of family government embraces all those means of influence which may be rightfully employed by parents in guiding and controlling the conduct of their children. It may be true that these means, philosophically considered, are reducible to the single element of a legitimate administration of law. Yet in a practical discussion of this subject, it will be sufficient to follow out the general divisions as found in common use, without attempting any very accurate classification of their similitude. Of the right of the parent to govern his offspring, and of the importance of the duty incident to it, enough was said in our former article ; and we now turn our attention to the question, how that right is to be exercised ? It will be remembered, however, that the great object of all government, is to secure, on the part of the governed, the habit of universal and cheerful obedience to the will of the governor. Keeping this object distinctly before us, it is not difficult to perceive that one of the most essential elements of parental authority is that of legislation. The element of law-making is necessarily involved in the right to govern. But laws that are merely preceptive are nothing more than simple advice ; and even good advice is very far from constituting a chief element in the science of government. Every law that is designed to be enforced must have an adequate penalty ; and, in case of disobedience, the penalty must be executed. The authority of parents, then, is legislative, judicial, and executive.

I. The legislative rights and duties of a parent are far more extensive than is generally supposed. They are limited only by his capacity, and by the declared will of God. As the authority of the parent is altogether derivative, and rests exclusively upon the command of God, we are to look to his word as its legitimate source, and as prescribing its true limits. God has commanded

parents to "train up" their children in the way in which they should go, and children to "*honor*" and "obey" their parents. The only specific limitation of these commands is embraced in the expression—"Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath;" in other respects they are general and universal, extending from the most important to the minutest of human actions. Yet there are limitations to parental authority which must not be overlooked.

1. No parent has a right to require his child to do that which is in itself wrong. As the parent and child are both amenable to the Divine law, they are each bound to regard it as the superior rule of action. Great circumspection is always requisite in this respect, in order to avoid the enforcement of actions of questionable propriety. Many who would be shocked at the idea of commanding their children to lie or steal, are in the daily habit of requiring them to commit lesser crimes. One, from want of a proper veneration for the Christian Sabbath, will exact services on that day contrary to the spirit of the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Another, from want of reflection or care, will send a message to the door, or a compliment to a neighbor, which the child cannot help seeing to be a departure from the law of sincerity and truth. When a parent thus acts, he not only teaches his children to sin, but, in doing so, he is guilty of arrogating to himself the right to abrogate the law of his God. A similar limitation exists in reference to prohibitory laws. A parent has no right to prohibit what God commands. Few would have the hardihood to impose upon a child an explicit command to neglect a known and positive duty; yet there are very many who violate the spirit of this rule by directions calculated to produce the same result. The parent who encourages habits or propensities that tend to a neglect of known duty, is, morally, as guilty as he would have been if he had commanded it.

2. A further limitation of parental authority is effected by the rights of conscience. The parent is bound to educate the consciences of his children; but he may not violate them. In order to avoid misconstruction on this point, it is necessary to be a lit-

tle more explicit. The principle here laid down is to be restricted within very narrow limits. We do not say that a parent shall not control the moral conduct of his children ; he is bound to do so. On all questions relating to morals, or to religion, in regard to which we have a specific revelation, the right of control is absolute. So long as a child has no right to do wrong, his conscience cannot be violated by a law requiring him to abstain from what he thus knows to be evil, or to perform that which by the same means he knows to be his duty. It is only on questions whose morality confessedly rests upon the grand doctrines of expediency, lying beyond the pale of a specific revelation, that the parent is bound to yield to the conscientious scruples of his child. In reference to all such questions, the right of private judgment must for ever remain inviolate. The parent can only advise ; he may not command. No child, however, can claim to do what his parent has prohibited, unless he conscientiously believes not only that the thing is in itself innocent, but also that it is required of him as a religious duty.

3. Another limitation arises from the want of perfection in the capacity of the parents. No human government can control the heart. A parent cannot compel a child to love God ; he can command him to exercise such an affection, but he can never know whether his command has been obeyed, and he cannot therefore inflict a penalty for disobedience. Yet he has the power to restrain his children from habits of irreverence, and from profanity ; and he is bound to see that their external conduct is not inconsistent with their duties to God. The same is true in regard to every affection of the mind. We may educate mind, but we cannot coerce it.

The right of parental legislation, with these three limitations operating as exceptions, is universal. It will be remembered, however, that the administration of this right is attended by weighty responsibilities, and by peculiar difficulties. It involves the substitution of the will of the parent in the place of the will of the child, in reference to all the affairs of its history during its age of pupilage. It forms a subject of inquiry upon which we need "line upon line and precept upon precept."

THETA.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, NORTH
ADAMS, MASS.

Through the good hand of our God upon us, we have been brought to the first annual meeting of our Maternal Association. It cannot be otherwise than a deeply interesting and affecting season to us all, more especially to that little band who one year ago met together, and with mingled hopes and fears organized this Society.

But as we tread upon the threshold of the coming year, let us pause for a moment and look back upon the past; let us trace the way by which God has led us, and recount his mercies and his wonderful works to the children of men. Let us look at our own hearts, and see what effect the dealings of God have had upon us, what advances we have made, and what reason to believe that the prayers here offered have been heard and registered in heaven. Let us remember that the year now gone can never be recalled; but it has hastened us nearer to eternity, and to that bar of God, from which its mercies and privileges will be again reviewed with feelings of which now, perhaps, we can scarcely conceive.

Does not the retrospect of the past furnish abundant cause for humility and self-abasement before God? Who of us but must confess we have been unprofitable servants? But while we mourn our unfaithfulness and ingratitude, let us seek with a faith and earnestness that can take no denial, for a fresh unction from the Holy One, to enable us more faithfully and successfully to perform the responsible but delightful duties of the mother. And here, may I ask, are we not too apt to think and speak of the responsibilities, the cares and anxious solicitude of the parent, while we neglect the bright side of this picture, the unnumbered sources of enjoyment which this relation opens before us? The mother's sphere of action, to be sure, is circumscribed, it may be, to the narrow limits of her humble home; but there, if

governed by a christian spirit, who has her power and influence? who can make happy faces and a happy fireside like her? Of her has the pen of inspiration declared, "her children rise up, and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." And oh! when we think that those minds committed to her care and training are immortal, who would ask for a wider, nobler field of action? who would ask for greater happiness than to have it said, as was once done by a son to his mother—

"And if I e'er in heaven appear,

"A mother's holy prayer—

"A mother's hand and gentle tear,

"That pointed to a Savior dear,

"Have led the wanderer there."

Our regular meetings through the year have been, for the most part, well attended, and increasingly interesting. We first numbered seven, but now nineteen mothers and fifty-nine children stand recorded on our list. It is very desirable that parents should make special effort to be present at the quarterly meetings with their children, since this cannot but create more interest in the object, as well as encourage our pastor, who labors to make them profitable seasons.

We would with gratitude record the goodness of God in suffering none of our number to be removed by death. Sickness has been in our families, and some of our dear children have been brought near to the grave; but God's kind hand averted the blow, and we all live this day to speak of his goodness. But here let a passing tribute be given to one dear to us all, who now is slumbering in the silent grave. Mrs. M'Farland, owing to ill health, had never been able to meet with us, but we were anticipating the time when her prayers should mingle with ours on this common altar. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. He saw that her work on earth was ended, and prayer with her might be exchanged for praise. Happy, thrice happy sister! we rejoice that what we count our loss is her unspeakable gain. And has not her joyful and triumphant death left a blessed and abiding impression upon all our minds! Has it not served as a watchword, urging us on to renewed fidelity and di-

ligence in the work before us! O, yes! we feel assured that her death has not been in vain. The light of eternity only can reveal its hallowed and saving effects. Are there not some of our number, and some of our dear children too, who trust it has been to them, under God, the means of salvation? We will not then mourn for her; rather let us rejoice that her sufferings and sorrows are ended, and that the white robe and glittering crown are for ever hers. Let us imitate her example, and by a life of prayer and devotion to God, be preparing for a like happy departure.

Two members of our Association, five of the companions of its members, and three children on our list, have within the past year been brought, as we trust, to embrace the Savior. Eight of these have connected themselves with the church.

One very desirable and happy effect of these meetings has been to create a warmth and union of feeling among the members, which perhaps nothing else can so effectually do. Any thing which relates to the well-being and happiness of her dear children will reach the mother's heart. This is the object before us, and it cannot but touch a chord that will vibrate through every breast. We have become acquainted with each other, we sympathize in each other's joys and sorrows.

"Before our Father's throne
"We pour our ardent prayers,
"Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
"Our comforts and our cares.
"We share our mutual woes,
"Our mutual burdens bear,
"And often for each other flows
"The sympathising tear."

In view of all these considerations, my dear sisters, have we not reason to thank God and take courage. Let us not forget that only while depending upon his strength, his grace and heavenly teachings, can we be prospered or succeed in our efforts; but that with these, bestowed as promised, in answer to humble, faithful prayer, we may go forward, enjoying the approving smile of our heavenly Father, happy and useful ourselves, with

our dear families happy and useful around us, and all looking forward with sweet anticipations to the perfect family of love in heaven.

B. M'LELLAN, *Secretary.*

North Adams, Sept. 8th, 1843.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE SPECTRE HAND.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

It was a festive night. The palace of the proud monarch of Babylon was adorned with more than its usual splendor. The voice of unwonted merriment was there. A thousand lords of the realm, at the bidding of their sovereign, were at that festival. From golden goblets, in rich profusion, flowed the choicest wines of the east. A splendid retinue of nobles attended the king, and many pages in royal livery served at the feast. Each, from the monarch to the humblest slave, save, perhaps, the Hebrew menial, who was wont by the rivers of Babylon to sit down and weep when he remembered Zion, was gay and merry there. Amid the strains of rejoicing no note of sadness was heard in the palace of Belshazzar. Grief, sorrow, care were banished as intruders.

It was a joyous feast. Brilliantly are those halls illuminated. The lofty walls and ceiling are embellished with a variety of paintings and pieces of sculpture, illustrating scenes in antediluvian history, the exploits of national heroes and the fabled achievements of the gods. From the windows of the palace, in the light of a full-orbed moon, are visible those beautiful hanging-gardens, the pride of the realm and the wonder of the world; while artificial jets, sparkling in a flood of light, lend their influence to the enchanting scene. Invisible minstrels pour forth strains of more than Æolian sweetness. The tones fall on the ear as voices from the spirit-land.

O, Babylon! daughter of heaven! empress of nations! glory of all lands! long shalt thou reign supreme, and control the destinies of the world. No power can harm thee—none dare dispute the mandates of thy will. Thy greatness and thy prosperity shall endure long as the stars, in which thy wise men read thy fate, shall glitter in the heavens. And thou, Belshazzar! greatest of princes! son of Belus! inferior only to the holy gods!—long shall thy hand hold the sceptre, and the nobles of earth stand in awe of thy majesty. Long and happy shall thy reign be, greatest of princes!

Words such as these fell from the lips of the lords of the kingdom on that festival night. The mighty monarch of Babylon listened to the adulation, pleased, delighted; and as his flatterers ceased, a smile of approbation overspread his brow.

Silence reigns in those halls—all eyes are turned to the throne; anon the proud Belshazzar speaks: “In the temple of Belus are the sacred vessels, the trophies of my grandsire’s conquest in Palestina;—bring them to the feast.”

They are brought—the vessels of silver and gold, once consecrated to the service of Jehovah, and employed by holy hands in the temple on Mount Zion. They are brought,—the proudest emblems of the success of the Babylonian arms, the perpetual monuments of their national greatness. They are brought—they are placed upon that board, and the king and his princes profanely drink from them in triumph. As the wine passes round, the voice of revelry increases. They praise their deities of gold, of silver, and of brass, and blaspheme the God of the Hebrews. It is a proud night for Babylon and her king. Her measure of glory is full.

But see! on the wall of the palace a hand unearthly appears—Chaldea’s king beholds it—his countenance turns suddenly pale, and he trembles with terror. There it is, that spectre-hand; and over the gorgeous candlestick it writes on the wall. Slowly it is withdrawn. Oh! what has it written? Are they words of peace? That spectre hand! does it good or ill forebode?

Proud monarch, thou shalt know! MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. In these fatal words read the destiny of her who

has said, "I sit as the queen of nations, and my reign is for ever." Belshazzar! thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting. The spectre hand has written thy death-warrant. This night thou shalt be slain, and to-morrow's sun shall behold the mighty Babylon humbled at the feet of the prince of Media!

HOME.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

This is a sweet word. Who is not charmed with its music? Who hath not felt the potent magic of its spell?

By home I do not mean the house, the parlor, the fireside, the carpet, or the chairs. They are inert material things, which derive all their interest from the idea of the home which is their locality. Home is something more ethereal, less tangible, not easily described, yet strongly conceived—the source of some of the deepest emotions of the soul, grasping the heart-strings with such a sweet and tender force as subdues all within the range of its influence.

Home is the palace of the husband and the father. He is the monarch of that little empire, wearing a crown that is the gift of heaven, swaying a sceptre put into his hands by the Father of all, acknowledging no superior, fearing no rival, and dreading no usurper. In him dwells love—the ruling spirit of home. She that was the fond bride of his youthful heart is the affectionate wife of his maturer years.

The star that smiled on their bridal eve has never set. Its rays still shed a serene lustre on the horizon of home. There, too, is the additional ornament of home—the circle of children; beautifully represented by the spirit of inspiration as "olive plants round about the table." We have been such. There was our cradle. That cradle was rocked by a hand ever open to supply

our wants; watched by an eye ever awake to the approach of danger. Many a livelong night has that eye refused to be closed for thy sake, reader, when thou, a helpless child, wast indebted to a mother's love, sanctified by heaven's blessing, for a prolonged existence through a sickly infancy. Hast thou ever grieved that fond heart? No tears can be too freely—too sincerely shed for such an offence against the sweet charities of home. If there was joy in the palace at thy birth, oh, never let it be turned into sorrow by any violation of the sacred laws of home.

We that had our happy birth, like most of the human race, in the country, can recall many tender and pleasant associations of home. There is earnest poetry in this part of our life. We remember with delight the freshness of the early morn; the tuneful and sprightly walk among the dewy fields; the cool repose amid the sequestered shades of the grove, vocal with the music of nature's inimitable warblers; the "tinkling spring," where we slaked our thirst with the pellucid waters as they came from the hand of the Mighty One—the bleating of the flocks, the lowing of the herds, the humming of the bees, the cry of the whippoorwill, the melancholy, monotonous song of the night bird, relieved only by the deep bass of that single note which he uttered as he plunged from his lofty height into a lower region of atmosphere—these are among our recollections of home. And they come softened and sobered through the medium of the past, but without losing their power to touch the heart and still endear that word *home*.

There too, perhaps, we saw a father die; having attained to a patriarchal age, he bowed himself on his bed, saying, "Behold I die, but God shall be with you," and was gathered to his people. Nor can the memory ever forget that mother in her meek and quiet old age, walking through many a peaceful year on the verge of heaven, breathing its atmosphere, inhaling its fragrance, and reflecting its light and holy beauty, till at length she left the sweet home of earth for her Father's home in heaven.

"So gently dies the wave upon the shore."

Home, too, is the scene of the gay and joyous bridal. When

the lovely daughter, affianced to the youth of her heart, stands up to take the irrevocable pledge—what an interesting moment! I saw, not long since, such an one. She stood unconscious of the blended charm which innocence and beauty threw around her face and person; her soft, smooth, polished forehead was circled with a wreath of flowers; her robe was of purest white, and in her hand was held a bouquet of variegated roses. Beside her stood the happy man, for whom she was to be

“A guardian angel o’er his life presiding,
“Doubling his pleasures and his care dividing.”

As I pronounced the words *that made them one*, adding the nuptial benediction, a tear fell from the eye of the bride on the wreath in her hand! It was a tribute to “home, sweet home.” Not that she loved father and mother less, but husband more. That piece of music, “The Bride’s Farewell,” plunges deeper into the fountain of emotion in the soul than any other combination of thought and song to which I ever listened. Was the bride ever found who was equal to its performance on the day of her espousals—or rather in the hour of her departure from her long-loved home, when the time had arrived to bid farewell to father, mother, brother and sister? Perhaps in looking at the picture of domestic life, as exhibited in such circumstances, we should not omit to notice some of the least prominent traits and coloring, for they never escape the keen and practiced eye of the true poet. Thus Rogers, in his graphic and natural poem of *Human Life*, in which he snatches so many graces “beyond the reach of art,” does not, in describing the wedding scene, forget the younger portion of the family, even the little daughter, so often the gem and the joy of home.

“Then are they blest indeed, and swift the hours
“Till her young sisters wreath her hair in flowers,
“Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, *the least*
“Twitches her robes, then runs behind the rest,
“Known by her laugh, that will not be suppressed.”

But even this picture must be shaded. If the cradle be one of the things of home, so is the coffin! The bridal robe is, alas!

too often succeeded by the funeral pall. "Six years ago," heard I the minister of God say at the funeral of a young and lovely member of a friend's family, "she who lies there stood here to take the marriage vows. She is now the bride of Death." Striking thought! How short the passage from the home of love and felicity to the grave! A few years since I sat amid a domestic circle of father, mother, three sons and a daughter. It was the home of hospitality. Where are they now? The solemn churchyard will tell. They have all sunk into the long, dreamless repose of the grave. Silent are those halls that once echoed to the cheerful sound of their voices. They have gone to their "long home." And we follow. In the fine language of Paul, "it becomes those who have wives, to be as though they had none, and those that weep, as though they wept not, and those that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not,"—let us add, and those who have a home, to be as though they had none; for "the fashion of this world passeth away!"

Jour. Com.

AN INQUISITIVE BOY.

Travelling some years ago in Alabama, I stopped at nightfall (as usual with wayfarers in that and the adjoining States) at the first house I came to. Stranger as I was, and ephemeral as our acquaintance was likely to be, the rude, yet open-hearted people soon made me as much at home as possible, and before our unsophisticated supper of bacon, "corn-dodgers," wild honey and clabber was half over, I was as much in their confidence as if I had known them for years. Most familiar with me, and most in my good graces, was the *youngest son* of my host,—an intelligent little fellow, clad only in the simplest "of all possible" tunics, and numbering, it may be, some six or seven summers. His face was one of the most intellectual, as well as the most in want of soap and water, that I have ever met with among children of his age. When, in the course of my conversation with his pa-

rents, he learnt that I was from what his father called the "*Big Norrad*"—the North—the child asked me where that was ; then glanced timidly at me, as if to deprecate displeasure at his forwardness. His mother rebuked him with the remark, that he was continually asking questions which people either had not the time or the power to answer. I, however, promised to reply to all his questions, provided they were no harder than that which he had just put. Pleased at this, he asked me if the people at the North were like those in the neighborhood, and if they raised as much cotton and corn. I told him, in as plain a way as I could, of the character of our population, productions, &c. ; and many things which I might not else have thought of, my little friend elicited by his pertinent inquiries. From the flood-gates of his long-pent curiosity question followed question with a perfect rush ; but they flowed not from any mere idle inquisitiveness, and it was evident that he treasured what he heard, and was grateful for my attention to him. After supper he followed me about like a spaniel, and when I repaired to the stable to see that my good steed was well cared for, he insisted upon being my link-boy for the nonce, and escorted me with a pine-knot torch-light. His rude flambeau contrasted but meanly with the moon and stars, which were shining so brightly, that, to use his own expression,—"*It couldn't begin.*"

"How do they shine!" he exclaimed, pointing at one of the constellations. "I would like monsus well to see 'em all in a mess together once, with the sun in the middle ! What a heap of gold and silver light thar'd be then, *stranger*, wouldn't they ? Why *don't* they ? Why *am* they always moving on the same track, constant ? Who made them ? Ma says God did, and told me to *hush my mouth* ; and when I asked if they were *eyes* to him, that he might see all things, she whipt me ! What are they made of, and why don't we see them in the day time ? Do *you* know ?"

These were some of the many remarks and questions with which my little torch-bearer amused me before we re-entered the house, and which I answered cheerfully as well as I could. He was all wonder and delight, and the excess of his gratitude

told me he thought me much kinder than his parents; they would never tell him what he wanted to know, and would often punish him for asking questions. Neither his father or mother could read or write, they were entirely without intellectual food and raiment, and seemed likely to be all their lives.

I was much impressed at the time with the neglect by which the unusual intellect of their boy was oppressed and suffering, and the recollection of it has often recurred to me. The mother was a kind woman, and had *she* possessed a well-informed and cultivated mind, what a beneficent influence she would have exerted over his! If he should ever arrive at manhood, though he may be distinguished among his fellows, the diamond will be as rough as its settings are rude, the polish which only early intellectual culture can convey will be wanting, and its latent brilliancy and beauty for ever obscured by the almost impervious incrustations of ignorance and prejudice.

The inquisitiveness of children should be properly encouraged and directed, and not met with frowns and neglect. This consideration should be an incentive to woman to acquire knowledge, that she may never be in the dilemma of my hostess of the piney woods—unable to answer the simple questions of her own child.

Mer. Journal.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S TEAR.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Amid the changing scenes which form the history of human life, the silent and often apparently trifling incident will often serve to give an influence whose value and importance can be estimated by no rule which comes within the reach of the mind while restrained within its earthly tabernacle, from the flights of

immeasurable loftiness and infinite expansion which the disenthralled spirit alone is capable of exercising. The eloquent power of a single glance, the association of some peculiar feeling with a trite and oft unheeded remark or reproof, will serve to kindle up in the recesses of the heart a train of influences whose results are entwined in the final destiny of a redeemed and glorified immortal, or buried in the everlasting prison-house of darkness and lamentation with a lost soul. Here, the mother's prayers may have been sneered at or disregarded by her wayward child ; her tears may have shown her sincerity, but in vain ; the father's counsels may have been met with the cold rebuff of an unfeeling heart ; the earnest warnings of the faithful pastor may have fallen on heavy ears, and the teaching of the inspired volume have poured its heavenly light on the sightless organs of a mind that loved darkness rather than light ; but for all this, there is oft a hidden power, lost apparently in the waywardness of the heart, that will in due season bear its precious harvest of immortal fruit, and prove the truth of the promise, " Ye shall reap in due time, if ye faint not !"

James Sanford was the son of pious parents, who endeavored, in a humble reliance on the promise of God that they would be faithful to his people in their generation, to bring up their children in a godly and holy life—to implant in their minds, by early instruction and faithful prayer and counsels, those gracious principles of Divine truth which have their spring at the fountain of the waters of eternal life. Time passed on, and James was transformed from the child to the careless boy ; and yet he was watched over and guarded by his parents with the most tender solicitude and care, for he was their only son. At an early age he had been taught to love the Sunday-school, and was beloved by his teacher, and often became the object of special attention and particular addresses on the subject of spiritual religion and vital godliness. Yet he did not become a professed lover of Jesus Christ. His mind, though disposed to receive instruction, seemed to be powerless, so far as its agency in awakening the sympathies of his heart was to be an instrumentality in leading him to place his affections on things above ; and rather delighted

in the pleasures of life, than in those sources of eternal happiness whose perennial springs are open to every one that thirsteth.

Time, in his revolving flight, found him immured in business, and for his relief he sought the gay amusements of the ball-room, or the gorgeous scenery and artificial splendor and mock attractions of the theatre; and it seemed as if the early care, the soul-burdening supplication, the earnest counsel were buried in the forgetfulness of the tomb. With his companions he passed as an accomplished and amiable fellow—he was the centre of his circle, the converging point of many attractions. But with all this he had one silent monitor, which ever and anon presented itself in its freshness and vividness before his mind, and involuntarily made his heart beat with kindling emotions and the solemnizing recollections of his youth.

When called away from home on a tour to the West, he formed new acquaintances; was admired and esteemed, for he had preserved his honor from those miserable vices which stamp a man with infamy and disgrace, but his heart was not fixed on heaven—his affections did not soar upward to those pure sources of bliss which can satisfy the wanderer—they were centred on the world; the pleasures of sin were near to his love, and he often dishonored his God, and the day of rest which God had appointed for his own; but in all this, while receiving the flattering attentions of business-men, the prosperity of providential goodness, and feeling no care but how to enjoy life, one sparkling gem he had once seen still sent its ray upon the eye of his mind, and its rebuke was not to be disregarded.

We will not follow him through his career of—shall we call it prosperity and pleasure? Call ye that pleasure where the gnawing worm is so unconcealed that its greedy tooth can be seen gnawing away the flowers of life? or where the hand is slowly and sensibly becoming palsied that is lifting the nectar to the lip? or where the reproof is ever present and loud in its appeals? One night, after his return from the busy scenes of folly and interest, he resolved to go once more and hear the voice he had often heard in his youth declare the words of life and peace. The monitor within, which had so often been checked, was ill

at ease ; the ever-present vision of memory was still vividly before his mind, and he felt determined once more to listen to the warnings and promises of the Gospel. He went, and the Spirit of God met him in his evening hour, nor left him at the tolling of the midnight knell. The spirit sought release from its sinful bonds, and the thoughts of his youth came up freshly and deeply on his soul, amid the hallowed sacredness and flowing emotions of his solitary hour, and among them all, one that had followed him through every scene, and almost every sin, still asserted its power to subdue and bring to the foot of the cross.

He became a devoted Christian, and now enjoys the confidence and fraternal love of one of the churches of our State ; and among the most deeply cherished objects of his youth, he frequently mentions, for its silent power and restraining influence, his Sunday-school teacher's tear which had been shed for him !

Strange as it may seem, he recollects nothing of all the instruction he received. He can recall no lesson—can hear no admonition ; but the *teacher's tear* alone is associated with the remembrance of those sacred hours.

Teacher ! let your prayers and tears be heard and seen by the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, and your class may probably be made to feel the gracious efficacy of their sovereign power.

For the Mother's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LITTLE ALICE.

Around no other little one can again be gathered *for me* so many comforts and secret anticipations for the future, as were treasured up in the life of Alice. She had just numbered seven summers, an only daughter, and such are always precious jewels in the family circle. She visited New-York with her parents in September, 1841. Memory restores the little creature in her plain black dress and sweet, gentle voice. A few weeks had

passed since her baby brother had been buried on the hill near her father's house, and little Alice seemed ever to have it distinctly before her. As she was introduced to her young relatives, she told them all what a beautiful boy her brother Joseph was; how bright his eyes and curly his hair; and how dearly she had loved him, and always ended by telling that he was buried on the hill. She repeated her little piece with the most touching pathos—

"Lord, what is life—'tis like the bow
" That glistens in the sky;
" We love to see its colors glow,
" But while we look—they die!"

I see her figure as she stood before a very aged lady, whose tears fell on her cheek as she heard the tones of the little girl. Alice had another brother, about two years old, whom *she* called *Johnny*. Their visit passed quickly away, and the latter part of autumn saw the family on their journey home. I recall the figure of Alice as she bowed her face in her muff and followed her parents and little Johnny to the carriage, literally sobbing with grief. She was leaving her grandmother, to whom she had become much attached. She had been named after her, and had on this visit been presented by her with a gold watch which had been worn by her grandmother for many years. It was entrusted to her mother's care till she should be old enough to note the flight of time. We heard often from the dear family at the west, after their safe arrival home. Last autumn, when the leaves began to fall, they wrote us that our little Alice was so well and happy that "she felt her life in every limb." But she had not forgotten her brother, buried on the hill, and in the spring had assisted her father in adorning his grave with the eglantine. Soon after this a letter with a black seal arrived; and we read that our precious Alice, so lately full of life and animation, was buried beside her brother. The affecting story of her sickness was soon told. A severe illness of one week terminated her life. It seemed very sad that her death should occur at a time when her afflicted mother had recently given birth to a little boy, and could not be with her.

Alice, although so young, was, we believe, a child of grace, renewed in the spirit of her mind, and delighting in heavenly things. This was evinced by her deportment and conversation during her season of extreme suffering. Before her illness, to hear of God and heaven seemed peculiarly interesting to her. She loved to say her little, comprehensive prayers. She was fully aware that she was going to die, and told her father and the minister around her bed "she was quite willing." It greatly distressed her to see her father's sorrow, frequently saying, "O, dear father, I feel so sorry *for you*, dear father!" He having left the room for a short time, she said to the girl living with them, "Elizabeth, why does not my father come and talk to me about Jesus Christ?" Her patience under most severe suffering was remarkable. She often said, "Take me to lie down by my dear mother." Shortly before her death she was carried in for the last time. The parting scene I will not touch upon. The minister, in conversing with her, found her unusually intelligent and bright, perfectly willing to leave all she dearly loved and go to heaven; patient in suffering, and her heart overflowing with love to all. He then baptized her, and had no doubt, he said, of the departing soul being received to the arms of its Savior. During a short interval from pain the little creature made a disposition of what she most valued to those she loved. To her father she said, "Dear father, if you had no watch, and mother had one, it should be for you; now I leave it to my dear mother, my breast-pin to little Johnny, and a book and *my calicoes* to Mary B——," her playmate and neighbor. She looked sweetly composed in death. A smile seemed to linger around her features. The following spring her stricken father planted another eglantine around the grave of Alice.

O ye parents who delight in the little creatures sporting in your path! let the many instances of bereavement like this make you "rejoice with trembling" over your treasures; and while you seek to guard their health and lives, prepare them also, by *early religious training*, and constant prayer, for the grace of God to rest upon them, for a seat in heaven.

The following little piece is selected, by permission, from "JUVENILE SONGS," by Thomas Hastings, published by D. Fanshaw, at 148 Nassau-street and 601 Broadway, New-York.

"COME, CHILDREN, COME."

H.

Come, children, come! God bids you come, Come and learn to

sing the sto - ry Of the Lord of life and glo - ry;

Come, chil - dren, Come! SYM.

2
Come, children, come;
Christ bids you come;
Early seek his face and favor,
Love and serve your blessed Savior:
Come, children, come.

3
Come, children, come;
The Spirit says come,
Come, with Zion's sons and daughters,
To the spring of living waters:
Come, children, come.

4
Come, children, come;
All bid you come;
Come unite your hearts and voices,
List'ning heaven then rejoices:
Come, children, come.

5
Come, children, come;
Make heav'n your home:
Then, though earthly ties may sever,
You may live with Christ for ever:
Come, children, come. Mrs. Brown.

THE
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY LIBRARY.

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THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Preached in Surrey Chapel, London, by Rev. E. N. Kirk.

(Continued.)

No fruit of sin has been more fatal than the misunderstanding of female duty and female character. One of the striking characteristics of all heathen lands is the condition of woman. When the Brahmin priest was reproached by the missionary because he saw a woman dragging her entire length from the point of the commencement of her dreadful pilgrimage to the temple—it lay entirely through a large tract covered with mud, and she was dragging her body through the filth)—“There!” said the missionary, “that is one of the fruits of your system!” “Well, what is that?” replied the Brahmin; “it is only a woman!” That tells the characteristic feature of their dark and debasing system; “it is only a woman!” And what means the Turkish harem, where woman is but the animal? What means it?—The light of christianity has not shone. What is the present moral and social condition of France—France, that made the desperate experiment of rejecting christianity? It is a fact, that even the

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French language itself is destitute of the sweet word *home*, and all its sacred, tender associations. I rejoice to say that God is doing great things for France ; but I speak of it now as a nation in the whole, a nation of mighty intellect, a nation of immense intellectual power and progress—but a nation, that, as a nation, has not a domestic life ; and woman is not known in France (not known in France as a nation) as she is in England and in the colonies and the countries that have sprung from England. And I rejoice to say, that French writers are beginning to tell their nation the truth—‘ Until you estimate woman and the marriage contract, and the marriage relation and the maternal relation differently, it is in vain that you essay the changes of political government ; we must have a change at the fireside, and we must begin to have a sacred home.’

But although it is evident that the nations which speak the English language are in advance of the rest of the world on this momentous subject, we have no reason for boasting ; and it will but injure us to reflect upon that fact, if we do not besides reflect upon the fact that we are very, very far below the light we have, and very far from discharging our duties. I speak even of the higher classes of female mind ; I speak even of our *christian* mothers ; and I say it with the profound respect that I feel in my heart for the mothers in Israel—that even they have much, very much to learn—much, very much to attain.

I wish, in this stage of the subject, to direct your attention to a very remarkable prophecy—remarkable, as being the closing up of the wonderful series of prophecies in the ancient Testament. It is in the Book of Malachi, the last chapter, and the closing verses :

“ Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord : and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.”

I understand that prophecy to involve two points. The first is, that christianity (the primary meaning of the prophecy referring of course to its introduction, and the secondary meaning to

its expansion and more complete influence on the human race)—that the first influence of the introduction, and the chief influence of the spreading of christianity in the world is to restore parental affection. You recollect that Paul has said, that one of the characteristics of the heathen is, that they are “without natural affection;” and you recollect, that when our missionaries went to the Sandwich Islands they found them rapidly undergoing depopulation by “infanticide, and mothers would dig the graves of their own infants yet living, bury them, throw the earth upon them, spread the mat over them, and (while the child was perhaps yet struggling) eat their meal in self-complacency.” That is the stern picture of man without the Bible, and that, in greater or less degrees, pervades all pagan countries and every country, just in proportion as the Gospel of the Son of God fails of effect; and the first meaning of this prophecy I understand to be the restoration of parental love. And the second I take to be the proper inclination of parental love. For now the grand evil in christian countries is, not that parents do not love their children, but that their love is often the ruin of their children. Misguided parental love now characterizes nominal christendom. The great care of the greater part of parents is for the earthly welfare of their children; but when the Spirit of God shall come, as predicted in Malachi, parents will begin to feel that their children are immortal, and that they are to train them for glory and immortality, and not for honor—the bubble that bursts in the hand of him that seizes it—and not for the pampering of the flesh—and not for the attainment of a station, from which death can cast them down to perdition, but for the attainment of those seats of glory, from which he shall never be cast out that once has possession by grace. The restoration of parental affection, and the guidance of parental affection, are to characterize the advancing march of christianity through our sinful, wretched world.

In every age of christianity there have undoubtedly been individual parents that have understood (to a remarkable degree, compared with those around them) their parental duties. We mean not to say that there are not *now* in the churches a great many mothers that have a very wide, comprehensive, active

view of parental duty ; we mean not to say that there are not now in the churches women who, if their character, and their maternal history, and their domestic life could be held out to the world, might be a model to the world. We speak not of these blessed exceptions, we speak of the general fact ; and all the remarks which we make upon the subject must be understood in their general accuracy and general bearing. But we believe that a day is dawning, like the day prophesied by Malachi. And one of the first fruits, perhaps, of the wide awakening of the consciences of mothers and the hearts of mothers has been the formation of MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Association ! The world is just beginning to understand its power in some of the highest interests of man. And I confess that it was not without surprise, coming from a country in which these associations for mothers are rapidly spreading, and coming from a church, in the bosom of which I have witnessed, from year to year, their blessed influence—it was not without surprise that I found intelligent and devoted christian mothers here, with strong and even insuperable objections to the existence of Maternal Associations. I therefore come with this embarrassment ; I come as an American, acquainted with American institutions and American society, and unacquainted comparatively with English institutions and English society, and therefore I may not speak wisely ; but you will understand what I say to be spoken with that degree of light that I possess, and for that alone can I be responsible. My impression is that mothers *ought to associate* ; under what circumstances, and by what principles to be regulated, must be left to the wisdom of those that are in the particular locality, judging of local circumstances and of local habits ; but I know not why the great and glorious principle of combined strength and combined counsel, when two are stronger than one, should not be brought to bear upon the general duty of *mothers*. I can conceive of but one general objection ; and that is, that mothers may feel that their duties are discharged by being members of, or going to, the Maternal Association ; whereas that would be an utter perversion, for the design is to fit mothers for the duties of home by mutual counsel and mutual encouragement.

My commission is to recommend to you, this day, the formation and the universal adoption (under whatever modifications you may find best) of Maternal Associations. And as your patience will allow me, I will dwell in confirmation of this position upon the arguments that are most prominent before my own mind.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATION.

PART I. HISTORY OF EDUCATION, ANCIENT AND MODERN. PART II. A PLAN OF CULTURE AND INSTRUCTION, BASED ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, AND DESIGNED TO AID IN THE RIGHT EDUCATION OF YOUTH, PHYSICALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, AND MORALLY. BY H. L. SMITH, A. M. PROF. IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT GETTYSBURG, PENN. NEW-YORK, HARPER & BROTHERS, 1842.

We have given the whole title-page of this book, that our readers may see at once the design of the work. We have seldom perused a work with as much interest as the one before us. Every young mother should possess the book. It would save a vast amount of unnecessary suffering on the part of the infant as well as the mother.

Part I. Contains the History of Education, commencing with the Old World, and thus coming down to the christian or modern world. This part, as a matter of history, is interesting, especially as it shows what christianity has done towards perfecting education. "What no Priest on the Ganges, the Nile, the Euphrates could accomplish with all their wisdom and their mysteries; what no teacher like Zerdush, Confucius, Pythagorus, or Socrates had been able to achieve, that was done by poor fishermen from the obscure sea of Tiberias." "Such is the nature of Christianity. It cultivates, it forms the individual to resemblance of God, and it develops the human race to the attainment of its destinies." Especially is this true when applied to woman.

But our object in noticing this book was more particularly to call the attention of our readers to the second part. This "plan

of youthful culture and instruction" is divided into three heads, physical, intellectual and moral.

Under the head of physical culture, the Author notices three principal errors in the training of infants. 1. Inadequate protection from cold. 2. Inappropriate food. 3. Improper domestic medical treatment.

1. The exposure of infants to a low temperature, whether from deficient or improper clothing, will prove injurious to them. "The researches of Doctors Fontanelle and Trevisano, of Italy, also sustain these views: from them we draw the following conclusions: 1. That out of one hundred children born during the winter months, sixty-six die in the first month of life. 2. Out of one hundred born in summer, only seventeen die during the first month. 3. Out of one hundred born in spring and autumn, only about one half die during the *first year*; and, 4. That the mortality is greater among children born in northern than those born in southern climates.

"From these physiological principles and facts, so clearly ascertained, it is evident that infants should be furnished with a greater amount of clothing than adults. Agreeably, however, to the present mode of attiring infants, especially in fashionable life, not only are they more thinly clad than the parent, but large portions of the surface are wholly uncovered. Nothing is more common than to see children with their arms, necks, and upper portions of the chest bare, thus exposing these parts to the continued sedative influence of a low temperature.

"When we reflect on the close sympathy that exists between the skin and the internal organs of the body, we have under such circumstances, no difficulty in deciding upon the probable cause of disease in the liver, lungs, stomach, bowels and brain; and hence croup, catarrh, fever, diarrhœa, cholera, and convulsions are frequent consequences, but constitute parts only of that wide outlet to infant life which deficient clothing creates. Some endeavor to justify their practice by maintaining that such exposure is calculated to inure their children to the impressions of cold, and to render them hardy. This *may* be the result with those who have stamina sufficient to survive the experi-

ments, but, before the system is thus invigorated, the child may be carried off by some inflammatory affections produced by such exposure. I have often had occasion to admire the ruddy health which characterizes the children of the plain people of the country, who, in matters of this kind, follow the indications of nature and the dictates of common sense. These cover from the commencement, the entire surface of their children in winter with warm flannel, and in summer with cotton; they rarely have any diseases among their children except such as are natural, and these, in a majority of instances, are so mild as not to require medical treatment. I do not remember, during a practice of fourteen years, to have been called to a case of croup, catarrh, or cholera in such a family; and I have frequently met with such families, who had raised from ten to fourteen children without having at any time had occasion to call in a physician. The pure air of the country, I am aware, also exerts a healthful influence; but we have *there* also seen undue exposure producing disease; while *in town* we have known many instances of ameliorated health by the adoption of more suitable clothing, in families whose children had previously suffered in consequence of improper clothing.”*

2. **INAPPROPRIATE FOOD.**—Under this head the author notices the abundant provision which the benevolent Author of all being has made in the mother, the proper and only food for the infant, art cannot supply nor does nature afford any adequate substitute for the milk of the mother. When therefore, in consequence of sickness or death, it becomes necessary to deviate from the regular course of nature, “the first food given should differ in its properties as little as possible from that which the infinitely wise Creator has himself supplied for the first stage of human life.”

3. **IMPROPER DOMESTIC MEDICAL TREATMENT.**—The following extracts will give a true picture of many families: “Were proper attention paid to infants in their diet and clothing,

* These extracts we learn were furnished by D. Gilbert, M. D. of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

medical treatment would rarely become necessary. So soon, however, as the train of symptoms already detailed begins to manifest itself, the mother, or more officious nurse, without instituting any inquiry as to the cause, and the possibility of its removal, to the immediate relief of the little sufferer, forthwith administers some portion of active medicine, to be repeated as occasion may require, until they become alarmed, and send for their medical adviser, who is gravely informed 'that the child took slightly ill, and that notwithstanding full and repeated doses of calomel, magnesia, rhubarb or laudanum were given, it continued getting worse and worse!' But, not content with giving drugs when disease is supposed to be present, many mothers are in the habit of constantly keeping and administering one or more of the many opiate nostrums and cordials, merely in order to quiet the child or procure it sleep. The basis of all these preparations consists of opium. The almost invariable effect of these is to impair the powers of the stomach, to retard the development and growth of the body, to injure the nervous system, and to induce a state of the entire system adverse to the health and life of the child. But the evil of indulging in the use of opiates does not stop in merely producing disease, for death is very frequently the result. Agreeably to a report printed by order of the House of Commons in England, it appears that of all inquests held in England and Wales in 1837 and 1838 in cases of death from poison, one-seventh of the whole number resulted from the carelessness of mothers and nurses in administering opiates, with the properties of which they were unacquainted. Mr. Brown, the coroner of Nottingham, England, also reports that great numbers of children are annually destroyed in that borough by the use of 'Godfrey's Cordial.' There are, doubtless, many such cases which never become subjects of official notice, and the cause of death is reported as unknown. The majority of cases of this kind are the result of errors as regards the particular article intended to be administered, or in the amount of the dose. Cases of this kind frequently come under the observation of the physician.

"Although we designed, in the commencement, to confine our-

selves to a few hints on these three principal errors which obtain in the physical education of infancy, we cannot under this last head refrain from adverting to the moral effect of opiates, when regularly administered to infants. The effect of this narcotic is to obtund the sensibilities of the nervous system; to becloud that sprightly vivacity which gives an irresistible charm to the speaking countenance of the infant; to induce stupor—narcotism. We may easily conceive that permanence may be given to these effects by a frequent and long-continued use of this poison just at a time when the brain and the nervous system, the organs of the soul, are being called into exercise, and manifest their earliest developments. We have met with several cases in which the children of sprightly and intelligent parents were dull, inactive and stupid at adult age, notwithstanding they had good opportunities of education; and on making inquiry, our suspicions were verified by the information that during infancy those persons had, daily and regularly, portions of quieting medicines administered to them; and that when an extraordinary engagement on the part of the mother, whether at home or abroad, had required it, a double portion had been given. But the moral malady thus induced extends still farther. In the majority of the male members of those families there seemed to exist a natural propensity to *intemperance*.

“Never can I forget the heart-rending self-reproaches of an intelligent christian mother, who is now we trust in heaven. In speaking to me of the case of her son, she exclaimed, ‘Alas! my poor, wandering, forlorn, lost, firstborn son! He was intemperate from his boyhood; and O! mine is the guilt, for I made him a drunkard. He was a cross and fretful child; I gave him stimulating cordials and opiates; he continued to crave them when several years old; and ever after when he could obtain spirits of any kind he would have them. Thus I made him what he is. O! that I had withheld from him the pernicious drugs! My poor lost boy!’”

Our limits compel us to defer the notice of the **INTELLECTUAL** and **MORAL** training till another number.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

No. III.

Having in a former article defined the limits of parental legislation, we now proceed more specifically to notice some of its most essential incidents. According to the usual definition of the term *law*, it is made to include every manifestation of the will of the governor, which relates to the conduct of the governed, provided only that it carries with it the obligation of obedience. This definition would include the whole business of instruction, even in relation to points concerning which the authority of the parent, from a want of ability to coerce obedience, would prove utterly useless. It has been already said, that while the parent is bound to educate the consciences and hearts of his children, these faculties cannot legitimately become the subjects of compulsion. While we are discussing the elements of parental legislation, then, let it be remembered that we speak of those rules of action only, which the parent has both the right and the ability to enforce. The duty of instruction will form a separate head. We now confine ourselves to the consideration of coercive legislation—a legislation that is designed to control the conduct of children by the mere force of authority. In the further discussion of this topic we notice the following particulars :

1. Every rule of action prescribed by a parent for the government of his children should be both clear and specific. Rules, that are either ambiguous or of doubtful significance, are worse than useless ; they are calculated to mislead and to beget inattention, if not positive disrespect. Yet very many parents give out their commands in terms so hurried and general, that their children find great difficulty in applying them. Such commands can never be regarded as furnishing suitable tests of obedience ; nor can the child upon whom they are imposed, in any circumstances, be justly convicted of transgression. A law that is

couched in terms of obscurity, or, that is not adequately published, is palpably unjust ; it operates as a mere trap for the unwary. It often happens in parental history, that a command is given with entire clearness, and precision ; and yet the child, to whom it is uttered, owing to a pre-occupation of the mind by some exciting object, remains nearly or quite ignorant of its true import. It is of the very first importance, then, that the parent, in uttering command, or prescribing a law for the government of his child, should be entirely certain that it is clearly understood ; else his government will, in many cases, become absolutely tyrannical. The faculty of attention, in young children, is apt to be exceedingly wayward, and the act of giving a command that fails to arrest it is as cruel as it is unjust. This is a point to which every parent is solemnly bound to give the most diligent heed. While neglecting it he can neither acquire nor retain the confidence or respect of those who have the misfortune to be the subjects of his authority.

2. Every law or command must be carefully adapted to the capacities of those who are to be governed by it. A parent who requires of his child the performance of an act that is beyond his capacity or skill, is guilty of gross oppression. An act of this description cannot be too highly censured. It is not often that parents exact services of their children for the performance of which they are physically incompetent ; but it is not by any means infrequent that they are guilty of demanding an amount of skill utterly inconsistent with their years and with their experience. All such exactions are obviously unjust, and should be studiously avoided.

3. Parental laws should be both reasonable and just. We have already seen that a parent has no right by his commands to sanction a violation of the law of God ; and we now add that all his commands in relation to those subjects, even concerning which the law of God is silent, should be consistent with the dictates of sound reason. It will be remembered that the will of the parent, in such cases, is substituted in the place of *infinite intelligence* ; it cannot be tolerated, therefore, that its dictates should be either unjust or irrational. It is not always necessary, or even

advisable, that the child should fully perceive the reason which dictated the command. Such a course would, in the end, lead to the substitution of the will of the child for the will of the parent, and thus defeat the main object of parental authority. If we look at the history of the Divine administration we shall find that God has acted on a very different principle. In a few instances, he has kindly furnished us with the reasons which dictated particular commands; but in others, the precepts are left in the abstract form of a positive enactment without any reference to the reasons which originated them. The instances of the former kind are sufficiently numerous to induce a confident belief that all his enactments are reasonable and just; yet the cases of the latter kind are sufficiently frequent to show most clearly that he does not intend to part with his sovereignty. No one of his commands, however, can be shown to be repugnant to our reason; and we are hence bound to infer that all his requirements have originated in the dictates of wisdom. A similar rule should be adopted by parents. They should sometimes give the reasons which influence their commands, so that their children may learn to confide in their superior intelligence. At other times they should utter their requirements in the tone of absolute and irresponsible authority, in order that their children may not forget their filial allegiance. But they should give no law which may be seen to be repugnant to sound reason. They could not, otherwise, maintain their hold upon the conscience, nor retain the respect of the governed.

4. A parent should never utter an unconditional command without a full determination to see that it is promptly obeyed; nor a prohibition, without a like determination, in case of transgression, to inflict an adequate penalty. A law which is habitually disregarded with impunity is not simply a dead letter; it is a practical dethronement of the lawgiver; and the parent who contents himself with uttering good precepts without seeking to enforce them, is guilty of a downright surrender of his parental authority. More than this; he is guilty of withholding from his children, and through them from future generations, one of the most essential elements of moral and religious development. Let it be re-

membered, then, that every command, and every prohibition, whatever may be its character, is to be followed out, if disobeyed, by a thorough and careful process of coercion. To this rule there is but one exception, involving the right of pardon ; but as we shall have more to say on this point under a subsequent head, it is sufficient here to remark, that the right itself is not an arbitrary one.

5. We have already intimated that a law that is merely preceptive cannot be regarded in any other light than as a simple act of advice ; and that advice, although important and in itself reasonable, is very far from constituting the chief instrument in the science of government. The term itself necessarily involves the idea of control ; and in as much as a law that is practically disregarded, by those who are under obligations to obey it, is utterly useless, it follows that every such law should be connected with appropriate sanctions. Nothing short of this can secure its efficacy. All laws are either mandatory or prohibitory ; and as parental government was instituted for the specific purpose of forming and developing the character of its subjects, and not for the infliction of ultimate retribution ; it is evident that all penalties to which the parent has recourse, should be wisely adapted to the same result. In carrying out this idea, we shall find that there is a wide distinction between the two classes of laws, rendering it necessary that their penalties should be directed to specifically different objects. In reference to mandatory laws, or laws requiring the performance of some particular duty, it is obvious that punishment, when needful, should be administered with the view of compelling a literal compliance with the command. In such a case the punishment is not simply retributive, it is to be regarded chiefly as a direct mean of specific and future action. When a prohibitory law, or a law forbidding the performance of a particular act, is violated, the punishment must be administered with the view of inflicting pain for a past transgression, and is in its nature retributive. Let us illustrate this thought. A parent directs a child to shut the door, and the child refuses to obey. Here is a transgression of a mandatory law, which the parent resolves to punish. Now if his ob-

ject was retributive only, he might himself shut the door, and then inflict the needful amount of chastisement, and yet leave his child in a state of actual rebellion. But if the punishment had been resorted to as a means of compelling the performance of the thing commanded, the child would not have triumphed in his sin. Suppose, on the other hand, that the parent had prohibited the use of profane language, and the child had been detected in uttering an oath. In the case of such a transgression the parent has but one recourse. He can punish retributively, but he cannot recall the act of transgression.

6. Having shown the necessity of penal sanctions, it now remains only to remark, that they should be both reasonable and adequate. It is not necessary that the penalty should always be expressed in the command ; it is sufficient if the child understands either from the express declarations of the parent or from the uniformity of his practice, that it is intended. In the case of mandatory laws, the penalty should be such as to secure a prompt obedience ; but in the case of laws that are prohibitory, it should be graduated by the enormity of the crime. No parent has a right, however, to maim or otherwise permanently to injure his children, either in body or in mind.

THETA.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A GEM.

“Give us such boys as have been blessed with the instructions of a pious mother. This is a qualification for which no substitute can be found on earth. Never would we despair of the child who has been used in his infancy to hear the precepts of heavenly truth inculcated in the accents of maternal love. Truths thus distilled live for ever in the memory. They are interwoven with all the sensibilities of the soul. They are the fortress of conscience, not impregnable, it is true, but indestructible. They furnish the mind with chords which in after life seldom fail to vibrate to the touch of faithful expostulation. They are as inextinguish-

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able sparks, which being seemingly smothered under a heap of friendly and spiritual counsel, rise into the pure and genial flame of piety."

For the Mother's Magazine.

A LETTER FROM REV. MR. GOODELL, ON THE DEATH OF
HIS FATHER.

CONSTANTINOPLE, August 18, 1843.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The intelligence contained in your letter of the 5th ult. was not unexpected. Our father had attained to a great age, lacking only five days of being eighty-six years old. He was full of days, but still more full of faith and the Holy Ghost. How long he had "borne the image of the earthly" before he was renewed in the spirit of his mind I know not; but I know he had long borne "the image of the heavenly." Nor have I any idea when or by what means it was that his religion assumed so decidedly a patriarchal character; but as long ago as I can remember he always appeared to maintain much of that same constant intercourse with heaven, which in his later years we can hardly suppose was ever interrupted in his waking hours for fifteen minutes at a time. Though I can look back some forty-five years or more, yet I cannot look back to the year when he was not living a life of faith, and prayer, and self-denial, of deadness to the world and of close walk with God. This was the more remarkable, as in the church, of which in those days he was a member, there was never, to the best of my remembrance, more than one individual, and not always even one, who could fully sympathise with him in his religious views and feelings. In christian experience he certainly seemed "higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward;" and those great evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, which his own minister never preached, and his own church never adopted into her creed, were his meat and

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drink. "*The raven, though an unclean bird, brought food to Elijah,*" was a common expression of his on returning from church, where he had been able to pick out of much chaff a few crumbs of the bread of life. His privileges were few; prayer-meetings were unknown; the sum total, or about the sum total of his library was the Family Bible, one copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Pike's Cases of Conscience, the second volume of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and last, but not least, the Assembly's Catechism. But, though his means of grace were thus limited, yet, meditating day and night on God's law, his roots struck deep; and he was like a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf is always green, and whose fruit is always abundant. Whoever saw him riding on horseback would, if he kept himself concealed, be almost sure to see him engaged in prayer. Whoever should work with him in seed-time or harvest, would find his thoughts as actively employed above as his hands were below. His employments were all holy, and the implements of husbandry he used were all consecrated to Christ. Whoever of the Lord's people met with him by day or by night, at home or abroad, alone or in company, would always find him ready to sit right down with them in heavenly places, in order to comprehend "what is the length, and breadth, and depth and height" of the love of Christ. What the woman of Samaria could not understand he would have understood at once, and would have seized hold of the very first hint thrown out by our Savior for spiritual conversation, however distant and obscurely given that hint might have been; for "he, that is spiritual judgeth all things."

Being the youngest of the family, you can have but an indistinct recollection of the small house on the side of the hill, containing two small rooms and a garret, floored with loose and rough boards, where twelve of us were born; and of the small clump of apple-trees before the door, where your elder brothers and sisters played in the days of their thoughtless childhood. There, with no lock to any door, and no key to any trunk, or drawer, or cupboard; there, where, as I am told, nothing now remains but an old cellar hole, which may even itself, long before

this, have been filled up; there our godly father prayed for us with all prayer and supplication in the spirit; there, on every Sabbath eve, he asked us those solemn, important and all comprehensive questions, from that blessed Catechism of the Assembly of divines; and there, with eyes and heart raised to heaven, he used to sing to the tune of Old Rochester,

“God, my supporter and my hope,
“My help for ever near;
“Thine arm of mercy held me up,
“When sinking in despair.”

And there, too, our mother of precious memory, though, as she died when you were but six months old, you remember her not—there she lived a life of poverty, patience, meekness and faith. There she used to sit and card her wool by the light of the pine knot, and sing to us those sweet words,

“Hov’ring among the leaves, there stands
“The sweet celestial Dove;
“And Jesus on the branches hangs
“The banner of his love.”—WATTS.

And there, too, almost thirty-four years ago, we assembled early one morning in her little bed-room to see her die. Her peace was like a river; she was full of triumph; and she was able to address to us words of heavenly consolation till she had actually crossed over into shallow water within one minute of the opposite banks of the Jordan—heaven and all its glories full in view. Precious woman! though no man knoweth the place of thy sepulchre, and thy children have not been able to find the spot, in order to erect a humble inscription to thy memory; yet thy Savior, who loved thee with an everlasting love, and in whom even in the darkest hours thou didst have such sweet confidence, will watch over thy dust, and thou shalt be recognized at the resurrection of the just. “*Were my children but pious,*” thou didst often say in thy last long sickness, “*how cheerfully could I leave them and go away.*” But, what thine eyes were not permitted to behold, have not the angels long since told thee, viz. that the

eight children thou didst leave behind, with all, or all but one of their partners, were partakers of that blessed Gospel 'which was all thy salvation and all thy desire,' and that three of thy sons were engaged in proclaiming it to others? Yes, God hath heard thy prayers, and "*hath remembered his holy covenant,*" as we all are witnesses this day.

But before I close, I must say something more of the early habits and character of our venerable father. The little farm he once possessed, if it were not all *ploughed* over, was I am confident almost every foot of it *prayed* over. And some dried apples from it, which a subsequent owner sent me a few years since, were to me "as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." In all his intercourse with his neighbors in the way of barter and trade, he always seemed to be more careful lest *their* interests should suffer, than lest his *own* should,—looking on *their* side with his good eye, (if one was better than the other,) and on his *own* side with his evil one. And the same conscientiousness he observed in his dealings with a stranger. And, judging from my early impressions, I should think that he never spoke to a stranger, or seldom saw one, without lifting up his heart in prayer for him. He was full of the Millenium and of the Missionary spirit, long before the existence of the Missionary Herald, or of the American Board, or of the Panoplist even—and even before the Connecticut Missionary Society sent their Missionaries away off to the distant regions of Ohio—praying daily for both Jews and Gentiles—saying with the Psalmist, "Let the people praise thee, O God; let the people praise thee, all of them"—and being like his uncle Solomon Goodell, ready and desirous to contribute something for the spread of the glorious Gospel long before he had an opportunity for so doing. It must now be twenty-five or twenty-six years since I left my studies at Andover for a few weeks, and rode through the country to obtain evidence that he was a soldier of the revolution; since which time he has lived on his pension of ninety-six dollars a-year. And who knows but He, "who keepeth covenant and mercy," had special reference to him when he stirred up Congress to pass that pension law! He served three years in

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the revolutionary war; and I was struck with the fact you communicated of its being early on the morning of the memorable 4th of July, amidst the roaring of cannon, that he slept in peace. And though to his children he left none inheritance, no not so much as one cent, yet in his godly example and prayers he has left them the very richest legacy which any father ever bequeathed his children. And I have often thought, that should Jehovah address us as he did his people of old, instead of calling himself the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and Jacob, he would call himself the *God of our own father*. O how little do good neighbors, who showed such kindness to the living and to the dead of our family, know what a rich father we had!

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth

"From loins enthron'd and rulers of the earth;

"But higher far my proud pretensions rise,

"The son of parents passed into the skies."

Yes, it is a rare privilege we have all enjoyed in being descended from such parents. They were the children of the Great King. They belonged to the royal family. Their names were on the catalogue of princes, and of those that live for ever. They daily walked abroad with the conscious dignity of being heirs to a great estate, even an incorruptible inheritance. And they have now gone to sit down with Christ on his throne. "And they shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more." O how I love to look back and see how, with no ambitious aspirations after worldly gain, or pleasure, or honor, they humbly walked with God! how from day to day they deliberately sought both for themselves and for their children, first of all "the kingdom of God and his righteousness!" and how in this scoffing world they were so united to Christ as apparently to have no separate interest or existence—it not being so much "they that lived, as Christ living in them!" It was doubtless a mercy to them that they never at any time possessed much of this world's goods, and that through much illness in the family, they were at times reduced to great straits; and a mercy to us that we had to bear the yoke in our youth, and often to make our meal of salt and potatoes; and I have often found it in my heart

to bless God for all his dealings with them and with us. And O may neither we, nor our children, ever be left unchastised and uncorrected by him ! Let us choose rather to receive for our profit those chastenings, however severe, whereof all the sons of God are partakers. And why, my brother, should any of us be anxious to leave our children any other inheritance than was left to us ? If we leave them this, and they avail themselves of it, then, though *we* be dead, they shall still have a Father who will provide for them, and take care of them, and bless them, and make them happy for ever.

And is our father gone, who prayed for us so much ? Let us be thankful that the Great Intercessor "*ever* liveth to make intercession for us ;" and more than ever let us avail ourselves of his mediation and atonement, of his grace and strength, and of his righteousness and spirit ; and more than ever let us now pray for ourselves and for all our brothers and sisters. And is our father dead ? Let us arise and give thanks to God that good men *may* die. Let us give *special* thanks that our father and mother are no longer

" In this world of sin and sorrow."

And let us be more careful than ever to " be followers of those who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises," being sinners saved by grace alone.

Thus prays your ever affectionate brother,
W. GOODELL.

THE GRAVE.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

I have spoken of HOME—the home of the living. Next let me speak of the GRAVE—the home of the dead. It is pleasant to contemplate this portion of our existence ; I say not *life*, for there is no life in the grave, but the body *exists* there. Different forms indeed does it assume, but it is *imperishable*. No evidence

has ever been produced of the annihilation of matter. That dust, too, is very precious to survivors. The communing spirit has fled, but the mortal body is left with us. Those features are not at once obliterated, but remain sufficiently long to impress on the memory of the heart an exact and indelible image. So we have our dead with us. Go to the grave. Beneath that grassy mound reposes the venerable form of your father. It is a sacred spot. Speak not while there, but let meditation ascend the intellectual throne. Let the soul silently question itself. Did I ever inflict a pang on that bosom which is now silent in the grave? Oh my Father in heaven, who dost never die, forgive the guilty waywardness of childhood. Or does my mother lie here? How lightly do the evening dews fall on the grave of this saint! Her peaceful heart throbs no more for the young and the thoughtless. My mother! "Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." The grave is voiceless, yet from this peaceful retreat I seem to hear a mother's voice, saying, "Meet me in the better land." David the king would have lavished his royal favors on Barzillai, whom he urged to come to the city and the palace; but the good old octogenarian loved his home and the graves of his fathers. "May I die in mine own city," said he, "by the grave of my father and my mother." Yes, you spoke the language of nature. So would filial affection have it. I can have but one mother. But pass we along. Here lies my sister. She was a gentle creature. Often have the winning tones of that soft voice, like those of some angel-spirit, warned me from the brink of moral danger. She was a mildly-beaming star in that little sphere of home. Sister, I loved thee in life. I loved thee in death. Can I ever forget that last farewell—the final kindling of that dark blue eye, on which, ere it closed, a ray from heaven seemed to fall. I love this dust. Rest in peace. And here, too, is my child; the last, the least of mine, oh grave, which thou hast taken to thy cold embrace, but not the only one thou shalt have. We come apace to join our loved ones, not fearing either the sting of death or the victory of the grave; for the one is extracted, and the other is anticipated by Him who died that we all might live. Grave! thou hast many hostages. Thou shalt have all, but

only for the appointed time. Plant flowers here. Let the earliest buds of spring unfold their beauty near our dead. Let the last rose of summer linger in its sweetness here. And if the cold winds of autumn, sweeping over, shall lay them in the dust, they shall bloom again in the spring. So in the bright morning of the world's redemption, shall the mortal forms that repose beneath them spring to life and immortal beauty in the skies!

Youth's Cabinet.

HOW TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

It is not the imposing majesty of a sumptuous mansion, nor the hollow glare of gaudy furniture, nor the obsequious attentions of servants; nor even of children, that makes a home of home and keeps alive the sacred blessedness of a married life. No, but it is the steady exercise of those holy charities, that soothe the sorrows, and smooth the asperities of our nature. Those little evidences of sincere esteem, those spontaneous expressions of affection and tenderness, those unpremeditated smiles and tears at each other's joy or sorrow, that affectionate officiousness which volunteers more readily as service becomes more difficult,—these are the things that give to home its purest and most powerful attractions; where these abound, the mind reposes in all the confidence of conscious safety, and in all the satisfaction of ample enjoyment.

Mutual respect and attention between man and wife are essential to render them respectable in the eyes of their domestics and children; and also to maintain that healthy flow of soul, that cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit so necessary in bearing the ills and performing the duties of life. As kindness and respectful treatment are due to all persons, so they are specially due to ourselves as wife and husband; for we cannot love those whom we do not treat respectfully, nor can they love us in return. Let it then be a principle of established authority, like the laws

of the Medes and Persians, that changeth not, to extend to each other that affectionate attention which is mutually due between equals. Let every thing be studiously avoided that goes to lessen either party in their own estimation or in that of other persons; and let it never be forgotten, that even a smile or frown may gild with brightness, or overcast with clouds, that most sacred spot on earth which you call home.

Domestic Circle.

“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

BY C. HUNTINGTON.

It was the sunset hour—and thousands came
From the lone villages and distant hills
Of far-off Galilee, to meet the Lord—
Bearing, with gentle step and anxious eye,
The sufferers of their race to Jesus' feet,
That he might lay his sin-subduing hand
In blessing on their wan and wasted frames,
And heal them with a sanctifying touch.

* * * * *

Amid the crowds that, with adoring looks,
Hung on the footsteps of the Son of God,
A Galilean mother brought her child,
In its young loveliness—its laughing eyes
Dancing in dewy light—and, kneeling, pray'd
A benediction from those sinless lips
Upon the cherub-beauty of the babe—
But the disciples, with officious zeal,
Silenced the suppliant with this stern rebuke—
“Why troublest thou the Master?”

Jesus heard

And in displeasure turn'd his radiant eye
With a reproving glance on him that spake;
Then, in a voice of calm authority,
With gentle accents, briefly thus replied—
"Suffer these little ones to come to me,
Nor let them be forbidden—for of such
My Father's kingdom is."

Then Jesus took the infant in his arms,
And gently, with his blessed hand, put back
The silken curls that clustered on its brow;
And, bending o'er it, press'd his holy lips
Upon the stainless forehead of the babe—
Making the brow of childhood, from that hour,
A thing of holiness—the only shrine
Which the Redeemer hallowed with a kiss.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me,"
Was the command of Him who, on the cross,
Bow'd his anointed head, and with his blood
Purchased redemption for our fallen race—
And blessed they! who to that holy task
Devote the energies of their young years;
Teaching, with pious care, the dawning light
Of infant intellect to know the Lord.
Thrice blessed they! who guide, with gentle hand,
The timid steps of childhood in that path
Which (rightly trodden) leads the wanderers home,
Where they shall meet (the teachers and the taught)
On that blest Sabbath which shall have no end.

THE
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. A. G. WHITTELEY AND REV. D. MEAD.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Know this ark is charm'd
With incantations Pharaoh ne'er employed,
With spells that impious Egypt never knew:
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted every slender reed together,
And with a prayer did every oar weave.
Mrs. H. MOORE.

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INDEX TO VOLUME XII.

	PAGE		PAGE
A.		Eternal Life the Fruits of Early Chris-	
Ambitious Parents, -	10	tian Education, -	333
Advantages of Early Piety, -	27	Evil Habits, -	100
A Word to Parents, -	44	F.	
Antediluvian Mothers, -	65	Frightening Children, -	260
A Nation's True Glory, -	93	Female Influence, -	138
"A Man once a Father for ever,"	190	Family Prayer Remembered, -	109
Agency of Mothers, -	123	Filial Impiety, -	15
A Few Hints on Education, -	180	G	
A Sister's Influence, -	188	Good Sayings and Short Maxims, -	230
A Broken Covenant, -	193	H.	
A Bad Temper, -	209	Home Details, -	350
A Solemn Reflection, -	231	Home, -	140, 84
A Beautiful Thought, -	238	Happy Home, -	31
Adelia, -	240	I.	
An Important Sentiment for Parents,	251	Imperishability of Moral Impressions, -	31
A Good Temper in a House-keeper,	265	Influence of Private Deportment upon	
A Mother's Love (Poetry), -	287	Character and Usefulness Abroad, -	90
A Mother's Love, -	311	"I would not live always," -	308
A Scene on the Ganges, -	321	"Is it right to Teach our Children to	
A Mother and her Son at the Judgment,	344	Pray?" -	379
Address to Mothers, -	357	L.	
B.		Letters to Young Women, No. I. -	205
Be Faithful to your Children, -	328	Do. do. do. II. -	226
C.		Lines on the Death of Susan Adeline, -	256
Character of Children Intrusted to Mo-		Letters to a Friend in Affliction, -	217
thers, -	78	Lost in the Church, -	160
Cultivation of a Correct Taste, -	83	Lines written on the Death of a Son, -	170
Care of your Room, -	155	Letter to a Bereaved Mother, -	163
Cherish the Weak, -	168	Letter to Mrs. Whitelsey and Hunt, -	53
Cheerfulness a Christian Duty, -	275	Letter of Rev. John Summerfield, -	12
Children Brought to Jesus, -	268	M.	
D.		My Mother's Miniature, -	375
Death of Early Friends and Contempo-		Maternal Associations, -	4
raries, -	243	Maternal Association at Rochester, -	19
Domestic Harmony, -	318	Moral Poisons, -	44
E.		Music, -	62, 192, 224, 254, 273, 332, 363
Education, -	55, 69	Maternal Authority, -	373
Ereosia, -	145	Maternal Advice, -	168
Early Reminiscences, -	150	My Mother's Grave, -	121
Encouragement for Prayer, -	226		

	PAGE		PAGE
Mary Magdalene, - - -	143	The Widow and her Mite, - - -	246
Maternal Love, - - -	149	The Consecration, - - -	248
Magazine Literature, - - -	172	The Bible the Best Corrective, - - -	252
Maternal Correspondence, - - -	175	The Bible in Governing Children, - - -	196
Mothers at the West, - - -	243	Thoughts for Prayerless Mothers, - - -	201
Mother, - - -	312	The Voice of the Watch, - - -	203
Musings, - - -	325	The Poor Man's Appeal, - - -	215
N.		The Mother, - - -	223
Nursery Lessons, - - -	210, 263, 307, 330	The True Basis of Female Influence, - - -	161
Nip Vice in the Bud, - - -	305	The Family Circle in Heaven, - - -	159
Notice of Books, - - -	198	The Deathless Influence of a Mother's Love, - - -	159
O.		The Cheerful Home, - - -	132
Only Four Years, - - -	249	Three Years Old, - - -	135
Our Relation to the Future, - - -	199	The Forget-me-not, - - -	367
Obituary Notice of Mrs. Jernasha Clark, - - -	179	The Elect Lady, Chapter I. - - -	48
Do. of Lucia G. Swett, - - -	268	" " " II. - - -	146
P.		The Heavenly Image, - - -	152
Parental Government, - - -	24, 51	The Family Constitution, - - -	156
Parental Unfaithfulness, - - -	81	The Re-union of Friends in Heaven, - - -	160
Power of Early Impressions, - - -	133	The Death of Infants, - - -	97
Parental Solicitude, - - -	225	The First Disobedience, - - -	105
Poetry, - - -	96	The Importance of Sympathy Between the Mother and the Child, - - -	111
Personal Industry Essential to Virtue and Happiness, - - -	183	The Mother's Charge, - - -	126
Practical Remarks on the Early Conversion of Children, - - -	229	The Slanderer, - - -	127
R.		The Prayerless Mother, - - -	72
Reflection, - - -	153	"The Church in thy House," - - -	75
S.		Thoughts for Maternal Associations, - - -	85
Sympathy, - - -	33	The Chinese Blind Children, - - -	68
Sick Children, - - -	59	The Contrast, - - -	92
Sacredness of Marriage, - - -	68	The Nature and Influence of Maternal Associations, - - -	36
Reasonable Reproof, - - -	272	The Happy Widow, - - -	41
Second Annual Report of the Natches Maternal Association, - - -	281	The Serpent and Child, - - -	47
Sentiment and Action, - - -	396	The Blessings of Home, - - -	61
Solemn Thoughts for Parents, - - -	296	To Our Readers, - - -	353
T.		The Aged, - - -	364
The Cradle, - - -	1	U.	
"Thy Son Liveth," - - -	31	Unity of Counsel in Parents, - - -	351
The Influence of a Christian Mother, - - -	30	V.	
That Mother of the West, - - -	289	Vitality of the Seed of Truth, - - -	167
Thoughts for Children, - - -	292	Visit to the Old Homestead, - - -	177
The Mad Dogs, - - -	210	W.	
The Mother's Power, - - -	214	Where is Mother? - - -	347
To a Dead Child, - - -	380	"What fruit had ye in those things?" - - -	294
To my Mother in Heaven, - - -	333	Walking by Faith, - - -	223
The Mother's Gift, - - -	337	What shall our Children Read? - - -	257
To Parents, - - -	271	Who write our Novels? - - -	268
The Pilgrims, - - -	273	Y.	
The Grave of Harriet Newell, - - -	283	Yesterday - - -	256
The Flight of Time, - - -	232		



THE
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1844.

Original.

THE CRADLE.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

THE Cradle is one of the appendages of Home. Think not lightly of it, oh man, for thou hast lain in it. When thou pridest thyself on thy manly form and thy mature mind, think how little thou once wast, when the cradle held thee. The cradle is suggestive. There we begin our existence. How much of that early existence is slept away in it! Is this for naught? Did Isaac, the child of promise and of prayer, occupy it to no purpose? The treasure in that cradle, which was rocked by the maternal hand of Sarah, was reserved to bless the world. "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Was it in vain that the infant Moses was cradled amid the waters of the Nile, and watched by the sleepless eye of his fond mother? The emancipation of a nation furnishes the reply. And why so many prayers offered, so many tears shed for little Samuel? Ah, Hannah, thou didst call thyself "a woman of a sorrowful spirit," and didst "pour out thy soul before the Lord." Heaven heard thy prayer and gave thee such a son! How was that sorrow turned into joy, as thy hand rocked the cradle of thy first born: "For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given

me my petition, which I asked of Him. Therefore also have I lent him to the Lord. As long as he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord." Happy mother of a holy child! As was his birth, so was his life and his death. A nation went into mourning when Samuel died. Such is the power of faith—the potency of prayer.

Look at that sickly little boy in the cradle. The breath of life can hardly be kept in him. But a mother's love, which never wearies, is the guardian angel of these precarious hours. Who his father is I know not. Where he is, I cannot tell. He may be far off on the sea. He may moulder in the dust, and that mother may be a widow. A widow indeed she is, and her name is EUNICE. She is watching over the future minister of Christ, the companion of an apostle, a holy man and a candidate for heaven.

See another little boy asleep in his berth. His name is Isaac. If he had strength enough to creep out of his cradle, he would not have sense enough to keep out of the fire or to keep himself from falling down stairs. But while maternal affection plies its incessant task over helpless infancy, maternal anticipation may tremble for the future. Let patience, however, have its perfect work. Along with the development of the functions of the body is expansion of the powers of the mind. Isaac soon reciprocates the smile of his mother. There is intelligence. Time elapses. He understands the language of signs. That volume of voiceless eloquence—a mother's face—her eye, her smile, her frown, he reads before he can articulate a word. It is the first revelation of love to his soul. Time in its progress continues to unfold his intellect. It discloses masculine features. The child is becoming the father of the man. Whether he is endowed with the splendid attributes of an original genius is scarcely worth an inquiry. A more important qualification distinguishes him—that of intellectual industry. He thinks, studies, reasons, writes. He astonishes the world by the power of his intellect in the pursuit of the abstract sciences, in demonstrating the laws of nature, and leading the mind through nature up to Nature's God. He explores the sublime secrets of God in the works of creation. He seems to walk

among the stars, and having descended from "the flaming bounds of time and space," with the true humility of a profound mind, he considers himself but a child who as yet has played only with a few pebbles on the shore of a boundless ocean. Such was Sir Isaac Newton. I would give more to see the veritable cradle in which Sir Isaac was rocked, than all the idle relics of the old mother of abominations, from the gorgeous feather of the angel Gabriel down to the sacred mouse that has nibbled at the Host.

Contemplate another instance. Little Philip is laid aside to die, almost as soon as born, but the sheltering wing of Providence is spread over him, and he gains the cradle, that refuge of the weak, who cannot take care of themselves. He is nourished and cherished, trained and guided by his faithful mother, who associates the pleasures of the fireside with the acquisition of divine knowledge, and makes sure that her son never shall forget the "old Dutch tiles." This woman bestows in Doddridge a gift on the Church of God, inestimable and inconceivable. Could she have known what there was in embryo in that household cradle—how much pulpit eloquence—what strength of sacred emotion—what power of setting forth the excellence of Scripture—what sanctified poetry—what ability to delineate the rise and progress of religion in the soul, how would her maternal heart have leaped for joy! The fable of Hercules in his cradle strangling the serpent, like many other fables, points to a great truth. It is one of those truths of which no particular age can claim the honor of discovery, for it belongs to all.

It was said of Pindar that, as he lay in the cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth," that is, he was to be a sweet poet. Pope says of himself that he "lisp'd in numbers," and that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. Such is the power of infancy on maturity.

Come with me into this dwelling. Here is the parlor. There is the cradle. The mother who is watching that infant son is impenitent. He has never been consecrated to God, but the fire of genius is in his eye, the sweetness of eloquence is on his lips. As he lives and grows, he is all enthusiasm, all life and animation. Grace seeks him—Grace saves him. He preaches the

grace he once scorned, and there is still the impenitent Mother, proud of her high-minded and high-gifted son, whose presence and preaching in the pulpit throws a sort of enchantment over the multitudes that hang on his lips. The little chrysostom has become a mighty one. In the midst of all he is unhappy for his Mother. He weeps for her impenitence. The repose of midnight is disturbed with the image of his lost Mother. They meet to pray. He that was her cradled child bears the message to her heart. The convicted Mother rushes into the arms of her son, and embracing him, exclaims: "*My son, my son, must your Mother come to you? My boy, pray, pray for me.*" It was a scene beyond the touch of a mortal pencil. That night witnessed the birth of this mother into the kingdom of Christ, and great was the joy of that house. The son of her love was her spiritual father. Why need we resort to fiction? Facts are more impressive. And that is fact which I have just related. Mother, remember that no prayer offered in faith over that cradle is in vain. Thou wilt think so, if thou shalt ere long be called to dress thy child for the coffin and the grave.

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THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.—(Continued.)

BY REV. E. N. KIRK.

1. The first consideration that I urge is, the tendency of Maternal Associations to promote maternal education.

There may be an appearance of the want of sufficient respect, there may be an appearance of invidious comparison, when I say that mothers need to be educated. But I think that there is not this want of respect; for I think that I should say it even to my own mother,—“Are there not many things, that might have been rectified in my education, if you had had the light that a kind God is beginning to pour upon the great subject of maternal

•

duty?"—and I should expect from that good sense and that piety which, I know, characterize her, to hear her say, "Yes, my son! every day that I live I am discovering my faults, my own neglects, my own want of a sense of maternal responsibility, my own want of a deep and solemn consideration of the importance of education; willingly would I go back, with the light I now have, and rear my family again."

There are unquestionably two classes of mothers in society; and therefore there is great propriety in the establishment of two kinds, or at least two branches, of Maternal Associations. There are those, who are competent to be to each other mutual instructors; and there are those, who, from the want of advantages of instruction, had better be subjected to the guidance of those to whom God has given more light. I say, then, "let there be the Mutual Instruction Maternal Association, and the Maternal Association in which one is instructed and the other a learner." And oh! if there be an angel-visit of mercy on this earth, it is for the enlightened Christian mother to go to the habitation of her poor and uninstructed sister, and teach her how to bear her burden, how to train her family. If God has given her light and given her love, let her go, as she has "freely received," and "*freely give*" it to the needy. It is worth more than the money and the clothing and the bread, though the money and the clothing and the bread should come with it.

I need not convince this assembly of the importance of the moral influence of a mother; I may dwell upon it for a moment, only to produce a deeper sense of that which we already know. It is unquestionable, that the hopes of human society and the hopes of the Church of God are to be found in the character, in the views and in the conduct of mothers. Though it is taking up the very lowest department of this subject, yet I will state one single fact on the civil bearings of Maternal Associations. I suppose that if you could trace the history of every criminal that stands at the bar of your courts of justice in this great metropolis (where there is so much good and so much evil), you would find that nearly every poor criminal there went through as regular an education as any physician or lawyer in your land; and I suppose

that you would find, that they had been trained, when children, as regularly by their mothers for the prison and the gibbet, as in our schools children are trained for the important duties of life. When I pass through your streets, and see the places where the polluting and fiery poison is sold, and see the mothers with the little infants at their breasts going into those nurseries of crime, those hot-beds of poverty and pollution, those gateways of death and hell, my heart bleeds within me. A mother, instead of the milk from her breast to nourish, and the "milk" of heavenly truth for the immortal mind of her child, pouring into its little system the fiery poison of hell! Bear with me; and, if I thought that there were a vender of the dreadful poison here, I could not but turn aside from the theme committed to me, to plead one moment with him;—so *cruel* does it seem to me for men to sell that which they know is to ruin body and soul, and to hand out the fiery glass to a mother to give it to her little child. Oh! is there no way of inducing these wicked men to quit their dreadful employ? It is all in vain that we establish prisons, that we carry out the penitentiary system; we shall only have to do it, so long as the mothers are training their children as they are. We must have some improvement in the domestic education of the poor, if we want an improvement in our seats of crime and of poverty. And there is moral power enough in the Church to accomplish it. I know that sometimes there are difficulties; but I have seen these difficulties conquered. I have seen the persevering visits of one Christian lady conquer the obdurate heart of a most hardened drunkard, and at last make her sit down a willing learner at the feet of her benefactor; and I have seen the change in the order of the little cottage, the cleanliness of the children, the improved dress, the orderly habits, the regular attendance at the sanctuary, the improved disposition and conduct of the little children, all coming from the fact that one Christian mother, who knew the duty of a mother, and the importance of a mother, had gone to this poor woman, and waited on her "in the bowels of compassion" that belong to Christ and to his people, until she had persuaded her to do her duty as a mother.

I dwell on this one branch of the subject—the civil influence alone, that I may on that rest your conviction of all the higher results, that are to come from the right guiding of a mother's mind, and the right guiding of human character between the ages of two years and twelve or fifteen, which is the peculiar sphere of the mother's influence. I wish to "magnify the office" of the mother; and I think the whole tendency of these Maternal Associations is to bring it out, and hold it out to the view of mothers and of the world, in all its magnitude and importance. Napoleon Buonaparte was a man of shrewd observation, and he once said to Madam Campan—"The old systems of education are worth nothing; what is wanted for the proper training of young persons in France?" With keen discernment and great truth she replied in one word—"*Mothers.*" This word struck the Emperor; and the thought grew upon him. "Behold, then," said he, "an entire system of education! you must make mothers, that know how to train their children."

The influence of Rousseau, with all his infidelity, has been in some respects good on France. His object unquestionably in one of his works was to give citizens to the nation; and he commenced with mothers. "The mother's milk," said he, "should be the milk of liberty." He resorted to the mothers, because he wanted to bring back mankind to truth, simplicity and noble sentiments based on benevolence; and all that was good,—for there was some good, and it is growing still,—all that was good in the terrible French revolution, it appears to me, can be traced to the influence of his writings, almost the only pure stream that did flow in those times. But he failed, in trusting too little to the importance of the character of the mother, and having no sense of the necessity of training children for heaven.

Man was born for the atmosphere of love; and when we tear the little child from its mother, and send it to a stranger, and to the stern teaching of a stranger, no one can tell how he feels his loss, and how his little heart sighs for his home, and for the smile of his mother, which was the sun of his home. Virtue is not so much taught to children as infused into them; and infused into them at their first stage. Pestalozzi, the great Swiss instructor,

has traced what may be (it appears to me that it probably is, but, whether it is or not, it suggests an important principle) the first discovery of the principles of moral government in the intercourse of the child and his mother. (By the first idea of moral government I mean this—I have a will of my own, but there is a will exterior to mine and above mine, and that will has a right to limit mine.) He supposed a little child to begin to move his arm, and, as is natural, to find pleasure in the freedom of the movement, to find his delight in that motion to a certain length; but he supposes him to meet, in trying one day to make this movement, the obstruction of a table—and perhaps it is the first idea he gets of external existence; then he supposes that the mother comes in, checks the child, and forbids him to do something that he wishes to do; the child begins to discover the difference between the involuntary table, the mere mass of matter that physically obstructed his movement, and the interposition of a will that interrupted him, and he supposes the first idea that there is a will out of us and above us to come thus; and then conscience wakes up with the feeling, ‘I ought to submit to that will.’ And the great secret of family training is, to teach the child that he is to bow his will to the will that governs in the family; and then the great secret of religious training is, to teach him to bow his will to the will of God, and to say, “Thy will be done:” and, if he were brought to this on earth, he would come to stand in heaven among those shining ranks, whose entire feeling is, “Thy will be done.” And how peculiarly is the mother fitted to exert this kind of influence on the mind of her child, because she can temper the sternness of that rigid will, that does not bend to the child’s desire, with all the sweetness of love, and appeal to all the child’s sense of dependence and of obligation to make it acceptable! The eloquence of a mother’s lips must first persuade the child to virtue.

The first impressions that should be made upon man’s angelic mind, unquestionably are such as we trust will flourish in heaven; and God has committed to mothers the work of teaching their children to prefer honor to fortune, to succor distress, to love

their fellows, to raise their hearts to God. I have been much struck with a remark made by a French writer. Of sixty-nine monarchs, who have worn the French crown, he says, only three have loved the people, and all those three were reared by their mothers without the intervention of pedagogues. A. Bossuet educated the tyrant Louis XIV.; his mother did not train him. St. Louis was trained by Blanche; Louis XII. was trained by Maria of Cleves; and Henry IV. was trained by Jane of Albret; and these were really the fathers of their people. "Good professors can make *good scholars*," says this author; "but good mothers alone can make *good men*."

The incidental effect of our Maternal Associations is to elicit attention and talent to the great subject of maternal duty, and to draw forth those great lessons of wisdom, that mothers need to learn in order to fit them to fulfil it.

2. I will present a second consideration; the tendency of mothers associating together, as mothers, to confer on their duties and their difficulties, is to quicken the sense of their responsibility

As "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." There is something in the social principle, when consecrated to the great work of personal holiness, on which the blessing of God seems peculiarly to rest. Hence there is so much said in the Bible of the value of social prayer; hence it is said, "Exhort one another daily." And I think it an advantage to have system in this. It is an advantage for mothers to meet periodically, and to have regular seasons for exhorting each other in each other's duties, and for increasing in each other's minds the sense of those duties. A periodical revival of this impression must, with the blessing of God, be very useful.

(Continued.)

Original.

AMBITIOUS PARENTS.

BY E. W. CHESTER, ESQ.

THE poison of ambition is often so instilled by parents and others into the young heart, as to embitter the future days of their offspring. "He is a smart boy, and will make a judge some day." "Learn your book well and you may become a Governor." "You shall be a lawyer, if you study hard." The child is thus made to look for something in a different sphere of life, and to be discontented with that of his parents.

How many days of anxiety and disappointment must have had their origin in an ambition thus awakened, no arithmetic can estimate. Instead of preparing for sober usefulness in fields which must always be occupied by the mass of men, a struggle commences in the young breast for something higher and more honorable, according to the notions he has received. Parents degrade themselves and their condition by making their children feel that it is ignoble and unworthy. They present this condition to the imagination of their children in contrast with something more bright and fascinating. They teach them in effect, that there is neither honor nor pleasure, save in office or a learned profession. And if neither can be reached, a life of discontent lies before them.

Few who thus speak to children are aware of the suffering through life which a majority of professional men endure. They are thrown into relations in life demanding large expenditures, and if dependent entirely on their success in business, they are fortunate if they find themselves, after years of struggling, enjoying an income sufficient to render them barely easy. They must necessarily come in competition with men, their equals or superiors in talents, backed by all the advantages of years, experience and public confidence. None, who have not tried it, can estimate the amount of anxiety and suffering often endured in professional life. The farmer and artizan may economize and adapt their expenses to their income, but the expenses of a

professional man must go on, whatever his income. An unfortunate ambition has already crowded the learned professions to more than repletion. The aggregate income is inadequate, if properly distributed, to the comfortable support of those engaged in them, while some, enjoying, from their reputation and skill, an amount much above their wants, leave a greatly larger number without the means of decent support.

The life of a farmer or artizan ought not to be regarded as beneath an honorable ambition. He, who by prudence and skill is successful in these, occupies a higher social position than the unsuccessful professional man. And even want of success does not subject him to that severe mortification and to the deprivations which are felt in the more ambitious walks of life. With health and strength he can, at least, command the necessaries of life, and lie down at night with no anxious cares.

But though the desire for professional life is too prevalent and brings evil to many, in its mischievous action on the heart, it is not to be compared to the evils of the love of office and of looking forward to official preferment. That parent or friend who has waked up such an ambition in the child has done him a greater evil than to have robbed him of an estate. The number of offices compared with those having capacity to fill them must always be small. And in general the attainment of them is no evidence of intellectual or moral worth. On the contrary the aspirant must generally abandon all independence of opinion and action, and become the tool of a party, or the demagogue of a faction. He must pander to every appetite and flatter every prejudice, and submit to every caprice of those whose support he seeks, be they few or many.

Of all who now enjoy office, from the President of the United States to the lowest that our laws have established, ninety-nine, probably, in a hundred would have passed a vastly happier and more virtuous life had they been content with a private station. They have sold their happiness, and too frequently their very souls for office.

Fathers—mothers—set your faces like a flint against this ambition in your children—rebuke every attempt to enkindle it—

12 LETTER OF REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

teach those to whom you have given life that independence, virtue, self-respect, are better than all the titles and offices that men can give—that the race of ambition for popular or official favors must be with naked limbs through thorns and brambles, and amidst snares and gins and pit-falls—a race in which there is nothing to gain but much to lose. Teach them that better ambition, to look down with pity on all the scramblers for office, and to seek a surer happiness here, and a ten-fold better prospect of happiness hereafter, in the quiet walks of private life amidst domestic virtues and all the kindly influences of home.

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Original.

LETTER OF LATE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD,

TO MR. ———, OF BALTIMORE.\*

NEW YORK, April 26th, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER :—

Your very agreeable present, and the *manner* in which it was received, will never be forgotten; it is the first "*jeu d'esprit*" of the kind I have ever met with. I regret that it was not in my power to acknowledge your kindness *personally* before I left your city;—but what shall I *now* render to you for this benefit? I have, I confess, scarcely anything within my gift. If I could transmit to you the *garment of salvation*, I should indeed be able to recompense you fully; though not half so fully, as if you received it from the *Author* of Salvation; this is a gift which is enhanced by the dignity of the Giver, and He has therefore reserved it to himself to bestow it. This gift, however, will not

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\* This letter was addressed to a highly esteemed friend in Baltimore. Mr. S. was in the habit of wearing a coat of the ordinary cut and fashion, and his friend, though not a professor of religion, yet one who greatly respected it, and loved and entertained its ministers, believing that the dress of the Methodist Preachers should, as far as practicable, be uniform, presented him with a *single-breasted* coat, such as was generally worn by them in the days of Wesley.

be yours in the same way that your gift became mine, for He requires that you shall *ask* in order to receive it, and has only promised *His Holy Spirit* to them that *ask* Him. My coat indeed becomes me well, it fits me better than any coat I ever had, and its texture is super-excellent:—but, my dear friend, the *garment* I would recommend to you would become you still better, and would fit you and adorn you more than any garment you ever wore; as to its texture, it is emphatically said to be "*fine*" not comparatively so, but positively "*fine*," and that alone is "*fine, clean and white!*" I could have dispensed with your present, inasmuch as my former dress would have fully answered all the purposes for which it was intended; but my dear friend cannot dispense with the *garment* I am recommending *him*, for the man who has it not will be turned out from the marriage supper, and *cast into outer darkness!* My friend went to great expense to procure me this substance, and after all it is perishable, as he will perceive if I should live to see him again.—But the *garment of salvation* is as new after fifty years wear, as on the first day; it is of imperishable materials; and it will, notwithstanding, be given *without money and without price!* Indeed, if God were to fix a price upon it, that very price, no matter how great, would lessen its value! It is said of one of the ancient painters, that although he bestowed immense labor on every one of his productions in the fine art, he always gave away his performances, and being asked the reason of it, he replied, "*they are above all price!*" This is indeed the case with the gift of God. He *gives* away, lest his blessings should deteriorate in the eyes of the purchasers, by the value annexed thereto; but although he *gives*, he gives *freely*, and is much more willing to give than we are to receive. He bestowed immense labor to perfect for us this finished work. The agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the death and burial, the glorious resurrection and ascension, and the coming of the Holy Ghost! The former of these the price, the latter the purchase—and now he gives the Holy Spirit to them that *ask* Him!

"Oh, Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
Was ever *love* like thine!"

But, my dear friend, why do I thus carry on the figure? Suffer me to speak freely, sincerely, lovingly, on this subject.—What is the cause—why, amid all that kindness that you ever show, and *delight* to show to the meanest of the servants of my Lord,—why, oh why is it, that *you* have not so fallen in love with the “*Altogether Lovely*,” as to give Him full possession of your heart? You give him your money,—you give your tongue to speak upon his goodness;—your feet are employed in tracking the way to his sanctuary; and you delight to be seated among the flock of Christ. But then, *your heart*! “Oh! my son, my son,” says God, “give me thine heart!” Seek the kingdom of God *first, rather*, and bring every other consideration into a state of inferiority. Let me ask you, my dear brother—(for such I call you in anticipation, and from my very soul)—is He not worthy of your heart? The language of angels is, “Thou alone art worthy.”—He has purchased you at the price of blood, and he claims you as his own. Will you continue to resist the claim? Has he not long been striving with you to yield yourself a willing sacrifice? Though he could *force* yet he prefers *submission*;—he would honor you by proposing himself to your choice. He is an honorable lover! He *woos*; he *entreats*; he *supplicates*; he *stoops* to ask your love! Can you keep Him out any longer? Oh! no! your heart says no! Then answer him this moment—

“Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,  
And never hence remove!  
But sup with me, and let the feast  
Be everlasting love!”

Oh! yes, when you have once tasted *His love*, you will want it to be everlasting. May the Lord God encourage and incline you in this pleasing surrender, and may He hear my prayers on your behalf!

Do let me hear from you at a leisure moment, and believe me to be, my dear friend,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

Original.

## FILIAL IMPIETY.

WE not unfrequently hear it remarked by foreigners, in contrasting American and English Society, that in our country the crime of Filial Impiety prevails to an excessive degree. They tell us that disobedience and rebellion in the domestic circle are as frequent as theft and robbery in the community at large; and that if we would inquire into the extent of this species of crime with the statistical accuracy with which we investigate the extent of others, we should find filial impiety to be one of the vices of our age. It is impossible that such a charge should fall gently upon our ears. If it is false, we must be prompt to deny it; and if true, blush at the disgrace it attaches to us. That is but a morbid patriotism which would frown at the exposure of a foible peculiar to our country. To confess our defection, whether individual or national, is the part of wisdom, as well as generosity—and should be done both in honor of truth, and in the hope of melioration. However unwelcome it may be, we cannot wholly deny the charge brought against us. Parental authority is not so effective in this country as in England: The full extent of filial disobedience and waywardness may be exaggerated or underestimated; but cases occur often enough to suggest the inquiry whether there may not be something in the spirit of our institutions, which tends to filial impiety. It cannot be admitted that the tendency of liberal institutions in a virtuous community is to corrupt men, or render them unthankful; but we can easily conceive how genuine liberty, in a corrupt society, may degenerate into licentiousness, or a false idea of liberty become itself a demoralizing agent. As the republicanism in which our fathers founded this government is too rapidly tending to democracy and agrarianism; so the republican influences of social and domestic government are giving way before the power of this contagion.

There is a spirit of illaudable independence pervading the minds of the rising generation, which threatens serious injury to our social system. At a very early age, the youth of our times

adopt the most exaggerated notions of liberty. Looking forward to a life in which they have to seek their own fortunes, and not relying upon their fathers to establish them in business—as the youth of other countries are prone to do—they set out too eagerly, and reject the restraints of the domestic circle, before they can well do without them. Like a ship which casts off its moorings, before it is ready to unfurl its sails, they are tossed upon a tempestuous ocean without principles to guide and steady their course. Rejoicing in the bewitching prospects for aggrandizement which a free government always unfolds, they gird themselves to run the race without strength to accomplish it. Fixing their eyes upon the prize before they can commence the pursuit, they become impatient of the necessary restraints of youth. Fired with an unhallowed ambition, the youthful mind despises the invaluable lessons of parental discipline—often breaks loose from all the influences both mental and moral with which God has blessed it, and hazards its all upon some ill-judged and premature enterprise.

If there be any cause for such unhappy results other than the depraved tendencies of the human heart, it is the fact that in our country, THE DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF LIFE ARE ASSUMED AT TOO EARLY AN AGE, and an independence of parental authority thus attained, which is fatal in its effects. Dependence is the most effectual of all restraints. A sense of mutual dependence holds mankind together in every civil association; and as soon as a man becomes independent of his fellow-men, he learns to value their interests as little as their authority. In tracing the course of a headlong youth in the career thus begun we soon find him at variance with his father and a source of incessant sorrow to his mother. He stoutly resists every attempt of his parents to restrain or advise him—he adds abuse to insult, if they persevere in their endeavors to restrain him; until, at length, through discouragement, or desire of peace, or the influence of prevailing customs, he conquers, and is allowed to run his mad career unmolested. Now he swells in self-esteem, and rises above the influences of the family circle, until, although dependent upon his father and maintained at his table, he becomes a beardless

man whose own parents dare not address him except as an equal. Thus the tendency of excessive liberty is exhibited; and now its baneful influence is witnessed in the parents. They fail to enforce the authority which God, and nature, and reason have assigned them, and, neglecting to rule their own household, suffer an example of rebellion which endangers the character of every child. We need not trace this history farther—all have seen the issue. We have known the broken-hearted sire to yield a child-like obedience to the tyrant son he had cherished—we have seen the kind but unavailing entreaties of the still hoping mother. We have seen wo, poverty, and ruin all following in funeral procession after that fatal laxity of discipline, which planted the germ—and when the bell has tolled the “old man’s” knell, we have felt most bitterly *“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is to have a thankless child.”*

No one can be surprised at the picture here presented, who is acquainted with the condition of society in the city of New York, or who has considered the strength of the causes which produce such melancholy results. This cause is deeper and broader than we are all aware of, and its contagious poison is so fatal, that we cannot estimate its mischief. What greater evil can befall a family than to contain one thankless son! And most of all, if some reverse of condition render a parent dependent upon a child who does not respect him, what language can express that curse? Who that has not *felt* it, can conceive how withering to the heart of a fond father is the angry chiding of a wayward son! Nor does this deadly Bohon Upas spend all its mischief on the domestic circle. It poisons the atmosphere far beyond, and reaches to the walks of public life. To filial impiety we may trace many of the vices which afflict our land. Who is more likely, than a thankless son, to be a thankless citizen? Who more likely to betray his trust? Who so sure to be an unkind husband, as he who betrayed the bright trust he received from *above*—of guarding the happiness of his parents? Why is it said of us, that we lack reverence for our rulers and clergy? Why have hoary hairs so little power to claim attention and respect?

If it be doubted by any one, whether disobedience to parents



tends to produce all these vices, let the experiment be tried—let parents maintain an equitable administration in their families, and suppress the first risings of revolt—then see what a change will come over the character of our people. Or let such an one even now trace the history of our forgers, our mutineers, and our murderers, and see the seed of their ruin sown in rebellion against parental authority.

Of all curses denounced in Holy Writ may I escape that which shall be visited upon abusive children! I cannot respect the man who dishonors a parent, be he ever so gifted with wealth or wit: he thus poisons his whole being and renders himself execrable; and all who know him, both the honest and those as base as himself, must despise his inhumanity! He even degrades himself below the brute creation—for they are obedient to the laws of their own nature, but man becoming thus unfilial, shows himself so corrupt and base, that nature, even with the instincts which unite in harmony the stupid brutes, is unable to hold him in decency. If he had no mind, or powers above a beast, he could not thus violate the laws of nature; but being thus gifted, and being made in the image of God, he is able and willing to pervert all the glory of his superior nature that he may sink in this respect below the beasts of the field! I have seen this curse developed, and have been compelled to watch its working in detail, and know its blighting mildew—and if there is any prayer I ever sent to heaven with honest heart it is, *God save me from a thankless child!*

If any child reads this communication, let that one beware, and be tender of a parent's love. Guard as the apple of your eye the happiness of those who gave you being. Remember that a parent dead is a loss which all the world cannot restore. Grieve not a mother—revere her for *her sake*—for *your own sake*—for HEAVEN'S SAKE!

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“Grieve not thy sire!  
 How oft that palsied hand hath led  
 Thy infant footsteps weak with fear;  
 How gently bowed that reverend head,  
 Thy childhood's broken tale to hear;

And when those wayward feet have strayed  
 Mid youthful follies rashly free,  
 Those lips invoked at midnight's shade  
 The pardon of thy God for thee !  
 —If from his speech *should dotage flow*,  
 Or eye, or ear, be dull and dead,  
 Thou to his second childhood show  
 The love that smoothed thy cradled-bed.  
 Grieve not thy sire ! for if his love  
 Unblest or unrequited be,  
 He whom thou call'st thy Sire above,  
 Will bend a Judge's frown on thee !

F. G. C.

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MATERNAL ASSOCIATION—ROCHESTER.

FIRST REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF THE BRICK CHURCH,
 ROCHESTER, APRIL 11, 1843.

DEEPLY impressed with the solemn and responsible duties of our situation, and urged on by a desire to blend our sympathies and prayers together, mutually to instruct each other in the fearfully responsible duties of a Christian Mother ; and with earnest prayer that our feeble efforts might be crowned with success, we assembled one year since for the formation of this Society. At first we numbered 27 mothers, and 86 children ; 17 mothers and 64 children have since been added,—making at the present time 44 mothers, and 150 children. Of these mothers three have rejoiced in the conversion of their husbands, and have witnessed their public espousal of the cause of Christ. Here also, with grateful hearts, would we record the fact that of the 150 children but two have been removed by death, while a large number have given hopeful evidence of a saving change, and 13 have united with the Church. Does not this convince us that our prayers have been heard, and our public efforts greatly blessed ?

Since our organization, perhaps some of us have at times felt that the monthly meetings of this Association were of but little consequence, and with a faithless despondency have been ready to think the time allotted to them was almost wasted. But in

tracing the short history of the Society have we not much to cheer and encourage us, and cause us to feel that it would be most criminal and ungrateful to yield one moment's ascendancy to such a feeling ?

We have brought our offerings to the common altar, and has not the solicitude we have felt for the eternal happiness of our beloved offspring endeared to us the place where the altar of prayer has been erected, and where, in concert with other mothers, those fervent supplications have ascended which in return may bring down upon the beloved objects of our unceasing solicitude those spiritual blessings which are so rich and so enduring ? May we not confidently expect that around this very altar of prayer, we may, like one of old, have power with God, and be enabled to prevail in behalf of those endeared objects of our love, and secure for them the "Great Salvation," which will make them useful here, and holy and happy throughout eternity ?

"Where two or three are met together in My name, there will I be in the midst of them, and that to bless," is the cheering declaration of One, who is alone able fully to sympathise with all of a Mother's anxieties and trials. And are we prepared to say that in all our meetings, during the past year, we have never been in a situation to claim the fulfilment of this precious promise ? I feel assured that all who have attended our meetings can bear testimony that our labor has not been in vain. Many thanks are due to our Pastor for his efficient aid at our quarterly meetings, and for his advice and counsel always cheerfully rendered.

And now, dear Sisters, while we make an humble and heartfelt acknowledgement of our past unfaithfulness ; let us begin another year of effort, relying upon Him, who is able and willing to impart every needed assistance, and move onward in the work he has given us to do. Then may we indulge in the pleasing anticipation of witnessing more signal displays of the mercy and grace of God, in the fulfilment of that gracious promise, "I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, in their generations, for an everlasting covenant ; to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee."

MRS. W. J. WOOD, *Cor. Sec.*

Original.

"THY SON LIVETH."

BY E. W. CHESTER, ESQ

THE aged man stretches himself on the bed of sickness, and disease finds in the worn-out frame little to combat its powers. Friends gather around him with sympathy indeed, but they yet feel that he has lived the appointed time of probation, and according to the laws of nature, must at furthest soon bid adieu to earth. He has had his youth and manhood—his active life has passed away, and in the quiet of age both himself and his friends have been conscious that little is left him to do before his final departure. His children no longer look to him for care—his wife, perhaps, has already been summoned away,—no prospects of new enjoyments bind him to earth—he has familiarized his mind to a descent into the tomb of his fathers, and though friends in their affection would still gladly enjoy his converse a few days longer, yet approaching death brings to them no sudden disappointment, and blasts no cherished hopes.

Not so when the youth is suddenly prostrated. It seems not according to the course of nature that his manly strength should suddenly give place to infant weakness. Hopes ardent and confident have connected him with many future years—hopes interwoven in the thoughts both of himself and his friends. To parents, brothers, and sisters scenes viewed in visions of the future are connected with his living activity and joyous anticipation. Plans of future life and happiness are linked with him, and his place and part is in everything to which expectation looks. If he should be taken from the family circle, the future, so bright before, is shrouded in gloom.

Thus lay prostrated by disease a youth in Capernaum. A father had watched the progress of his malady with an anxious heart. Perhaps a mother's wakeful tenderness, and sisters' and brothers' affectionate solicitude had remarked every change of symptoms, and their hearts, by turns, had felt the influence of hope to be quickly succeeded by greater apprehension. He was

the son of an individual high in rank ; a noble of the land. What money could command or skill could effect had been tried ; but the disease, relentless in its onward course, had mocked at rank and wealth and the medical art. And they to whom he was most dear, gathered around his bed, to watch the languid or the fevered pulse, to moisten the parched lips, to weep with tender sympathy, but powerless to help.

They who have stood at the bed-side of a son and a brother in the hour of dissolution coming upon him, in the gay morning of his youth ;—they who have found such a group, each busied in calling up the remembrance of affection and of joys now to return no more, can feel what eighteen hundred years ago was felt in this family circle.

But there was then in that land, once hallowed, now long polluted, a person strong in his moral grandeur and personal simplicity, abashing by his presence the haughty, rebuking by his purity the ungodly, and arraigning, with some mysterious power, the hypocritical pretensions of those who sat in the seat of Moses, and withal commanding, at will, disease and death to cease their work. His word was law to the elements and to the pestilence. And yet his home was amidst the poor and the suffering, not with the great and prosperous. He was the poor man's friend and associate, his moral guide and his unbaffled physician. His coming into their neighborhood is now announced to this family in the midst of their distress, and when all other hope has fled. It may be His heart may be touched. * * * * In this hour of greatest need no substituted messenger can be entrusted with a commission on the results of which hangs the life or death of a son. It is no easy matter to tear himself away from the sick bed, which, ere he returns, may hold only a lifeless form ; but yet the father hastens forth to find ONE whose sympathy a father's entreaty may reach. Flurried, anxious, trembling, he comes into a presence where the humble were accustomed to find assurance, and the proud to feel of how little worth their fancied greatness. And in this presence distress may have given boldness where else the pride of his nobility had stood abashed—he felt not that he was a nobleman but a father, and well may

we conceive that his suit was urged as a parent alone could persist, when his last hope rested on its success.

As the father departed on such an errand, see the mother and sisters and brothers seat themselves around the sick bed, and idly bidding their beating hearts to rest in quietness. They assume an attitude of quiet, conscious they can do no more, and as if they could still the restlessness of anxiety—they almost hold their breath, as if they would thus add speed to the father's feet, or hold back the disease till his return. But vain their efforts—
anxiety tumultuously rebels against their efforts, and again they essay what attention and activity can do for the sufferer.

A strange change comes over the young man. The eyes almost glassy suddenly assume their accustomed lustre—the watchful attendants are startled by the color returning to the pallid cheek; nature is again in the movements of the but just now uneasy and convulsive limb—a smile is on the countenance as in the day of health—it may be that this change brings alarm to his friends—is it a delusion? is it but a momentary return of the powers of life, before taking their final departure? No; the word that brings life and health has been spoken, and it is not less powerful that it is too distant to reach their ears. The cheerful voice of the youth is not of death but of life, and to many a solicitous inquiry his answers give assurance of restored health, and the pulse gives evidence that disease no longer preys on his system.

With what buoyant and changed and delighted feelings is the messenger despatched with tidings so glad to the father! And little perhaps does that family circle conceive by what entreaty and at whose bidding health has succeeded to disease. But the word and the restoration are simultaneous—gladness, and it must be, deep-felt gratitude filled the hearts of that family when they again met together, the father to recount the circumstances and events of his suit to Jesus of Nazareth, and the others the strange and sudden return to health.

Our curiosity in vain inquires what was the future life of the youth, and what the return of himself and friends for this miraculous rebuking of a disease just ready to quench the spark of life. We would gladly know how such a family felt when ONE who had

been such a friend cruelly suffered the death of a malefactor—what emotions were awakened in their breasts, and what their fate, when the Roman Legions swept over the country. But history is here blank—the sacred biographer has not turned aside from his simple narration to gratify our curiosity, and we must wait till the resurrection morn bring us face to face with the nobleman of Capernaum and his family, and when we of this generation shall meet with all among whom Christ lived while working out for them and for us a redemption from the effects of sin and the power of the grave.

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Original.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.—No. IV.

THE department of parental duty to which the attention of the reader is now invited, is that which we have termed the Judicial. In civil governments, the judicial functions are generally separated from both the Legislative and Executive departments; but in the family constitution, the whole system is committed to the joint administration of the parents. It is doubtless owing to this combination of functions in the hands of the same individuals that the science of family government has been so little understood among those who are most deeply interested in its success. There is no real necessity, however, for this want of knowledge. Like all other systems of science, it is a system of common sense; and when properly dissected, it may be rendered intelligible to individuals of the most moderate acquirements.

When the parent has promulgated a law, he is bound to see that his children obey it; and yet he may not in any case inflict a penalty until he is satisfied that it has been violated. Nor ought he, even after a child has been convicted of transgression, to proceed to the execution of the penalty, unless it was specially announced prior to the act of transgression, until, by a careful examination of all the circumstances, he is satisfied that it is

reasonable, and wisely adapted to promote the best interests of the delinquent. In determining the question of guilt, and in designating the punishment which is due to the transgressor, in all cases where the amount of punishment is discretionary, the parent acts simply as a judge. Questions of this nature addressed to the judicial prerogatives of the parent occur so frequently that they are very liable to be overlooked, and, sometimes, to be disposed of too hastily, or without the requisite examination. The judicial functions of the parent are not less important than are the legislative; nor will their mal-administration be productive of less disastrous consequences. Children generally regard the judicial decisions of their parents as practical illustrations of the force of their principles; and hence erroneous judgments, if often repeated, will inevitably destroy the respect and confidence of the whole household. In attempting to delineate this class of parental duties, we must descend to particulars.

1. The parents of every family constitute a court, in which each sustains the office of a judge, for the trial and punishment of evil-doers. In civil courts, composed of associate judges, a divided judgment is always regarded as a positive evil; it carries on its face presumptive evidence of error. It is their practice, in order to secure entire unanimity, to examine every question that comes before them with the most untiring assiduity and patience. The same principle should be adopted by parents. They may either of them act alone, but when they act together, no pains should be spared to secure absolute unanimity in the result. Suppose that a child is suspected of crime, and that both parents unite in examining the question of his guilt. Let the child see that while one of them deems him guilty, the other as confidently proclaims his innocence, and what is the result? The child must either escape punishment altogether, or else, being punished by the one that condemned him, he will very naturally look to the other for sympathy and protection. It cannot be necessary to say that all such punishments would be worse than useless. Let all parents, then, remember that if they differ in judgment in a given case, it will be necessary either to conceal that difference, or else, to dispense with the punishment. For either to act in opposition



to the will of the other is an evil of sufficient magnitude; but the act of punishing a child who knows that he is deemed guiltless by one of his parents is unqualified madness.

2. In civil tribunals, we expect to see the mind of the judges free from prejudice; and where this is not the case, we do not look for an impartial administration of justice. The same is true in reference to parents. Notwithstanding the affection which a parent feels for his children, the admonition to beware of prejudice can never be out of place. For even the most affectionate parents very frequently acquire habits of suspicion and feeling in reference to particular children or particular faults, that absolutely disqualify them for acting impartially. A parent who has for a long time labored unsuccessfully to correct the faults of a heedless and indolent child, is in great danger of becoming discouraged, and of settling down upon the belief that the case is beyond the reach of remedy. If he yields to such a state of feeling, he will soon become the victim of prejudices that will certainly paralyze his influence; and he will ever afterwards look at the conduct of such a child through a false, or discolored medium, calculated to mislead his judgment in every case of supposed delinquency. Another parent may err on the opposite extreme. Blinded by an unregulated affection for his children, he is always ready to pronounce them innocent without taking the trouble to look at the facts. If one of his children should be accused of a crime—no matter what may be its nature—or what the evidence going to establish its guilt—the mere accusation would be sufficient in his estimation to stamp its accuser with infamy. His children are altogether too good to commit such an offence. Both these states of feeling are utterly inconsistent with parental fidelity. The child that is always suspected of evil, will soon become a hardened transgressor; and the child that is *never* deemed capable of sin, will soon learn to take advantage of his parent's credulity, and to "sin as it were with a cart rope." A municipal judge who was known to be thus influenced, would be branded in the public estimation, as worthy of instant impeachment. He would forfeit the respect of the whole community. Equally disastrous would be the consequences of parental prejudice.

It must ultimately subvert the very foundations of parental authority.

3. When a parent has reason to believe that his child has broken his command, it is his first duty to inquire into all the circumstances, and to ascertain its guilt or innocence, and if guilty, the exact amount of its criminality. The process of forming a just conclusion in relation to such matters, is often a thing of very great difficulty; yet to neglect it on this account, would be to encourage the child to adopt a course of still more open rebellion. Every transgression ought to be followed by a conviction of the offender, even in those cases where on the whole it is deemed best to pardon him; for without a conviction, a pardon would be as useless as it would be unwise. It would not be appreciated. In deciding on the guilt or innocence of his child, the parent acts as a judge, and he is bound to frame his judgment according to evidence. In other words, every child that is accused of transgression, has an indubitable right, previous to his condemnation, to a fair and impartial trial—a trial that involves an examination of all the evidence, both for and against him. The child knows full well that his parent is not omniscient, and it is exceedingly hazardous to pretend to a degree of knowledge unsupported by the evidence; for every error of this kind amounts in the end to a conviction of ignorance and rashness. But in our further remarks under this head, which will be resumed in the next number, it will, perhaps, be well to be a little more specific.

THEA.

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*



Original.

#### PECULIAR ADVANTAGES OF EARLY PIETY.

BY REV. N. E. JOHNSON.

EVERY intelligent mother must be aware of the infinite importance attached to the early conversion of her children in view of their constant exposure to death, and of the divine claim to the early as well as later years of their existence.

In addition to the direct and obvious considerations which enforce this conviction, several important reasons may be suggested.

*A child who is converted young is prevented from doing much mischief in the world which he would otherwise do.* Every child has an influence for good or evil on his associates, and if he remains impenitent until he becomes a man he will produce many bad impressions on the minds of others which he may never afterwards do away. Many a man has sighed over the untimely death of his early associates, and has carried through all his subsequent life the painful impression that had his own example been different, their doom might have been different also. Should not the mother be anxious to prevent the sting of such a memory, as well as the evil of such an influence?

*A child who is converted in early life will accomplish much good which otherwise he would never accomplish.* Every real Christian does some good. A child whose heart is spiritual is a most efficient Christian. Among his playmates he exerts a blessed influence by his correct deportment, his cheerful temper, and his prudent advice. I have now a lad in view who is the ornament of the circle in which he moves, and whose light is poured upon many an elder eye, compelling men of many years to see and acknowledge the loveliness of early piety. From childhood to youth, and thus to manhood, such a child will prove a blessing to his family, his neighborhood, and thus of course to his country and his race.

*A child converted in the morning of life will avoid contracting many bad habits, which he would otherwise contract.*

We all know the force of habit. To say nothing about the tendency of evil habits to prevent a child's conversion in after years, it is a painful fact that evil habits contracted in childhood and youth often exert a mournful influence on Christian character after conversion. They cling with a tenacious grasp to their old possessions, and love their old haunts. Hence the severity of the conflict is increased, and the evil influence of these wrong habits follows them even to the grave. Shall not the Christian mother desire to shield her child from this abiding curse?

*A child early converted to God will form many good habits, which otherwise he would never have formed.* Think of the difference between two young persons, one of whom has been in the constant habit of reading the scripture and of secret prayer from three years old to twenty-one, and the other in the habit of regarding all such practices with aversion. How vast a difference in knowledge, in moral discipline, in stability of character and in salutary influence, would be seen, other things being equal, even to the dying hour. "*Because—that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures.*" Extend this remark to every other subject, and a similar difference will be seen. The reading, the company, the employment, the style of conversation, the habit of thought and feeling, the general tone of benevolent affection, all these will be influenced by real piety, and will adorn the life where piety dwells.

*A child early converted to God will be trained for the great moral enterprises in which the church of Christ is engaged.* It was a great advantage to Hannibal that he was trained to hostility against Rome under the discipline of his father Hamilcar even from his earliest childhood. The church needs faithful and disciplined soldiers. She needs men who have long been familiar with her benevolent operations, who have long labored for the conversion of the world, and have become well accustomed to all the gospel armor. Such men can only be found among those who were the servants of Christ in the days of childhood and youth.

*A child converted early will have a truly venerable age.* Old age never appears so beautiful as when it is attended with the memory of a well-spent life. When from early childhood piety has habitually shone in the conduct and conversation, and all the while there has been a growing communion with God in the closet, it crowns old age with a splendor surpassing the gems which deck the brow of royalty. There are some of us who will never experience such an old age even though we live a hundred years. How anxious should every mother be to secure such a crown for the child whom she rocks in the cradle!

Selected.

## THE INFLUENCE OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

WHAT a public blessing, what an instrument of exalted good, is a Christian mother! It would require a pen superior to mine, to trace the merits of such a character. How many, perhaps who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them; or may recollect, at this moment, some saint in heaven that brought them into light, to labor for their happiness, temporal and eternal. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore.

Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instructions, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, on whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed—the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion in adapted phrase and familiar story, the whole rule of the oral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion, the countenance of this fond and anxious parent all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh, what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity, and how much is the mortal to be pitied who is not struck with the image of such excellence. When I look to its consequences, near and remote, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated, spreading through the community with richest increase of fruit. I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race. I can fancy generations yet unborn rising to prove and hail her worth, and I adore that God who can destine a single human being to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefits to the world.

DEAN KIRMAN.

Original.

## THE HAPPY HOME.

BY REV. N. E. JOHNSON.

Husband dear! how calm thy slumber,  
Mid the slowly dawning light;  
While thy wife awakes to number  
Years with love and kindness bright;  
On thy noble brow once shaded,  
By thy dark locks rich and fair,  
Now the glossy jet is faded  
And the pensive grey is there.

Hark! I hear the happy voices  
Sounding through their native halls,  
Loud our eldest child rejoices,  
Full of glee, the youngest calls;  
Husband, wake, they come to wish us  
Many a NEW AND HAPPY YEAR;  
Oh, don't speak! 'tis more delicious  
THEIR glad greeting first to hear.

JANUARY 1, 1844.

Original.

## IMPERISHABILITY OF MORAL IMPRESSIONS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

In December, 1842, the house of Rev. J. Todd was destroyed by fire, and among the losses consequent on the calamity, one of his little girls lost her library. While deploring her loss next day, she suddenly sprang up, and wiping away her tears, exclaimed, "MOTHER! I'LL NOT CRY ANY MORE! I'M GLAD I LEARN'D SO MANY HYMNS!"

I saw a happy, blooming child,  
Whose heart was pure and hopes were bright,  
Who pleasure gave whene'er she smiled  
And fondly spoke to all delight;  
Her eye bespoke the soul within,  
And shed its mildest lustre round,  
And seemed to say, No lurking sin  
In these fair precincts can be found.

Her voice was heard in joy and glee,  
In softest sounds of childhood's tone,  
And sweet and mellowing minstrelsy  
Flowed from that single voice alone:  
I saw her eye more brightly shine,  
With universal joy, that she had seen  
The gleamings of the light divine,  
Though Time's dark film was placed between.

Yet e'en in childhood's roseate hours  
 When joy is sparkling in the view,  
 And life is like enchanted bowers,  
 Where constant change makes pleasure new,  
 The child of earth is often bowed  
 Beneath some sore afflicting rod,  
 And sorrow calls to him aloud  
 To rest alone upon his God.

So was she early made to share  
 Her weary load of care and pain,  
 And for a moment made to wear  
 The grief that forms the spirit's chain;  
 Her treasured source of wisdom's lore,  
 More highly valued than its cost—  
 Her favored all—her precious store—  
 By fire was all consumed and lost.

While seated at her mother's knee,  
 When deep distress oppress'd her heart,  
 Her sorrow seems at once to flee  
 And healed is all her spirit's smart—  
 She smiles and leaps—her grief is o'er—  
 No more the tear her eye bedims—  
 She says—"I'LL NOT CRY ANY MORE !  
 I'M GLAD I LEARN'D SO MANY HYMNS !"

What though her books, consumed by fire,  
 Are dust and ashes scattered round,  
 Their powers oft her thoughts inspire  
 And teach her lips what praise to sound;  
 Though they are gone there yet remains  
 A treasure still she oft may find,  
 To linger while the soul retains  
 Its deathless union with the mind.

PARENT and TEACHER! early write  
 On these fair pages God hath given,  
 In fadeless lines of life and light,  
 The truths that lead the soul to heaven !  
 There ineffaceable they stay,  
 Untouched by Time's corroding power,  
 And will thy anxious care repay  
 In heaven's eternal blissful hour !

Enduring past the bounds of time  
 They shall a witness surely tell,  
 And mount aloft on wings sublime  
 Or sink in anguish down to hell :  
 Then let this thought awake thy love,  
 And press thee forward to thy goal,  
 And thou shalt win from God above—  
 Thy crown of joy—A RANSOM'D SOUL !

THE  
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

Original.

SYMPATHY.

BY REV. H. NEWCOMB.

MAN is a sympathetic being. In all circumstances, his feelings and conduct are, in a greater or less degree, influenced by the feelings and conduct of those around him. No one can go into a solemn assembly, where all are deeply affected under the impressions of religious truth, without partaking of the feelings which pervade the assembly. No one can go to the house of mourning, and witness the deep sorrow or flowing tears of the bereaved, without, in some measure, entering into their feelings. So it is, also, with the contrary emotions. It is exceedingly difficult to witness the exhibition of anger, petulance or ill-humor, without feeling similar emotions rising up in our own bosoms. And, we are generally affected with these sympathetic emotions, in proportion to our excitability and want of self-control. It has been known, in repeated instances, to throw great numbers, in public assemblies, into convulsions. In one case, in the poor-house at Harlaem, in Holland, a young girl, from the effect of terror, was thrown into convulsions. Her friends, in attempting to restrain her, were seized in a similar manner; and one after another fell under the influence, till nearly all the boys and girls in the establishment were affected with paroxysms, returning at regular intervals. As soon as one was seized, all in sight were taken in the same manner. The celebrated Boerhave was called; who perceived that the disease depended on the imagination and sympathetic imitation. He therefore filled the various apartments with furnaces, containing burning coal, and red hot irons. He



then informed the children that the only cure for the disease was, to take the first one who was seized with it, and burn his arm, with a red hot iron, to the bone. This broke the spell, and there were no more convulsions.

A multitude of similar facts might be mentioned, to illustrate the same principle. And this principle is one of great importance in the management of a family. Children are less capable of self-control and more excitable than adults, and of course more easily affected with sympathy. Hence, if one is peevish, and fretful, and cross, the same temper will be speedily propagated among them all. But more especially, if the parents exhibit such a temper, they can expect nothing else, but that their children will be like them. I remember witnessing this effect upon children at school. If the teacher came to his school in the morning in a pleasant mood, things went on pleasantly through the day. But, if he was cross and ill-natured, a turbulent, uncomfortable spirit was infused into the whole group, and a stormy day would succeed.

So, if a mother gives way to a peevish temper, indulges anger, and permits herself to scold and fret, the same spirit is propagated through the house. The children catch it instinctively. They put on a surly countenance. They are irritated with everything around them. They are peevish, cross, and quarrelsome. The same is true, also, of the father, in proportion to the time which he spends with his children. Ill-humor is contagious. It cannot be indulged by the head of a family, without propagating itself among the members.

The same is true, likewise, of a mild benignant temper. Smiles propagate themselves, as well as frowns. Let the father or mother meet the child in the morning with a pleasant smile, and it may give a direction to his feeling for the whole day; and not to his only, but to the whole circle. Children are not only *sympathetic*, but *imitative*. They will imitate the tone of the parent's voice, and the expression of his countenance. If these are harsh, peremptory and severe, so will his be, among his fellows. If they are tender, kind, and pleasant, such will be his temper and feelings. This, of course, is to be taken as a general

principle. I do not mean to assert that it will be always so, as other causes may operate on the child.

The same is true, to a certain extent, with respect to the *religious feelings* manifested by the parent. If the parent is serious and devout, the child will feel the influence of the hallowed atmosphere which surrounds him. But, if he is worldly, cold, and indifferent to spiritual things, he certainly can expect nothing better in his children.

If these views are correct, how important it is that parents should maintain habitual self-control. Nothing short of this can secure a safe and healthy example, for the imitation of children. Every parent, therefore, should endeavor, in the beginning of the day, to secure by communion with God, a tender, heavenly, subdued temper of mind. This, with constant watchfulness, will enable the mother to maintain habitual cheerfulness and serenity of mind; and by this, she will find more than half her difficulties conquered. Her very countenance and tones of voice, will soothe the feelings of her children, and promote a quiet, cheerful spirit in the family.

But, let a parent exhibit habitually a hard spirit; let the voice grate harshly upon the ears of the children, while a frown sits upon the brow; and soon their hearts will be so hardened that reproofs, being expected as a matter of course, will lose their effect. Such a parent will have an ill-tempered, ill-governed, unhappy family: and no place will be more disagreeable to the children than home. Yet, home, above all others, is the place which should be rendered pleasant and attractive. Perhaps no practice is more calculated to discourage and dishearten a child, than that of incessant chiding; and nothing makes home more undesirable, especially to sons, than the expectation of always meeting a frown, or a harsh word, on entering the house. And no doubt, the want of a pleasant attractive home, has been the ruin of many a youth.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

## THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.—(Concluded.)

BY REV. E. W. KIRK

3. I come now to a third consideration—the tendency of such associations to increase family and maternal religion.

On this subject I speak chiefly from the testimony of mothers. I have seen extracts from many letters written by mothers, and I have the testimony of mothers in my own church, that they have found that every meeting of the Maternal Association sent them home to their closets, humbled under a sense of their deficiencies, and casting themselves more fully on covenant grace to aid them in the discharge of maternal duty.

One influence is found in the fact, that they have led to the collection of the best writings calculated to impress a mother's heart, and the bringing them together to hear them read ; and it is unquestionable, as a general principle, that a thing read in a large company is altogether more impressive than that read alone. When the best writings of the best heads and the best hearts are brought before a collected assembly of mothers, I think that the influence must be happy; in elevating the standard of maternal piety, and having the mothers go back to the domestic circle to elevate the standard of maternal religion. I know the fact, that, when an individual mother has received a special blessing from God in answer to prayer, when an individual mother has found her endeavors owned and blessed of God, and when she has gone to the meeting to tell it—each mother has said, "Then I must get nearer to God myself, and wait more faithfully upon him, and he will give *me*, too, the blessing which he has given to my sister."

4. I urge a fourth consideration in recommendation of Maternal Associations ; they tend to facilitate the discharge of maternal duties.

In the first place, they increase the information of mothers. And I will just run over a little catalogue of their duties, on which they need information. The mother's art is the most

difficult perhaps in the world. She has to train the body through the most delicate and exposed period of its existence; she has to carry it through the period when particular diseases invade it; she has to attend to the physical development of the entire man, in beauty, in strength and healthfulness. And then, at the same time, she has to rear the intellect and the heart—to judge of a thousand difficult questions of conscience, that are rising up almost every day in her sphere. It is a difficult art, I say; and, like every other art, we must have mothers more and more educated in it, to carry on human nature to its highest possible degree of attainment and perfection. If an apprentice must be sent, for a certain term of years, to learn the simple trade of making a watch, or a shoe, or a hat, what shall we say of her, that undertakes to mould the mind of immortal man, to prepare it to be steadfast amid the trials of life, and then to pass to the spheres of endless glory? Well might angels wish to take the place of a mother, when they see how much is to be done in forming the future character of the man, in those years when he lies a helpless infant on his mother's lap. I speak from the testimony of missionary mothers; and I delight to recommend it to those that feel for their missionary sisters in this land. It is now becoming extensively introduced in missionary stations. I was present at a meeting of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in America, when this question was agitated for many hours; and it was exceedingly difficult to know what to do; a missionary carries his children with him, or they are born in the country where he has gone, and they are cut off entirely from Christian privileges; if they go outside the boundaries of their home, they are exposed to the most destructive influences; what was the missionary to do? The question came back to us with the most heart-rending anxieties of Christian mothers and Christian fathers, and it seemed as if we must call them back—as if it were too much to ask them, not only to sacrifice their earthly comforts, but to lay their children's souls (as it were) upon the altar; for it seemed as though they could not guard them. But the manner in which some of the missionary ladies have written upon the subject, is beginning to cheer our hearts. We begin to think,

that what they want is, to make a more complete society of Christian mothers, and to train their children under its influence; and, if it is difficult, God will hear their prayers and give them peculiar help. Missionary mothers are rejoicing now in the formation of these Associations, which bring as it were the entire power of the mothers of the station to bear upon the duty of each individual mother in the church.

But I was speaking of the points on which mothers need instruction, and on which these Maternal Associations furnish it. They need to understand the subject of health, of course; they need to understand the whole subject of the physical development of man. For man's body is a wonderful organ. Just see what his hand alone can be taught to accomplish—what he can do as a painter, what he can do as a musician, what he can do as a writer;—the thousand uses to which the human hand can be brought, how much power there lies hid in this machine, and how much skill is demanded properly to begin, and by and by to intrust to other hands, the full developing of the physical power of man. Then she needs for his intellectual education another class of information; and then another for his religious education; and still another for the formation of his moral habits, and rightly to interest him in his own proper department of education. No more difficult subject can be found than man in his infancy. Maternal Associations tend to facilitate the discharge of maternal duties by throwing increased light upon this difficult subject.

And they do it by fortifying the determination of mothers. The great struggle in a mother's heart is between her tenderness, that cannot bear to behold the sufferings of her child, much less to inflict them, and at the same time the duty faithfully to restrain and reprove her child; and, perhaps, there is not a mother, who will not find her determination more fortified, when meeting her sisters, they have compared their own cases, and seen the limits to which duty carried others when refusing to inflict pain, and the limits to which duty carried them when inflicting it.

They tend likewise to facilitate the discharge of maternal duties by encouraging mothers. And here I wish to meet an objection, which seems to imply, that, if a lady joins a Maternal

Association, she has peculiar need of being instructed. I look at the subject in the other light ; I would say, if the kind providence of God has given to any mother peculiar light on this subject, peculiar strength and peculiar faith, she is the very person to go to her sisters and give them the benefit of the light God has given her, and give them the benefit of the faith and confidence which inspire her own soul. Here is the very sphere for her benevolence and her talent.

5. And I close my arguments in favor of Maternal Associations, by presenting the fact, that they lead to concerted prayer for children.

I well remember to have heard it remarked, long before Maternal Associations were instituted, that, in a particular church in the State of New York, a number of fathers set apart an evening in the week to meet and pray for their children ; and the remark was made to me fifteen years ago, that every child of those families was converted to God ; there was not one left out. Oh ! it must be good for mothers to meet together and talk of the value of the souls of their children. It must be good for mothers to meet together, and talk of the guilt and danger of their children, and together talk over the precious promises that encourage them, and together bow them before the mercy-seat, and plead (those "two or three gathered together") that God would convert their children's souls. I need not dwell upon such an argument. It is certainly good for you to pray alone for your children ; and it is certainly good for you to get your sister to pray also for your children. It is good to have regular periodical prayer for your children, as well as to have constant family prayer.

Let me close with a word more particularly addressed to mothers.

Mothers ! give your children every advantage—every advantage that truth can give,—every advantage that a holy example can give,—every advantage that much pleading the promises of God can give. You feel for the diseases of the body of your child ; you are speedy in sending for the physician, when the body is diseased ; oh ! feel for that immortal disease of sin, and send for

the great Physician. And, if he comes not at the first knock, knock again; for he says "it shall be opened;" ask again, for he says that "it shall be given you;" seek again, for he says that "ye shall find." Oh! seek salvation for your children. Seek that they may be converted early; for if you want testimonies, there are enough of us that can give a painful testimony, that it is too late to be converted at twenty and twenty-one; not that we may not—not that we are not—for some of us reached even that period; but what we mean is this—it is too late for many important purposes. It is so late that it gives, to the end of life, fearful struggles with the habits of the heart. It is too late, because there is so much left unlearned, that we should have learned if we had been pious in our early youth; we should have gone so much deeper into the counsels of God, if we had come early to Christ, and, like Timothy, learned the Scriptures on our mother's lap, and followed the finger of a mother's love as it pointed to the Savior. Oh! pray that your sons may not grow up in sin; pray that they may be converted in their earliest years; labor that they may be converted in their earlier years. Pray that your daughters, from the first development of their moral faculties, their moral being, may learn to love their God and Savior, and be trained for usefulness here and glory hereafter. Your responsibility is great; for the evils of society are to be rectified in the young. Mothers! with you who can harm them, who can train them, rests this responsibility; and may God's blessed spirit impress it on your hearts, and lead you to seek light and grace at the fountain from which they come.

Mothers! bring up your little ones to Jesus. Bring them by faith; and if Satan seems to stand and rebuke, if a wicked and unbelieving world, by its example and its influence and its maxims, seems to rebuke, still bring your little ones to Christ; still press even to his feet, and never bear your mother's burdens alone, but roll them upon a breast that beats in sympathy with yours; roll them upon the heart, and roll them upon the arms of the blessed Redeemer. Bring them to Jesus as their Savior. Bring them to Jesus as their Sovereign, and teach their wills to bow to his will. Bring them to Jesus as their pattern. It is said

of a Grecian mother, that, when Alexander the Great was passing in the crowd, with his tall helmet and waving plumes, she raised up her child above her head, and said to him, "Look there! that is Alexander the Great, and *you* must be another." We only point to the heathen mother, to teach you to take a high example; take the example of Jesus, and teach your child his blessed history, and say, "There, my child! be like Jesus; tread in the footsteps of Jesus."

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Original.

THE HAPPY WIDOW.

ROCHESTER, January 1, 1844.

IN the outskirts of our little village, there lived an aged Christian who had numbered nearly ninety years; whose history, I doubt not, would interest a large class of your readers. And for the sake of the widow and orphan, permit me to give you a brief sketch, though thankful should I be to possess the talent and materials to raise an imperishable monument to such a Bible-reader and trusting widow. It was a lovely day in June last, that I entered her cottage; and although bent with years, yet her benignant face was illuminated with an eye of uncommon brilliance. I had seen her at the house of God, and occasionally met her at the social circle, and was well acquainted with her high reputation for piety, yet was not altogether prepared for the reply which she made to my first salutation, which was nearly this: "Mrs. L., you are near the end of your pilgrimage. How does the prospect appear to you?" "I have nothing," said she, "to speak of, but goodness and mercy in reviewing the past, and only gratitude and praise for the present. *I have not now a wish in the world and I do not want to wish.*"

"*Not a wish! and do not want to wish!*"

I looked round upon the neat cottage. Here were no elegancies—not even luxuries—not a carpet or sofa. All was

plain, neat, comfortable. "Your life has been one of great trial and sorrow, Mrs. L., how is it that you have arrived at this truly singular and enviable condition?" "It has indeed been one of severe discipline," she replied, "but oh, how merciful!"

"When I was left a widow and the news arrived that my husband was no more, and our little property at once swept away on a foreign shore, my heart rebelled. It was more than I could bear to look at my six orphans, some of them mere infants, and think that their father was gone, and I wished then,—*that I was dead!* I knew not Him who has since proved himself the God of the widow, but in that dark night He drew near and called me first to Himself and then bade me drink of the living waters which flow from His blessed word, and I should thirst no more." But this was not enough. He opened a way for me to feed and clothe my children and keep them all with me. Year after year He sustained me, and I have seen my children grow up and fill useful stations in society—some of them are still better provided for. 'They hunger no more and thirst no more, but are with the Lamb before the throne.'

"And how why should I wish? I dare not, lest I desire something which might not please my Heavenly Father. I can think of no place in 'the wide universe' where I would not be happy, if *His* hand led me there. I desire Him to do just as He pleases with me. I would go now cheerfully, and often think as I turn into my little room, *I should love to die all alone with God* if it is his will—but if he pleases I can live on many years longer."

Well, thought I, such strains sound like heavenly music. She cannot be long separated from kindred spirits. And so the event proved. A few weeks more passed away, when an injury received from a severe fall laid her upon her bed to rise no more. During the few days of suffering allotted to her, she met every one who called, with a radiant smile, telling them, that "the Master had sent the joyful summons and she was hastening away!" "Ready to depart," she caught up the "louder, sweeter song" to "Him who loved her" as she passed through death's portals, and if heaven rejoiced to receive her, earth might well have wept to lose so much effectual prayer.

After her decease, I called to learn more of the particulars of this interesting Christian. Her daughter informed me, that "previous to the last fifteen years her mother's life had been one of great labor and care. It was only by untiring industry that she was enabled to provide for her family, and educate her children." Many testify to her unwearied exertions at the spinning-wheel, the loom, and the successive processes of cutting and making garments of her cloth; and then upon horseback take her bundle to a neighboring market to dispose of her hard-earned collection.

It was upon her first expedition of this kind, while the tear of sorrow and desolation bedewed her eye, that she entered the town, and by mistake found her way to the office of a philanthropist whose name is familiar to the sons and daughters of affliction, who are found in this land of the Pilgrims. Finding herself in the midst of gentlemen seated around a writing table, she apologised for the intrusion and was retiring, when the benevolent R——, reading at a glance the lines of distress upon her countenance, accosted her with a friendly smile, inquired into the nature of her errand, purchased her garments, and bade her bring more! At once a powerful patron was, by the guiding eye of the Widow's God, provided to cheer her way and kindle hope in her desolate heart. But it was not the spinning-wheel, nor the loom, nor the patron, which lighted up the dwelling of that bereaved one. The Bible directed her to the light of the world. It poured out the living streams to refresh her fainting spirit and its toils.

From my window I see the lowly cottage which witnessed the labors and consolations of this mother in her early strife. I venerate its walls; for there the God of the widow met her, and wells of salvation sprung up in the desert! There, she learned the richness of her resources. Oh, ye desolate widows! Fear not. In your poverty there is wealth, if ye have but the spinning-wheel, the loom and the Bible! Lift up your drooping heads, ye little orphans, if your mother has found for your necessities, the Father of the fatherless! Even *now*, "you shall hunger no more and *thirst* no more!"

But the best is not yet told. The last fifteen years this care-

worn mother was permitted to rest. She at once gave up all care into the hands of her daughter, and with her knitting-work, her Bible and her God, she learned a new lesson—an original and striking lesson in our world. *She learned “not to wish for anything.”* There she discovered the grand secret, that there is not a place in God’s universe where the soul can be unhappy, if He be there with his smile of love. There, too, she commenced the song of the Redeemed.

She was a complete concordance. Her daughter assured me that no passage might be named that she could not immediately find, chapter and verse—and she daily enriched her family with the things she had handled of the word of life. Could that young widow have cast her eye forward to the glorious visions of her later pilgrimage, when tears were all wiped away and her rapt spirit seemed bathed in an ocean of love, how would she have blessed the rod. Widowed mothers with your orphans at your side, think of this widow, and let the remembrance lead you to become rich and mighty in the unfailing promises of the Bible!

C. B.



Original.

MORAL POISONS.

UNDER this head, some months since, I took occasion to animadvert upon those works of taste, which, without distinctly avowing such an intention, inculcate dangerous views of religion, and tend to sap the foundations of virtue and purity. This class of poisons, I am firmly persuaded, is the most pernicious of all which Satan prepares in the shape of literature, for the immortal soul. But there is a second class, standing next in rank, perhaps, in regard to their influence upon morals, which claims attention scarcely less than that already noticed. I allude to the more respectable portion of those works, the object of which is

avowedly to strike the axe at the root of the religion of the Gospel.

I say the more *respectable* portion of these works—I mean those by the reading of which the moral and virtuous community would not consider themselves absolutely disgraced. It is never safe for the young, whose characters are unformed, whose judgments are immature, and who easily imbibe false impressions, to read them indiscriminately. It is not always enough that the antidote is administered, after such poison has been received. It is not enough that the child or youth is under the salutary influence of parental discipline, and is well instructed and indoctrinated in the Sabbath school and the sanctuary. The malignant infection once received, it may baffle the most industrious and zealous efforts of those who are interested in their spiritual welfare, to drive it from the system. Reasoning may not do it. The eloquence of a father or a mother is often ineffectual. The tender and affectionate words of a brother or sister, charming never so wisely, may fall powerless from the lips. The seeds of scepticism, or some one of the various forms of religious error, have been sown, and have already taken deep root in the soul, perhaps too deep to be eradicated; and thus the fondest hopes of a godly parent may be dashed to atoms. Oh, what a curse must rest upon the head of that man, who mixed the fatal draught, which has ruined the soul of this youth!

I know a young man—it was but a few weeks since I received a letter from him full of bitter lamentations respecting his spiritual state—whose early education had been under the happiest influence, who was blessed with the counsels of a godly mother, and the advantages of an efficient Sabbath school instruction, but who, in an evil hour, received the germ of scepticism into his mind through the pages of Voltaire and Tom Paine. He has long since repented that he ever came in contact with these contagious principles, but his repentance came too late. “Oh,” he says, “Oh, that I might break loose from their influence! But alas! I cannot, I cannot!” He has enjoyed several seasons of religious revival; but the Spirit passed him by unblest. So strong

and abiding is the contrary agency of scepticism—so virulent is the action of the infection—that a vitiated tone has been imparted to his moral sentiments, which the reason and judgment cannot correct or control.

In the same manner other radical religious errors are inwrought into the very texture of the moral constitution early in life, so that the engine of truth, though it pour a flood upon the mind, may not quench the fires of that error. He is mistaken, who supposes that it is easy to convince a man—a reasonable man—after he is confirmed in religious error, that he is wrong. It might be easy, were it not for the depravity of the heart; but that depravity so warps the mind, that the judgment often sees the truth indistinctly, or not at all. The will, biassed by sin, is often drawing one way, while the conscience, unbiassed, is drawing the other way. How strange, we often think, that a man, in the exercise of his reasoning faculties, with the Bible in his hand, can be persuaded of any of those monstrous absurdities that disgrace the nominally Christian world. No, it is not strange. With a knowledge of the human heart, it is no matter of astonishment. The natural tendency of the affections and the will is downward, toward the pit. The heart loves darkness. It is predisposed to error. Would you protect the mind from dangerous infection, that shall work the death of the soul, guard that mind in the green and tender period of childhood. Guard it well. Let it not come in contact with the wicked and insidious sentiments of scepticism. There is an *elective affinity* between these dangerous sentiments and the human heart. Then, Christian parents, if you would preserve the minds of your children from the blight and the mildew of scepticism, let them not form an acquaintance with those authors who propagate such errors, but pour upon them the light of sacred truth.

F. C. W.



THE SERPENT AND CHILD.

BY JOHN HOLLAND,

Author of the *Life of Summerfield*.

A MOTHER'S eye its watches kept,
O'er where her infant lay and slept,
Upon a warm and fragrant bank,
Where wild-flowers mingled green and rank.

Disporting gay in summer's noon
The honeysuckle's rich festoon,
O'er-canopied the infant's bed,
And round its luscious perfumes shed.

The infant's calm cherubic face,
Of grief or pain bore not a trace;
Nor thoughts, save such as fancy deems
Haunt sinless minds, and angel dreams.

When, lo! her anxious eye beholds
A snake uncoil its glittering folds,
Forth from a boss of tangled roots,
Between her and the child it shoots.

Unheeding of a mother's fears,
Its crested neck the reptile rears;
Advances,—and at each advance,
Darts round its fascinating glance.

But, vigorous with maternal strength,
She sprang upon its tortuous length;
Crush'd with her heel the hissing head,
And laid the writhing reptile dead.

"Thank heaven! thus safe, my dearest boy!
Thy father's hope, thy mother's joy;
Unbitten babe—uninjured charms!"
She cried;—and clasp'd him in her arms.

Ah! mother, nay! though out of sight,
He has received a mortal bite;
A deadlier tooth hath pierced his *heart*!
The spirit's vulnerable part.

There, coil'd within its closest cell,
Gnaws the old viper-fiend of hell;
And all life's bitter pains and pangs,
Spring from the venom of his fangs.

No mother's heel can crush; no knife
Destroy—or cut his hold on life;
No drugs, no remedy can calm
Those rankling pains—but Gilead's balm.

The soul's immedicable wound
To heal—but one Physician's found;
Jesus alone must bruise, within,
That hydra-headed serpent—SIN.

Original.

THE ELECT LADY.—Chapter I.

BY REV. N. E. JOHNSON.

THE sun was just sinking behind the western mountain which rose loftily over the beautiful valley, where the mansion of the Elect Lady stood, the very picture of an honorable and happy home. Eager expectation characterized every member of the household, because the lady had just received a letter from the apostle John, the only survivor of the twelve, that he was about to make her a visit. The times were dangerous for Christians, and the apostle was grey with years, and therefore all felt that it might be the last visit he would ever make them. The most deep and ardent attachment to the holy veteran reigned in every child and servant of the Elect Lady, for they had often received from his lips the words of eternal life. Around the gate which looked toward the mountain was the youthful group watching a form which, leaning on a staff, was seen emerging from a grove which skirted the base of the nearest hill. They could not be mistaken—it was he, the venerable apostle, and eager with joy they ran to meet him. Warm was the greeting, and it was a beautiful sight which the lady enjoyed, as, descending from her chamber to the gate, she beheld the holy man advancing, with the joyous group of her children escorting him to their home.

When the evening meal was ended, on which the apostle had implored the blessing of his Divine Master, all the members of the household collected around the guest, listening to the gracious words which he uttered.

After casting over the smiling circle that tender placid look which was usual to him, when the deep and heavenly affections of his soul were sweetly moved, he turned to the honored matron and said—

“Beloved Sister, surely my God is rich in his mercy, because he has once more permitted me to behold thy face, amid thy favored household, and now my joy is full. It is not often that I can find so quiet a scene, in these days of hard toil and great peril,

and therefore it is with sensations of peculiar pleasure that I find myself among those whose love and truth I know, and who enter so fully into fellowship with my ministry for our common Lord. Thou rememberest that I spoke to thee in my letter of thy Elect Sister. She still remains under my care, having arrived as you know to a very great age, and sends you her tender love as she stands waiting to depart for a better world. When our Lord consigned her to me, saying, 'Son, behold thy mother,' an ardent desire was created to do all that I could for her comfort while she lived. Great has been my consolation in her valuable society. Her long intimacy with Jesus when he was a child seemed to imbue her mind with the very spirit of that wonderful One, whose human nature, when at home in the daily society of his parents, shone with the divine glory of his incarnate deity. Never, never shall I forget the domestic scenes which we enjoyed when we were young together. Joseph would come in from his carpenter-shop, and collect his children around him. He would read the glowing pages of the ancient prophets, and hang over those passages where David gives utterance to his prophetic emotions, and Isaiah tells of the approaching kingdom of God. At such time I have watched the features of Jesus glowing with intensest feeling, as his eyes moistened, and his heart heaved with unutterable thoughts. Never shall I forget the filial deference and respect with which he would sometimes correct the interpretation given to obscure passages, nor any of those remarkable words by which the holy page seemed to live and shine with a diviner beauty while he spoke. Nor shall I forget with what maternal tenderness Mary treasured these things in her heart, and now, in her great age, it is her joy to recall those conversations which sometimes filled us with fear and often with joy and wonder. But let me ask, dear Sister, how is it with thee and these thy children? Does the candle of the Lord now illuminate thy dwelling as in years that are past?"

The Elect Lady was the relict of a distinguished Roman who died suddenly and left her in charge of a large and interesting family of children, the eldest of whom was a beautiful and accomplished daughter then about twenty years of age. The

noble husband and father having heard in some Christian assembly the apostle proclaim the simple truth as it is in Jesus, was convinced of the gospel, and invited the inspired preacher to his house, thus laying the foundation of a friendship in which all his family were blessed. The Lady replied :

“Ever since the severe affliction by which my honored husband was called to another world, God has mercifully visited me with great consolations. The chief of these is that my children walk in the truth. This was what I most feared when the sad bereavement came, that the loss of his parental influence would expose our children to temptation. Therefore have I watched and prayed and labored that I might behold them ready for the employments of heaven when they too shall die, and I shall meet them in another state of existence. As yet my hopes have been bright, may they never prove to have been fallacious. While thy visit lasts aid me by instilling into their minds those important instructions which are able to make them wise unto salvation.”

Great was the holy tenderness with which the apostle said, “Lady, elect of God ! I honor thine anxious care and continual vigilance. These children are treasures of more worth than worlds. Possessing immortal souls for which the Savior bled, they may be thy companions for ever in those blissful mansions which he has gone to prepare for thine everlasting home. Stand fast in thy fidelity. Remember and repeat often in their hearing the great things which thou hast been told, and study the writings of my fellow-laborers, Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, who have recorded the actions of Christ ; and Peter and Paul, who have explained his precious gospel in epistles inspired by the Holy Ghost. I too shall leave the writings by which thy family shall be instructed. But thou, Oh mother of immortals ! must cherish all thy children with an undying love, watching for their progress in holiness daily, and teaching them to hallow the memory of our blessed Lord.”

Original.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

(Concluded.)

4. Many parents pronounce upon the guilt or innocence of their children when accused of particular transgressions, upon the sole evidence of their former habits. A child having been frequently detected in purloining cake or sweetmeats, is arraigned for a similar offence; and the parent, not knowing to whom else to impute the crime, infers his guilt from his previous and well known propensity. In very many cases this would prove to be a righteous judgment; yet it is a very unsafe inference, and should never be acted upon, unless corroborated by other testimony. The child may have reformed, and the parent thus judging is liable to condemn the innocent, and, in this way, to exhibit himself as a practical tyrant. Such a procedure would do violence to the common notions of justice, and furnish to the child a strong temptation to anger, if not to retaliation. Besides: In families where there are other children, or domestics, let it be known that a parent would be ready to impute such a transgression to a particular individual, and he would furnish a ready victim to suffer for the sins of the whole household.

5. It is not always safe to rely upon testimony that is apparently positive. Children very frequently accuse each other falsely, even when they do not intend it. They form their own opinions of the guilt of the suspected one, rashly; and then mistake these convictions for personal knowledge. Mistakes of this nature are not by any means peculiar to children; they are of daily occurrence among well educated and conscientious adults. Intelligent and virtuous men frequently come into our courts of justice, and under the sanction of an oath, testify to that of which they have no knowledge. They do not designedly "bear false witness;" but they mistake their mental conclusion for the evidence of their senses, and are perfectly honest, even while testifying to a lie. This is the chief reason why lawyers lay so

much stress upon the right of cross-examination ; it is by this means that they expect to separate the chaff from the wheat. It often happens, also, that children and servants are so anxious to divert from themselves the eye of suspicion, that they do not stop to think of the moral consequences of falsely directing it towards the innocent. It is the duty of the parent, then, in all cases, carefully to examine his witnesses, and calmly to deliberate upon the credit due to their testimony. He may not judge hastily. He should always ask himself, Does the witness really know that whereof he affirms ? Can he be mistaken ? Has he any interest in making that appear to be true, which is not so ? Is his testimony consistent with itself, and with other circumstances ? Does it stand alone, or is it confirmed by other testimony ? But this is not all. No matter how strong the testimony may be, the accused has an inalienable right to explain and rebut it. The parent is bound to give him a fair opportunity to exculpate himself. Many parents act on a very different principle. When the evidence of a child's guilt appears to be clear, they are afraid to allow him the privilege of explaining himself, lest he should be tempted to prevaricate. This course is not simply unjust ; but it is also impolitic. For the strongest evidences of guilt may sometimes be overcome by a single word ; and the parent who, in such circumstances, excludes explanation, will find, in the end, that his children have often been made the innocent victims of his intemperate rashness.

6. It is not sufficient that the parent should be really impartial. He must also carefully preserve the appearance of impartiality. A parent of an ardent temperament sometimes arrives at a conclusion by a much shorter process, than any with which the child is acquainted. So there are certain temperaments that always act upon sudden impulses ; and the first blush of an idea is so powerful as to exclude every possible doubt of its truth. Such temperaments are in great danger of destroying the confidence of their children, unless they cultivate the habit of acting with peculiar circumspection. Let them take pains, therefore, to show their children that their opinions are based upon reason, and not upon feeling. In this way, their children will learn to confide

in their discretion, and even their mistakes will be imputed to the fallibility of testimony, rather than to hastiness of temper. But the writer has known children to suffer, for years, under most cruel imputations, in consequence of the rashness of their parents in forming their decisions upon insufficient testimony; and there is too much reason to fear that many such children have, in this way, been utterly ruined, both for time and eternity.

THETA.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Original.

LETTER TO MESSRS. WHITTELSEY AND HUNT,  
MISSIONARIES TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—The relation which it is my privilege to sustain to the Maternal Association of which your dear mothers are members, affords me an occasion, which I gladly improve, to address you jointly on their behalf. And though I have not been officially authorized to do this, yet I hesitate not to say that what I may write will meet their sanction, though I can express but very imperfectly the degree of affection and sympathy which they cherish towards you. One of you has been, from childhood, the object of our daily prayers; and in the case of both, we rejoiced in your admission to the visible fold of Christ. And since we have known of your intention to leave us, to bear the “glad tidings of great joy” to the far distant heathen, our hearts have yearned over you with an affection scarcely less tender than that which is laid up in the hidden fountain of a mother’s love. How often we have wept for you; how fervently and how confidently we have asked for you a preparation for the work, and wisdom and strength, and comfort and success in its performance;—how deeply we have sympathized with your dear parents in their sorrows,—our closets alone can tell. But it is not in the language of sympathy only that we have made mention of your

names before the mercy-seat. Ill would it have become us to leave "forgotten in unthankfulness" the honor put upon this Association by the God of missions. For if you have been prepared for the blessed work to which you are elevated, it has been in answer to prayer. And what have we ever asked for you more or other than this, that you might be fitted for, and used in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ? And while we gratefully acknowledge the answer of our petitions, think not that we shall cease to bear you on our hearts till yours or ours shall be stilled in death. When you kneel in your little cabin—far at sea; or on the distant rock-bound shore, in the twilight hour, when memory loves most to keep her vigils; let it comfort your hearts to know that the company of mothers, with whom you used sometimes to meet, remember you, day by day, before that "blood-bought mercy-seat" where thoughts are most effectual. On that privileged spot, dear absent ones, we may yet daily meet. Though "lost to sight," our sympathies and prayers may yet mingle, and ascend together as acceptable incense. Do not forget us or our children; especially remember us on the afternoon succeeding each Monthly Concert.

We shall wait for the glad tidings of your safe arrival at your destined port. And shall we not hear of the souls of your shipmates, redeemed through your instrumentality? When "the abundance of the sea shall be converted to God," then shall the angel fly swiftly "in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

When we gave you the parting hand our lips refused to utter that which our hearts dictated. May God bless each of you, and make you a blessing! Let his precious Word be to you, what the manna was in the wilderness—*daily food*. Live upon its promises. Plead them with filial confidence before the throne. They are like sun-beams scattered upon the sacred page; or like precious pearls, which, if you gather and bind them to your bosom, will serve both for wealth and ornament. Shall I weave a chain for you, as a parting gift?

"My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest."

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

"No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly."

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

"I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you."

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

And, *for a central gem*, on which to fix your dying eye:

"I WILL COME AGAIN, AND RECEIVE YOU UNTO MYSELF."

"What more *could* he say than to you he hath said?"

Must we repeat the sad, sad farewell! There is a clime where its echo is not heard.

May we but meet you on that blissful shore, and the tossing of life's ocean will be heard no more for ever!

On behalf of the First Maternal Association, Newark.

F. S. SMITH, Secretary.

Newark, Nov. 25, 1843.

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## EDUCATION.

PART I. HISTORY OF EDUCATION, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

PART II. A PLAN OF CULTURE AND INSTRUCTION, BASED ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, AND DESIGNED TO AID IN THE RIGHT EDUCATION OF YOUTH, PHYSICALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, AND MORALLY. By H. L. SMITH, A.M., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Penn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1842.

(Continued.)

II. INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.—The object of intellectual culture is to bring forward the senses or faculties of the mind in the order of nature, till each one is trained to perform its proper part; or in other words—to train each sense to perceive acutely and correctly.

On this subject the author of the treatise remarks very justly,

that, "Much injury is done by urging the youthful mind to premature efforts; by seeking prematurely to develop its active but still slumbering powers." If all the energies of the child are directed to the cultivation of any one faculty, the child becomes a prodigy in that one faculty, but a dwarf in others. Hence the reason why some children who are so forward in early life, are forgotten when they grow up into active life, when the exercise of *all the faculties* is called forth. Our space will not allow us to enter extensively into this branch of education.

The last division which we notice is MORAL EDUCATION.—The author here begins at a period when the discipline devolves almost entirely on the mother, i. e. in the cradle.

"As yet, the child has no other means of making resistance except the use of its voice; but this unruly disposition will subsequently manifest itself by striking, stamping, and the like. Such screaming may be distinguished by those who are about the child, not only by its angry tone, but also by its increasing in violence until the desired gratification has been obtained; and with this successful attempt, an association is formed between unruly conduct and the attainment of purposes, which will last through life. The child very soon discovers that by this means it can obtain its object; it knows that at first, as the animal does: for example, the dog, which asks its master for what it wants by barking; but it gradually learns, by experience, to effect by screaming whatever it desires, and to rule by importunity, over those around it.

"The principal remedy for this evil is to repel the very first attempts of the child; not to give up to it, but to let it scream; but to make it a point to satisfy its natural wants before it has occasion to demand gratification by screaming and importunity. In other respects it should be treated in as kindly a manner as possible.

"'But,' it is objected, 'the child will cry too much, and perhaps injure itself.' You may safely run the risk; or, is the injury less if it becomes daily more headstrong? When shall the temper be subdued or the will broken? Will you leave it to time and circumstances? This would be cruel; for the stern

Nemesis never omits to come, and she is a stranger to sparing gentleness. If the child sustain a bodily injury, this may be cured ; or it may become happy even with it ; but an ill-temperd child will certainly become an unhappy man. Nor is there great danger of injury arising from screaming. When its exertions are destructive to itself, nature soon becomes sensible of it, and the child will scream no longer than it can bear it, at least not in early infancy : it will grow weary, and rest the more sweetly ; and perhaps this exercise of the voice will even serve as a wholesome excitement to its animal organism ; but when the unruly child has been, for once, allowed to scream to its heart's content without effecting its object, all is gained ; that evil association is broken up ; it will not carry its second attempt so far, and nature is freed from its bonds ; for, according to nature, the child feels itself dependant on the will of others, and finds itself well at ease in this sense of dependance ; much better than in its position of unnatural domination. I know an excellent mother, whose acute observation detected the beginning of this unruly tendency in her infant daughter when only six weeks of age. The child screamed in order to be taken from its bed ; she let it lie and it screamed more violently ; it continued to scream for about fifteen minutes, until it could scarcely be endured ; but the mother had firmness to persevere. The child screamed until it was weary, then fell asleep, and awoke in the best humor imaginable, and never made a similar attempt, but became a most obedient and amiable girl.

“ As the breaking from any habit always produces a disagreeable excitement, and that the more sensibly the more the evil habit has become confirmed, and the more it feels the restraint imposed upon its violent manifestations, so every means employed to correct the evil here particularly treated of cannot but leave a disagreeable impression on the child's mind which can never be effaced ; an aversion to the person who subjects it to restraint, which can only be prejudicial to affection and cheerfulness. The longer, therefore, the subduing the will is put off, the more violently will the child be exasperated against those who ultimately attempt to curb it. Hence arises the universally



prevailing propensity of children to disobedience, and even aversion to education ; for a child, that has not been more or less neglected in this respect, is one of the greatest rarities. All have, in some degree, to suffer for this early neglect, and never is the penalty completely cancelled ; for, in suffering for it, it is always again renewed, though it be but to a small degree. And, therefore, the disobedience of children is to the parents who complain of it, the penalty of sin ; and the same is true of all the bitterness and ill-will of the younger generation towards the elder, which suffers from these feelings and tempers.

“ In extreme cases it will be necessary to resort to chastisement, and then the rod is a remedy, as an emetic is for divers diseases. In its bodily pain, the child feels the displeasure of its parents ; and this feeling resolves itself into the association that such attempts must in future be abstained from, in order that such pain may be avoided. But the child’s heart is, at the same time, excited to humility by its own sense of the justness of its suffering, and the displeasure of the parents now becomes the displeasure of the child with regard to itself. This mode of treatment, though severe, strengthens the child’s capacity for self-government. It is true that, if the course thus adopted be not persevered in, the case becomes worse than it was before ; for then the child has been exasperated, and becomes malicious ; and, what is more, feels its own superiority to the will of its parents. But if the child is really brought to feel the superiority of its parents (and how can it otherwise, except they themselves be weak ?), in that moment nature resumes its prerogative ; the child’s heart has been softened, and its will become pliant ; and as soon as the hand of affection is again held out to it, it will cling the more fondly to its parents. It is inherent in human nature that he who is weaker, and needs the support and guidance of others, should cheerfully content himself when he is made to perceive the strength of his guide, and perhaps even to become sensible of it by means of suffering in his own person.

“ When the chastisement is administered, let it be brief, and severe in exact proportion to the necessity of the case, lest it degenerate into worrying ; and let all scolding be abstained from,

for this only exasperates. One single severe word, *e. g.*, "silence!" uttered with a commanding voice, is better than many. But let all be done without passion, for an angry face can only produce a frightful impression on the child. And now, when the child is content and yields, let him at once again see a serene brow and an unclouded face, and talk with him about other things; this will operate like the warm sunshine after the first thunder-storm in spring."

The nature and end of punishment will be considered in our next number.



Original.

#### SICK CHILDREN.

It is probable that children do not generally receive the sympathy to which they are entitled, when they appear irritable and peevish. The adult often finds the need of much resolution and self-control, with divine grace superadded, to enable him to govern his temper, when under the influence of diseases which produce nervous irritation. The following observations, from the "Mother's Friend," deserve especial attention: "Their slight and delicate frames are subject to many disorders which they have not the power to describe, and there is reason to fear many a poor little sufferer has been harshly treated, when teething, or some other secret pain, or perhaps the want of cleanliness, or clothes which have not properly fitted, have been the only cause of its fretfulness. If you can find out or remove the cause of irritation in your child, try to soothe him, by maintaining, yourself, an undisturbed calmness of temper; for even infants are wonderfully affected by the looks of those around them, and a cheerful composed manner is the best means of quieting a fractious child; whilst harsh tones of voice, and an angry countenance, will be sure to frighten him, and add to his distress." The diseases of children are especially of an irritating nature. Not only teething, to

which all are subject; but, in some cases, children have been observed to be exceedingly fretful, without any apparent reason, for many months; when they have been suddenly attacked with inflammation in the head, resulting in suffusion of the brain, and death. A child, in such a case, would be very liable to suffer harsh treatment undeservedly. There can be no danger, then, of treating an irritable child with too much tenderness. Sympathy should be felt for him, and every proper measure taken to soothe his feelings.

But, still, there is great danger of extending too much *indulgence* to sickly children. They should never be left to infer, from our tenderness and sympathy, that their being sick is a sufficient reason why they should have their way in everything, and be indulged in all their whims. I once called to see a woman with a sick child; and I was hardly seated before he called for my cane, which I was expected, of course, to surrender. The cane was given to him, and he placed it by his side. Presently his little sister came along, and desired to look at it; but no, she could not come near it, without encountering an outcry. Presently, while he was sitting in his little chair, his mother took his sister in her arms, to attend to some of her wants; but the little fellow would not suffer such an encroachment upon his rights. He was the sick boy, and the place occupied by his sister belonged to him. So she was compelled to yield. In short, the sick boy was the tyrant of the whole family, mother and all. Such indulgence as this is no kindness to sick children. It only fosters ill-temper and peevishness, and thus aggravates disease. It is important for their own comfort, and for the successful treatment of the disease, that they should be taught self-control. It is exceedingly important, also, in respect to the formation of character, that they should not be indulged in everything they desire, on account of being sick. The temper of many a child has been ruined by such indulgence. It is even more important that a sick child should be *governed*, than one that is well. He has less self-control; and unrestrained indulgence will be more injurious. In the treatment of a sick child, firmness and decision should be mingled with tenderness. But, it is even better to

subdue the fretfulness of a sick child by correction, than to permit him to give a loose rein to an ungovernable temper. The correction will injure him less than the indulgence. Yet it would be cruel, in such a case, to administer correction in a harsh and angry manner. It should be done from a sense of duty, under the full influence of sympathy for the sufferings of the child. He will then see that you feel for him, and will be impressed with the necessity of governing himself.



## BLESSINGS OF HOME.

"HERE misfortune cannot extinguish the ardor of affection, nor chill the tender sympathies of domestic life. The world may frown and assume its most menacing attitudes, and the long list of ephemeral friends who bask in the beams of another's prosperity, true to their own nature, may drop off and disappear with the decline of business, and the decay of fortune. But still the tender sympathies, the sacred associations, and soul-ennobling inspirations of home, remain refreshing as a spring of living waters, and unvarying as the evergreen, that retains its beauty through all the shifting seasons of the year.

"Here a friend is found 'that sticketh closer than a brother;' here the toils and calamities of life are forgotten, at least for a season. The sympathetic smiles of an affectionate companion, and the mirthful prattle of innocent children, dispel even the gloom of misfortune, and arouse the man of sorrow from the stupor of grief. He sees that while the great world without neither rewards his industry nor pities his disappointments, he has a world of his own in the tender combinations of domestic life. Here a stranger does not intermeddle with his joy. Here, while he is soothed by the kindness of his companion, encouraged by her counsel, and strengthened by her co-operation, he stands against the rushing flood of the world's care and turmoil, and maintains himself amidst its depressive casualties, with all the magnanimity of a man, who knows and feels that he has a wife and children."

## DOUDNEY, 8s &amp; 7s.

*Music from HANDEL, arranged for the Mother's Magazine.*

**Mod.**

1. O ye mourn-ers, cease to lan-guish,  
Pain and death, and night and an-guish,

O'er the graves of those ye love;  
En-ter not the world a-bove:

**Pia.**

While in dark-ness ye are stray-ing,

Lone - ly in the deep - 'ning shade;

Cres.  
Glo - ry's bright - est beams are play - ing

Round th'im - mor - tal spi - rit's head.

2. O ye mourners, cease to languish  
 O'er the graves of those ye love,  
 Far removed from pain and anguish,  
 They are chanting hymns above:  
 vi Light and peace, at once deriving  
 From the hand of God most high,  
 In his glorious presence living,  
 They shall never, never die.

## A WORD TO PARENTS.

A MOTHER with a group of children clinging to her arms, and looking up to her for sympathy, for tender instruction and advice, and twining themselves round her heart with all the endearments of filial affection—a mother—to tear herself away from such a scene of thrilling interest and duty, or not to devote to it her most precious hours, and holiest feelings, and most efficient energies! The very idea is revolting to our common nature.

Where ought she to find sweeter pleasures—where ought she to feel that she is more faithfully discharging her duty to her God and Savior, than in the domestic circle, uniting with the partner of her bosom in sustaining a well-ordered family state, and in thus making it what Providence designed it to be, the preparatory school in which the good citizen is to be trained up for the service of his country, and the devoted Christian to the service of his Master.

Let conscience weigh well these solemn claims, both in the case of the father and mother, whenever the calls of business or of pleasure, the making of a little or more money, or the participation of social enjoyments, would interfere with them;—nay, when the calls of the public, or the voice of religion itself, would seem to urge to the performance of higher and more important duties. At least, let conscience weigh well these duties of domestic life, of God's own appointment, and on the faithful discharge of which the most important interests both of the public and of religion depend; and let an enlightened judgment, looking to the word of God for instruction, and to the throne of his Grace for guidance, give its careful decision; before the sacrifice is made of a good which is certain, but may seem to be less, to another good, sometimes disappointing expectation, which may seem to be greater.

If both can be fully and conscientiously performed, both, beyond doubt, should be. If one or the other must be neglected, pause, pray, deliberate, lest the sacred trust of a father, of a mother, should be violated, or in any degree impaired.

GALLAUDET.

THE  
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1844.

Original.

ANTEDILUVIAN MOTHERS.

THERE are probably few persons familiar with sacred history, who have not felt the desire for some fuller history of our earth before the Flood. The brief account in Genesis is all the information that has come down to us. What was the population of the earth—what were the governments existing—what the improvements in arts and sciences—what conflicts of nations—what civil commotions;—in all these history is a blank. Yet we may well infer that in the sixteen hundred years before the Flood swept the earth of its inhabitants, the world had become fully peopled. There was much more than ample time, at no greater rate of increase than in the United States, independent of immigration, for all parts of the earth to become more densely peopled than the most thickly settled countries ever have been since—ample time to make the population of the earth more than fifty times as great as at the present day<sup>1</sup>. It may, too, be confidently supposed that in that original state of the earth, its capacity for supporting a dense population was much greater than since. What causes may have operated to retard the increase of inhabitants—what wars, or pestilences, or ~~y~~ ~~are~~—are all left to unguided conjecture.

We have no account of the age or death of the Mother of our race or of any woman in this period of our world. Yet we naturally infer that then, as now, the average life of females was equal to that of males. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty



years. If Eve lived nine hundred years, estimating that the inhabitants doubled in numbers once in thirty-three and one-third years—certainly a moderate estimate, the longevity of men considered—she would at her death have left, of living descendants, more than two hundred and sixty-eight millions—nearly one-third as many as now compose the various nations of the earth !

Here, then, was probably the living mother of hundreds of millions, while in our day it is matter of remark, if one can gather around her, of children, grand and great-grand-children, some sixty or seventy.

What changes must our first parents have witnessed ! Alone of the race on earth—and before their death surrounded by hundreds of millions ! The sweets of innocence, and the bitterness of sin ; embowered amidst the delights of Paradise, and outcasts seeking their bread by the sweat of the brow. They erected the first rude tent, and lived, perhaps, to see cities as proud and populous as now exist ; navies ploughing the ocean, commerce with its active energies ; arts, and skill, and learning, and fashion, and pride, and wickedness !

We fancy that the present age surpasses all that have gone before us—that steam in its applications—that ships in their modern stateliness and beauty—that mind in its cultivation—that science in its deep researches—are of modern date ;—that in the days of Noah before he entered the ark, ignorance, and darkness, and barbarity only were on the earth. And yet the Flood may have blotted out more of splendor and wealth—more of physical improvement and intellectual acquirements—more of skill and art, than have since been known on earth. That nothing of these remain is no argument that they did not exist ; if they did, they would naturally become extinct in the family of Noah for want of numbers and motives sufficient to continue them.

But the Mothers of that period—those mothers dwellers on the earth for almost a thousand years—what were they ? In their habits, lives and characters, our eye cannot reach them. Yet there were mothers, and those mothers had children and children's children, over whose heads centuries had rolled their

years—mothers dandling on their knees an offspring of the twentieth—probably of the thirtieth generation.

What a power for good must length of days have given those mothers! And yet wickedness reigned triumphant—Noah alone, with his family, of all the inhabitants, numbered perhaps by billions, worthy to be reserved for the re-peopling of the earth! Faithless indeed must have been those antediluvian mothers.

The experience of the first sixteen hundred years of our race has proved that the expectation of so long a life, putting the day of death far out of sight while women were acting the part of mothers, is not calculated to produce thoughtfulness and fidelity in the discharge of duties either to God or man. The mother felt that there was time enough—no need of haste—centuries of life lay before her, and this, it may be, tempted the deferring of instruction, reproof and restraint, till the evil passions of the heart, gaining giant strength, mocked at parental influence. While the mother waited—thoughtless of the distant day which should sever her from her children, and left for a future period their education in right principles, in the fear of God and obedience to his law, the child became a man in years and wickedness, and went forth from a mother's home untamed as a beast of prey. How much the expectation of a life which, compared with its present brief measure, seemed almost endless, had to do with that utter corruption of the inhabitants of the earth, which rendered their destruction necessary, we cannot tell. Yet could it be now announced from Heaven that a thousand or five hundred years should be the allotted days of man on earth, whatever physical and intellectual advantages might result from it, we should have great reason to fear—nay, we should have an assured certainty, unless other means of grace and restraint were exerted by the Almighty, that a prevailing wickedness would in a few centuries demand another sweeping away of the race.

With the seventy years of allotted life, uncertain even during this period, the mother may well feel that what she does, she must do quickly. There is no time to sit down in listless inactivity. The Almighty has unquestionably selected, in mercy to us, the best period of probationary being—that in which moral

influences will act with most power—that which, while it leaves sufficient time for intellectual attainments—for the multiplication of our species, for the improvement of the earth and the advancement of all useful arts, is calculated to make us feel most deeply the necessity of activity and energy in everything connected with our interests as moral beings, looking to a future account and just reward.

This brevity of life is well adapted—is probably essential—in its general influence on the thoughts and feelings, to awaken the anxious care of the mother in the proper training of her child during those very few years of childhood in which alone she can mould its heart and principles. The power of which she is the instrument is resistless, if intelligently and faithfully used at the right period. Where there are no counteracting influences at home, the Christian mother may *always* so train her child (her health and opportunities being sufficient), as to be certain of his general correctness in after life. And instead of complaining of the shortness of life or wishing its former length restored, she may well rejoice that a kind and wise Providence has so measured her expected days, as most effectually to arouse all her energies to the performance of those duties on which depend her own and children's respectability in this life, and their happiness in that world where duties will not tire, and where years shall be measured by eternity.

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#### SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE.

“LIFE is never a sunny day throughout. It is subject to clouds, and even to storms; to many and painful vicissitudes, but still they are one, sacredly and inseparably one. And O how tender is that identity of character, interest, and sympathy of flesh and soul, which sets at defiance the rude blasts of misfortune, and remains unchanged amidst the shifting scenes of this inconstant world! Thus understood, this certainly is one of the most beneficent appointments of an indulgent Providence. Here the human heart has its proper point of attraction, and the full tide of human sympathy is taught to ebb and flow, under regulations appointed and approved by heaven.”

## EDUCATION.

## THE NATURE AND END OF PUNISHMENT.

PART I. HISTORY OF EDUCATION, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

PART II. A PLAN OF CULTURE AND INSTRUCTION, BASED ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, AND DESIGNED TO AID IN THE RIGHT EDUCATION OF YOUTH, PHYSICALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, AND MORALLY. By H. L. SMITH, A. M., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Penn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1842.

(Concluded.)

"Punishments, in the pedagogic sense, are means of discipline; and they differ essentially from the punishment of crime by the civil magistrate in this, that they aim only at the reformation of the person punished. They consist in the endurance of deserved suffering, which the educator inflicts in order to bring his pupil to self-knowledge, and to effect his reformation. They ought to resemble Divine chastisements, in that the person who punishes manifests indignation, virtuous wrath, which, to the heart of the person punished, should be an evidence of love. Through the rigor of severity, the kind intention ought to be discernible; but if, on the other hand, the smallest degree of vindictiveness, of hatred, of injustice on the part of the educator is displayed in the infliction of punishment, its wholesome operation is not only lost, but it becomes a poison. Even if it be unaccompanied by due seriousness, it will operate unfavorably, inasmuch as it will cause the child, or young person punished, to hold in contempt the punishment and him who administers it. It must, therefore, be adapted to the age of the child: smaller children feel only the rod; older ones are more sensible to wounds inflicted on their sense of honor than to bodily pain.

"The end of punishment is best attained if the child can find in it the restoration of its inward peace; a sort of expiation to which it will gladly submit. Children of good dispositions will sometimes, of their own accord, offer themselves for punishment; and, after the pain is over, such are usually more cheerful and more affectionate towards their rigorous guide. This effect should be aimed at; but never should the sufferer be induced to kiss the

hand which has inflicted chastisement, for this makes hypocrites : nor should unnatural punishments be contrived, as Rousseau recommends ; for in him who inflicts punishment the child should recognize a sacred authority of will, but not be tempted to act a part.

“ Addictedness to lying, which branches out into deceitfulness, dissimulation, exaggeration, hypocrisy, knavery, &c., has already been referred to, in connexion with other depraved manifestations, out of which it is apt to grow. There must be a great deal of mismanagement before a child will lie : for ‘ God hath made man upright ;’ and if a child be guilty of this sin, it has certainly been taught to lie ; for, at the period of life in which it does not yet distinguish between truth and fiction, it does not as yet consider whether it can accomplish anything by lying ; and it does not really design to utter a falsehood, even when it says what is not true. Now, if anything of this kind is magnified into importance ; if a purpose is imputed to a child which, as yet, it cannot have ; if the child’s attention is thus directed to the circumstance, or, if care be not taken to prevent its accomplishing anything by an untrue statement, the child is actually taught to do what otherwise it would not have learned—nay, what its natural instinct would have led it to abhor, *i. e.*, to speak untruth designedly ; it is taught to violate its own self-respect by lying. And now, if children do things for which they are censured ; if they be subject to several abnormal developments of character ; and if the parents do not command their entire confidence, or if they be even subjected to harsh treatment, they will contract a vicious habit of lying, under the auspices of example and of desired success, and stimulated by manifold opportunity.

“ There is here no other remedy than that of closing up the sources of the evil in the other corrupt tendencies, and of obtaining the implicit confidence of children. Children should, in no instance, be allowed to get out of a difficulty by a falsehood ; never permit yourself to be deceived by them, but give them due credit for a frank confession, and never punish them for a fault

which they spontaneously avow. If they have once been brought to repose full confidence in their educators, all is gained ; and in this course it is necessary to persevere. This first real, intentional, deliberate lie should, without a moment's forbearance, be punished with sorrowful severity of manner, and likewise every subsequent falsehood, according to the necessary gradation of punishments. When once lying has become a confirmed habit, the young person will not be easily reformed, perhaps not till after the lapse of years ; nevertheless, the necessary course of treatment must be consistently persevered in. It will, at the same time, and especially in the case of hardened liars, have a good effect if they be made to feel, on all suitable occasions, the baseness and odiousness of this vice. The least inconvenience to which they can be subjected is, that they are *never* believed ; that they receive no credit, under any circumstances, until they give evidence of amendment.

“ The manner in which commands and prohibitions are given is of the utmost importance. The following principles should be carefully observed : Let there be as few commands and laws as possible ; but what has once been prescribed ought to be irrevocable. If altered circumstances should require the abrogation of any rule that has been given, it should be as formally abrogated as it was enjoined. No rule should be permitted to become an obsolete statute, for which nobody has any farther respect. Hence it will be necessary to reflect maturely before any rule of conduct is prescribed ; and no order should be given, to enforce which the will or the ability is wanting. By neglecting these several principles, great and extensive mischief is done by many who undertake the business of education.

“ Rules for the conduct of children should be given in as few words and with as much distinctness as possible ; and no flattery, or any other mixed motives which would derogate from the rules, should be employed.”

Original.

## THE PRAYERLESS MOTHER.

Is it then true that thou, the mother of these children, dost not implore for them the grace of God? Canst thou reflect on the hours of their birth, on their liability to sudden death, on their native depravity, on the rapid formation and development of their character, and on their need of regeneration, and yet live without prayer? Is it so that thou knowest not how to pray? Listen to their voices, and they will teach thee? Go to thy God as they come to thee. Mark how they respect thine authority, rejoice in thy love, feel their dependence, and fear thy displeasure. So do thou approach thy Saviour and theirs, for thyself and them. Oh, let not another morning look in upon thee and call thee prayerless!

A prayerless mother! Did I say mother? "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she will not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget!" The prayerless mother not only forgets her compassion, but oh, she is cruel! Should these dear children meet thee hereafter and tell thee that thy prayerlessness slew them, and cling around thee in wrath and agony, in the dark place of wo, what emotions will harrow thy soul, what remorse dwell for ever in thy bewailing breast! I would *not* be a prayerless mother!

. MARIA.

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"Never forget that whatever may be the grade of mind allotted your children, they are placed by the appointment of God, under your protection, and that he has made it your duty to watch over, uphold and educate them according to your ability, and that for this he holds you responsible to his bar."

Original.

MATERNAL AUTHORITY.

CHILDREN, like adults, become attached to those who manifest an interest in themselves. They readily discover who strives to render them happy ; and the only liability to mistake their friends arises from their ignorance of the fact that their best good is not always secured by present gratification. They very naturally suppose the refusal of a desired object to arise from the want of a disposition to please them. With their feeble capacities and inexperience, they contemplate only present wants, and are wholly improvident of the future. And as indulgence would, in many cases, come in direct conflict with their good, it becomes the duty and privilege of the mother to whom they are intrusted, and who loves them as no one else can, to cross their wishes often, in order to secure their lasting benefit. She must not only withhold some desired favors, but must require and enforce the performance of various acts, the reasonableness of which they are not able to comprehend ; for children, left to follow their own ways, endanger their health and lives by their indiscretion, and become unhappy members of the family and of society. It becomes, then, a serious question, how the government shall be maintained, thwarting, as it often must, the strongest wishes, and yet the confidence and affection of children for their mother be unimpaired. By far the greater portion of her *peculiar* influence over them is intimately connected with their confidence and love. If the mother is their oracle in all matters of right and wrong ; if she is their umpire in all their differences ; if she is their comforter in all their trials, and their chosen confidant, into whose ear they may whisper all their secret griefs, she possesses every desirable advantage for doing them good. She may almost entirely counteract the influence of every other person, and thus secure her children from the debasing influence of immorality with which they must necessarily come in contact. That she should thus be the centre of love and confidence to the forming minds under her care, is manifest to all who rightly prize the

benefits of fixing early in the minds of children a correct moral sentiment. If she be a Christian mother, she will explain to them, with a simplicity and clearness not to be surpassed, the way for a child to be saved. She watches the seed sown, and joyfully hails the first budding of spiritual life. This she waters and cherishes with a fidelity which maternal love renders both constant and delightful. What human teacher ever occupied a more favorable position? Who else can hope to teach under equally favorable circumstances?

But it has already been suggested that even the mother, in the exercise of needful discipline, is liable to lose her influence by a sort of indiscretion. Authority when most wisely administered, as it breaks in upon that feeling of independence so natural to the human mind, is exceedingly unwelcome to the child unaccustomed to be thwarted in its wishes. When, therefore, she commences the process of wholesome restraint, she encounters a repugnance which well-nigh deems her an enemy. She certainly causes grief, and seems to do it by design. This contrasts so strangely with her many efforts to please, her almost uniformly kind and conciliating manner, that confidence and love are put to a severe test, and for a time at least are in check. And we know of no way in which this difficulty can be avoided, since children always need restraint before they are capable of understanding the reason why. Still, there are modifying circumstances which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of the discreet mother, and which she will not fail to improve. As the exercise of authority is her strange work, and in itself not less disagreeable to her than to her children, she will resort to it as seldom as duty will permit, and at all times when called to the task will show by her smiles and caresses that a mother's warm, affectionate heart is not wanting. This will surprisingly counteract the tide of distrust, and give new impulse to the suspended affection.

As years advance and reason develops, the mother should embrace the opportunity thus afforded, of showing her children the reasonableness of all her coercive measures. She can teach them the nature and consequences of sin. And in doing this she

must exercise due caution to feed them with milk and not with strong meat, to say nothing which to them may seem incredible, but to explain to them the simplest principles of right, illustrating by examples, and enforcing with affectionate simplicity and earnestness.

Incalculable benefits may accrue to the rising generation from a systematic and well-timed restraint, accompanied with all those precautions which tend to the security of affection and trust. The mother will be the *chosen* associate of her children, and her doctrine may distil like the dew. The subject is too serious to admit of a compliment to mothers for their ability thus to affect the destinies of the race; but we would derive from this momentous truth a most convincing argument for their zealous, untiring diligence in the fulfilment of their sacred trust.

H. W. B.

Ballston Spa, January 2, 1844.



Original.

"THE CHURCH IN THY HOUSE."

BY REV. N. E. JOHNSON.

WHETHER this expression in the salutation of Paul to Philemon, is to be understood as meaning the church composed of members under thy roof—or that portion of the church of Christ who dwell under thy roof—or the church which meets at thy house, it is an expression which suggests some pleasant thoughts respecting the connection of churches and families. In the patriarchal ages the church of God existed in the family as its natural home. On the head of the family devolved the duty of instruction and government, of the maintenance of divine worship and of offering sacrifices, and, after circumcision was introduced, of circumcising his household. To his family he was king and priest, he was magistrate and minister. As the family constitu-

tion was founded before the fall, and the Sabbath was appointed also at the same time, the duty of preserving the regular worship of God belonged originally to the family as such, and constitute part of the original and essential idea of a well-ordered household. The particular Christian churches as they were founded by the apostles, were composed of associated families having for their object the mutual and public worship of God, and mutual aid in the Christian life. Hence the gospel ministry, the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, together with the solemn church covenant, are designed to combine the influence of *pious* families for the extension of the gospel to *all* families, until the promise made to Abraham is fulfilled.

It may gratify a proper love of investigation to consider the natural affinities which exist between the Christian Church and a Christian family. It will serve to illustrate how easily and how efficiently their influence may be combined for the welfare of society.

1. It is essential to the true idea both of a Church and family that the sacred Scriptures should be regarded as the supreme and only infallible rule of faith and practice. It is impossible for either to accomplish the main design of their organization where this principle is not adopted with all the heart. The parent needs no stronger support to his authority—the child no better protection, than what is secured in the Bible. Creeds, catechisms, confessions, and all other formularies, are of no binding force except as they agree with and are founded upon the word of God.

2. It is essential that the Church and family should both be considered as consecrated communities of immortal beings. The consecration of households commenced in the earliest ages, and from the days of Abraham to the present it has been signified by a solemn religious rite. It implies a recognition of God's claim as Creator, of our need of a Savior and a Sanctifier. It implies a pledge on the part of the parents to train the family for God, and when the seal is affixed according to divine direction, a promise, on the part of God, of all needed blessings. The church is a community where these consecrated families associate for

public worship, and is itself a community publicly consecrated to the triune God.

3. It is essential that the Church and Family should remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. The Sabbath was appointed before the church was established and at the constitution of the first human family. It is necessary to the family, for physical rest, for instruction, for worship, and more necessary since the fall than before it. It is necessary to the church for public worship, and for her general influence on mankind. Its delightful associations belong alike to the household and to the church, and it will retain its indispensable importance as long as either shall endure on earth.

4. It is essential to a Church and family, to secure a system of regular instruction. In the church provision is made for this in the stated ministry and especially by the sacred pastoral relation. In the family provision is made in the parental relation, where wisdom, experience and authority, filled with deep affection, are combined to instruct minds dependent from their circumstances on parental leading for their first and most important lessons in divine knowledge.

5. It is essential to a Church and a family to maintain a just and impartial system of government and discipline. In the family the authority for this is invested in the parents, who have a right to punish disobedience, and are commanded to do so. On the preservation of a proper authority in the family, interests of every nature depend. The Church and the State are alike interested in the maintenance of family government, where the first idea of rightful authority is implanted.

6. It is essential to the Church and the family that a regular system of divine worship should be maintained. On the Church depends the public worship of the Sabbath. On the head of the family devolves the responsibility of maintaining daily worship in his household. This obligation grows out of the dependent condition of his family and of his relation to them as a father. In the morning he is bound to render thanks with them for protection, and to plead for guardian grace for the day. In the evening he is bound to commit himself and them to the same

protecting care. It is impossible to suppose a family accomplishing its main purpose where family worship is not regularly maintained.

From these natural affinities of Churches and families it is plain that where they both fulfil their true idea, their influence must powerfully combine for good. From the families associating arises the Church. On the families associated the influence of the Church descends.

The head of the family is invested with sacred associations as he comes before them, their head, instructor, governor, and minister in holy things. The public institutions of religion encourage and aid pious families, and win other families to their duty. From such families government derives its existence and its stability. Thus society is combined and moulded by the influences of the Christian family and the Christian church; and that minister who can have the assurance that the heads of families in his congregation go home to make their families resemble Churches in all the above respects, may believe that the work of salvation is going on.

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Original.

#### CHARACTER OF CHILDREN INTRUSTED TO MOTHERS.

THAT mothers exert a vast and lasting influence over their children, and bear a great and responsible part in moulding their future characters, there can be no doubt. They direct and bend, as it were, the twig, while it is young, and tender, and pliable; and "*just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.*" There is comparatively but a short period during which mothers, if they have the will, can have the privilege of thus shaping and directing the intellectual and moral growth of their offspring. If it is neglected "in the days of their youth, while the evil days come

not," they will find to their ineffable sorrow and regret, that the twig, which but just now was flexible and yielding in their hands, has become the strong and sturdy *oak*, unmanageable and incapable of being turned from its course. Thus we see the importance of rightly training youthful minds, while, like wax, they are capable of receiving any impression, either of evil or good.

Many examples might be cited of men, who have risen high in the scale of worldly fame, and who have contributed much to the religious and social improvement of mankind, in whom the true secret of their greatness might be seen in their maternal government and education. The early life and discipline of Doddridge we are all familiar with. Let us hear the words of the venerable John Quincy Adams, addressed to some young ladies during his late Western tour. Speaking of his mother, he says, "From that mother I derived whatever instruction—religious especially and moral—which has pervaded a long life; I will not say, perfectly and as it ought to be; but I will say, because it is justice only to the memory of her whom I revere, that if, in the course of my life, there has been any imperfection, or deviation from what she has taught me, the fault is mine and not hers." We need but to read a volume of Mrs. Adams' Letters, published a few years since, to discover the true cause of the son's greatness.

But I wish more particularly to speak of the influence a mother may have over the growing character of her children, by bestowing a little attention to the choice of their playthings; for I am convinced that tastes are often acquired, and habits formed, which exist through life, that may be distinctly traced to the apparently trivial toys of childhood. This fact cannot be too indelibly impressed upon the minds of all who sustain the responsibility of educating children. The first plaything ever given to Napoleon Bonaparte was the model of a *brass cannon*. And who can tell the influence that that warlike toy exerted on the whole life of that celebrated chieftain? Who will say that the little brass cannon was not the indirect cause of the butchery of millions of our fellow-creatures; of the groans

and tears of widows and orphans that filled the land, and more than all, of the eternal loss of myriads of immortal souls? But for that toy, and instead of a Hero wading through the blood of his countrymen to the attainment of his ambitious purposes, we might have seen, for aught we know, a powerful minister of Christ, a second Paul; one who, by the superiority of his mind, in the hands of God, might have created a new era in the civil and religious history of the world. Truly, we may here see "great effects resulting from little causes."

It will not be denied that a great portion of the toys displayed for show and attraction, in the windows, at intervals of a few rods, along our streets, consists of guns, swords, banners, and many others unnecessary to mention, of a warlike nature. And who can estimate the influence that these exert towards infusing into youthful minds a martial spirit, and a familiarity with all the barbarous, murderous implements of war, which follows them through manhood, and trains them for the service of strife and death. The penetrating mind of Bonaparte saw this. "Give me," said he, "the direction of the playthings of your children and I will form the character of the nation." He knew that, according to their nature, a love of war or a love of peace could be produced. But I trust sufficient has been said on this subject to show to mothers the necessity of exercising discretion and judgment. From the youth around us are to be taken the pillars that are to uphold the temple of our religious and free institutions. Upon the mothers of the present generation it depends to decide what shall be the future character of our country. If such their charge, then how weighty their responsibility?

J. M. P.



THERE is probably no scene in the present world, which presents a more interesting prospect to the eye, or which is usually described in terms of more ardor and animation, than a well regulated family.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

## PARENTAL UNFAITHFULNESS.

BY DR. CHALMERS.

How strange it is that the same parent who is so intent on the preferment of his children in the world, should be so utterly listless of their prospects, nor put forth one endeavor to obtain for them preferment in heaven—that he who would mourn over it as the sorest of his family trials, should one of them be bereft of any of the corporeal senses, yet should take it so easily, although none of them have a right sense of God or a right principle of godliness—that he, who would be so sorely astounded did any of his little ones perish in a conflagration or a storm, should be so unmoved by all the fearful things that are reported of the region on the other side of death, where the fury of an incensed Lawgiver is poured upon all who have fled not to Christ as their refuge from the tempest, and they are made to lie down in the devouring fire and to dwell with everlasting burnings—that to avert from the objects of our tenderness the calamities, or to obtain for them the good things of this present life, there shall be so much of care and of busy expedient, while not one practical measure is taken either to avert from them that calamity which is the most dreadful, or to secure for them that felicity which is the most glorious. Why there is indeed such obvious demonstration in all this of time being regarded as our all, and eternity being counted by us as nothing—so light an esteem in it of that God, an inheritance in whom we treat as of far less value for those who are dear to us than that they should be made richly to inherit the gifts of his providence—such a preference for ourselves, and for the fleeting generations that come after us, of the short-lived creature to the Creator who endureth for ever—as most strikingly to mark, even by the very loves and amiable sensibilities of our hearts, how profoundly immersed we are in the grossest carnality—that after all it is but an earthly horizon that bounds us, and an earthly platform we grovel on—that Nature, even in her best and most graceful exhibitions, gives manifest token of her fall, proving herself an exile from Paradise even in the kindest and honestest



of the sympathies which belong to her—that, retaining though she does many soft and tender affinities for those of her own kind, she has been cast down and degraded beneath the high aims and desires of immortality—accursed even in her moods of greatest generosity, and evil in the very act of giving good gifts unto her children.

The man whose heart is set on the conversion of his children—the man whose house is their school of discipline for eternity—he it is, and we fear he only of all other parents, who lives by faith. If you love your children and at the same time are listless about their eternity, what other explanation can be given than that you believe not what the Bible tells of eternity? You believe not of the wrath and the anguish and the tribulation that are there. Those piercing cries that here from any one of your children would go to your very heart, and drive you frantic with the horror of its sufferings, you do not believe that there is pain there to call them forth. You do not think of the meeting-place that you are to have with them before the judgment-seat of Christ, and of the looks of anguish and the words of reproach that they will cast upon you, for having neglected and so undone their eternity.

The awful sentence of condemnation—the signal of everlasting departure to all who know not God and obey not the gospel—the ceaseless moanings that ever and anon shall ascend from the lake of living agony—the grim and dreary imprisonment whose barriers are closed insuperably, and for ever on the hopeless outcasts of vengeance; these, ye men who wear the form of godliness but show not the power of it in your training of your families—these are not the articles of your faith.—To you they are as the imaginations of a legendary fable. Else why this apathy? Why so alert to the rescue of your young from even the most trifling of calamities, and this dead indifference about their exposure to the most tremendous of all? O, the secret will be out. The cause bewrayeth itself. You have not faith; and, compassed about though you be with Sabbath forms and seemly observations and the semblance of a goodly and well-looking profession, yet, if you labor not specifically and in practical

earnest for the souls of your children, your doings short of this are, we fear, but the diseased and lame offerings of hypocrisy—your Christianity, we fear, is a delusion.



Original.

#### CULTIVATION OF A CORRECT TASTE.

MOTHERS, by reason of their early and intimate intercourse with their children, have peculiar advantages for guiding their primary intellectual habits, regulating their associations, and laying the foundation of correct taste. The modes of thought and of speech then formed are likely to be permanent, and to receive their first moulding from the maternal example. Great therefore is the privilege of those children who, from the lips of those they first loved, received not only right thoughts, but right words, elegance of expression, chaste and beautiful imagery, and melodious sounds. That maternal influence which will be found thus elevated will always be remembered and will be generally rewarded in the graceful manners of her children when they come to years of maturity.

In many ways the mother can contribute to the formation of a correct taste. The first hymns she teaches to the lisping and even the earliest notes which she sings for its lullaby should be chosen with care. The pictures with which the walls of the nursery are adorned should be selected with a studious and cultivated regard for real beauty. Likenesses of excellent men and women, whose names you would choose to have your children love—and whose virtues you would rejoice to see them imitate, are a very desirable ornament. A few elegant historical pictures which might be used as introductions to general history or which are calculated to inspire noble sentiments, would be found of great utility in every family able to have them. A few well finished landscape pieces would also tend to foster a love of nature in its cheerful and its sublime aspects. There is a refining and effectual influence arising from a daily familiarity with the scenery of

nature whether it glow before us in its original loveliness, or in the representations of the genuine artist.

At proper times, as the mind becomes able to receive them, clear and definite instructions should be given, as to the reason of their selection, the nature of their influence, and the general rules which should govern the exercise of the imagination. As the child educated by such a process enters upon scenes and studies away from home, these early instructions, examples, and associations will operate to elevate, restrain and purify the mind, influencing his course of reading, his companionships and his present character.

It is a most happy circumstance that the English Translation of the Sacred Scriptures is so excellent a model of style as well as an infallible standard of faith and practice, so far as it is true to the original. In its history in the Psalms and the Prophets, and in the pure diction of Christ as recorded by the Evangelists, we have the very reading in all respects best fitted for the earliest education. This, moreover, is the book with which the truly Christian mother will be most familiar, and in connection with which her remarks will fall with most impressiveness on the minds of her children.

N.

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#### HOME.

"O how sacred is that home where every word is kindness, and every look affection! Where the ills and sorrows of life are borne by mutual effort, and its pleasures are equally divided; and where each esteems the other the more worthy. Where a holy emulation abounds to excel in offices of kindness, and affectionate regard. Where the live-long day, the week, the month, the year, is a scene of cheerful and unwearied effort to swell the tide of domestic comfort, and overflow the heart with home-born enjoyments. That home may be the humblest hovel on earth; there heart meets heart, in all the fondness of a full affection. And wherever that spot is found, there is an exemplification of all that is lovely and of good report among men. It is heaven begun below."

Original

## THOUGHTS FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

"THERE is," says an eloquent writer\* of our own times, "a period in which a good book goes down into the soul as a precious seed into a moist furrow of earth in the spring, and germinates. A new growth springs from it. It is different from knowledge. It becomes the *mind's own*, and is reproduced in a form of originality. Its principles become seeds in a man's being, and by and by blossom and fructify. This is a particular period, but it does not last. A man who has passed it, may read the same book, and know it perfectly; the acquisition of knowledge goes on through life; *but knowledge as life*—knowledge as the creator of wisdom, not so. I have in my mind some volumes which have excited a refreshing and inspiring power over many young minds, but with older ones the power does not seem to exist. It is like putting a magnet to a lump of clay."

Who can read these sentences without reverting to that impressive period, so clearly within the recollection of every Parent, when the book read, the sentiments uttered, and the scenes witnessed, became incorporated into one's very existence! And who does not remember the unavailing effort to recall that mysterious power—that pleasurable sympathy and absorbing interest which made knowledge thus obtained, the "*mind's own*;" and painfully realized that the power was lost. Happy for those who passed that "germinating" period with some guardian friend who selected with skill and care the mental food which was to nourish the soul and fit it for its future duties. More happy still if the spirit of Truth became the unseen Director, and if in addition to its silent influences on the sacred word, the sentiments of a Baxter, a Doddridge, a Bunyan or Owen, lent their instrumentality in moulding a character which was hereafter to guide other immortals through a world like this. It is a natural inquiry whether the

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\* Religion of Experience and that of Imitation, by Rev. George B. Cheever.—*American Biblical Repository*.

benevolent activities and Christian enterprise which distinguish our day, may not be traced in a great measure to the early influences and inspiring views which were presented to the mind by the church of God as she waked from her long slumbers to embrace in her arms "a world lying in wickedness."

With us who are at the meridian of life, that "*impressible period*" was the same which hailed the birth of the noble Institution which is now extending its hands with overflowing blessings to the benighted heathen. The spirit of Missions then touched our shores and woke into life the Godlike conception of bringing a lost world to Christ. The "*conversion of the world*" floated on every banner and attracted the eye of every youthful heart. "Good will to man" was stationed at the very gateway of life, and the young Christian passed the "wicket gate" with the seraph song upon his lips. And from those ripened seeds are we not gathering the precious fruits in the benevolent associations—the Sabbath schools—Maternal Associations and all the varied forms of charity which mark this day? A result surely to be expected from those so honored and blest as to identify the season when life was in its freshness with that which gave warmth and activity to the universal Church. And we love to trace back the golden links which connect the present doings and efforts to those *first deep* lines of love written by the Holy Spirit upon the susceptible heart some thirty years ago it may be, which, in spite of all our worldliness and cares and troubled thoughts, remain yet an unbroken chain of love.

Have we duly considered our obligations for such special mercies, and are we showing our gratitude by the vigilant care which we extend over our own children during these same "impressible" years? The writer does not, it is true, specify the particular season, but experience will place it somewhere between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five.

As members of Maternal Associations, we may perhaps feel that our labors have not been in vain. Our children, it may be, have entered the fold. Some of them have arrived at maturity and are within the limits which embrace so much of hope—and alas!—so many of the dangers of life.

Do we follow them with increased anxiety and watchfulness, transmitting to their growing activities the same holy and benevolent motives which were presented to our own minds? Do we look well to the intimacies they cherish—the influences from a vain and giddy world?

Do we examine the books which are now “going down into the very soul as a seed into a moist furrow of earth?” Do Byron, or Bulwer, or Eugene Sue, form unholy alliance with the Christian models we lay upon their table? And does the “lava of corruption” which is flooding our land reach our “defenceless households?”

Are we aware that the resistless current of fashion and worldliness, and even corrupt sentiments from books, may reach even the *parent*, with the children, and bear each away with the thronging multitude?

Do we know that with the great accessions made to the church from the youthful community, Satan may possibly have “come up also” with sweeter blandishments and more delicious poisons than ever, and, with unblushing effrontery, lays upon the centre table in many a household of faith, the “seeds which are to go into the moist furrow?”

Nay, let us not start back from such inquiries—for, be it remembered this “period *does not last*,” though its secret but strong cords may stretch on for years. Thirty years hence its enduring remembrances will stand out before the soul as of yesterday.

What the future harvest may be, we shall not probably live to know—but we *may know* the character of the seed sown. We may know that the fold of Christ is surrounded by multiplied dangers. Two questions at least should be answered by every Christian mother. “Do my children have access to those polluting works which are scattered through the land?” If so, “What must be the harvest when the seeds shall have ripened into fruit?”

E. BISKLOW.

## THE CHINESE BLIND CHILDREN.

IN the month of March, 1842, the Mother's Magazine contained an urgent appeal from Mrs. Gutzlaff, then in China, in behalf of several Chinese blind children, that they might be admitted into the Institutions for the Education of the Blind in the United States. Before any response could reach her, she arrived on our shores, bringing with her at her own expense, four little Chinese girls—three of whom were blind. Two of the latter were placed in the Institution in Ohio, and one in the Institution at Philadelphia. The seeing child was adopted by a gentleman in Newark, N. J., who will give it a suitable education.

I am not able to speak particularly of "Fanny," who was placed in Philadelphia, but I understand she is a very interesting child and doing well. Of the two in Columbus, Ohio, I have the opportunity of saying more. As your Magazine was the first to announce these children to our notice, it is proper that the same interesting periodical should receive the first results of their education, which I here send you in two short letters, every word the composition of their own minds and the work of their own hands.

One letter is written with a pencil on a grooved board, in the manner in which the blind are taught to write; the other is printed with what is called *pin-type*—the letters being punctured as with a pin, and legible so as to be read with their own fingers.

The first is by *Eliza* now aged eleven, the second is by *Jessie*, aged nine years. They are given without correction.

*Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind.*

January 20—1844.

TO MRS. GUTZLAFF—

My dear Mother,—I hope you are well. I hope your health is better than before. I miss you very much indeed. I receive your letter at the 19 December. Please to write and tell me how you and Ricomartz\* get along in all storms. I would love to see

\* Her attendant.

you both again very much. I thank you for all your kindness shown to me and I hope that the Lord will bless you. Good bye.  
I remain your affectionate child,  
ELIZA C. GUTZLAFF.

*O. Inst. for the Education of the Blind.*  
January 20—1844.

MY DEAR MA,

Please to tell me how you like your passage. I hope you are enjoying the same blessing as I am—that blessing is health. I miss you and Ricomartz very much. I hope we will all meet together again once more in this world; if not, I hope we will meet in the world to come. Give my love to all your friends in China. Please to answer my letter. Now I have not much more to say. Good bye. I hope the blessing of God be with us for ever. I have been sick with measles. I am now better. Please to excuse my bad writing. I remain  
Your affectionate child,  
JESSIE D. GUTZLAFF.

I will only add that the children are remarkably cheerful and contented, and enjoy excellent health. Their minds are quite above mediocrity. They read the Scriptures in the raised letters with great facility, and are making good improvement in their several studies. The object of their friends is to prepare them with a good education to return to their native land as teachers of the blind, if the way should open; or to prove to that peculiar people the entire practicability of instructing this unfortunate and numerous class in that country.

Respectfully yours,

W. CHAPIN

Columbus, O., Jan. 23, 1844.



Original.

INFLUENCE OF PRIVATE DEPORTMENT UPON  
CHARACTER AND USEFULNESS ABROAD.

THE more I reflect upon this subject the more I am convinced of the weighty bearing of the former upon the latter. It is at home that we are, in a great measure, uninfluenced by extraneous motives. The restraints of society are thrown aside, and we speak and act ourselves. Here the character is formed—here, generally, sustained. And if we would meet with a cordial reception, and exert a salutary influence in our intercourse abroad, we must maintain a correct deportment at our own firesides. Many, as they put on their attire to appear in company, can assume the attractions of loveliness, and as readily lay them aside when the excitement which called for them is withdrawn. It is much easier, occasionally, as we mingle in society, to throw on the characteristic graces of politeness, than to exhibit habitually its true spirit amidst the petty annoyances, the cares and trials of domestic life. And yet, who does not know that one's real worth is estimated, not by these assumed graces, but by the daily demeanor at home.

This is a subject, the importance of which should be deeply impressed upon the minds of mothers. We not unfrequently meet with those who manifest an undue anxiety that their children, daughters especially, should appear well as they go out into the world, and yet who are strangely remiss in regard to their moral culture at home. If such duly reflected upon the important bearing of private deportment upon one's respectability and usefulness in society, they would, it would seem, be more sedulous in forming those habits of feeling and action upon which real respectability and usefulness depend. In vain we attempt to conceal the sins, or the faults and infirmities of our children within the bosom of our own family. There is no such thing. "Even a child is known by his doings." And it need not be said that one who is disrespectful and undutiful to his parents, unkind and petulant to his brothers and sisters,

even if he appear ever so well abroad, will not be beloved and respected as one that is uniformly dutiful and kind in his several home relations. It is true, some, by their more secluded situation in life, are less exposed to scrutiny than others, yet, in time, their real characters are, in a greater or less degree, ascertained; and we never feel prepared to say that we are acquainted with a person until we know something of his private walk.

If then, as mothers, we would have our children grow up to become acceptable companions for the virtuous, and ornaments in society (setting aside the higher motives of eternity), let us early and perseveringly inculcate those principles on which such a character is founded. External accomplishments, according to our various conditions in life, perhaps, may be laudably sought for them, but should never be considered paramount to moral excellence, without which they are unseemly and misplaced.

To us, as Christians, the subject presents itself with an overwhelming weight of importance. "What do ye more than others?" This question of our Savior may, with much force, be addressed to many of his professed followers in regard to their daily walk and conversation. We profess to be governed by nobler principles,—to be actuated by holier motives, than the world around us. But do we, in our families, in the several relations we therein sustain, do we, in any good degree, uniformly manifest such a temper of heart as these principles and motives legitimately produce? If not, our efforts to do good will be palsied and unsuccessful. Are we consistent at home,—the light of our profession will emanate far beyond its own narrow precincts, and many will rejoice in that light. Are we worldly, irritable and unreasonable in our families,—the world will place but little confidence in our pretended piety; and the involuntary language of every one in regard to our attempts to reform others, will be "Physician, heal thyself."

W.

Original.

## THE CONTRAST.

MRS. S., with whom I am acquainted, would, perhaps, pass with a stranger for an engaged Christian. She is professedly so, but those who know her daily walk at home (and, to be sure, it is known), feel sad misgivings of heart when they look for the evidences of her being such. True, she talks and prays like a Christian, and is much engaged in promoting the benevolent objects of the day; but at home she is buried in worldliness, irritated at every little inconvenience; and, in short, exhibits a temper of heart in contrast with that charity which seeketh not her own, and with that meek and quiet spirit which, in the sight of God, is of great price. How readily does a discerning world revert from her apparent devotedness abroad to the inconsistencies of her domestic life, and, in reply to all her endeavors to do them good, they are ready to exclaim, mentally at least, "What do ye more than others?"

The reverse of this character was the beloved Mrs. H., who recently exchanged this, for the world of glory. She was, emphatically, "a keeper at home;" and that home was made sweet and attractive by her presence.

"Her house"

Was ordered well; her children taught the way  
Of life—who, rising up in honor, called  
Her blest. But pleased to be admired at home,  
And hear, reflected from her husband's praise,  
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;  
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust  
Reposed, was happiness enough for her."

She was professedly pious; and no one, acquainted with her consistent walk, doubted the sincerity of her profession. It is true, she did not say so much upon the subject of religion, but it was apparent that its holy principles actuated her conduct. Meek and quiet in spirit, she met with calmness the varied trials of her life. I saw her when she laid her darling son, her only little one, into the grave; and it was evident from her very

countenance that the language of her subdued soul was, "It is well." And, too, when a beloved brother, cut down in all the strength and freshness of his youth, was soon after called to follow, she manifested the same chastened spirit. And when she languished long upon the bed of death she was patient and resigned. Though we could often discover the strong workings of a mother's love and solicitude, yet she was enabled to surrender her dear offspring to the care of her Heavenly Father. In her last hours, although not favored with those enrapturing views which many have enjoyed, yet there was a trust in God, a sweet composedness of spirit. And when she was followed by numerous friends and acquaintances to her last resting-place on earth, it was the spontaneous feeling of every one that her departed soul had found a happy repose in heaven. This impression was felt, not so much from her peaceful death, as from her exemplary life ;—a life exemplified within the enclosure of her own beloved home.

W. W. G.

*Lanenburg, Vt.*



Original.

A NATION'S TRUE GLORY.

"THESE are my jewels," said an illustrious lady of antiquity, pointing to her well-educated children. And could every mother with the Bible in her hand and her children before her, realize that through its influence, these may be made jewels of the brightest lustre, not merely to honor her who brought them to the light, but to add to a nation's grandeur, and to a Savior's crown of glory, would she not prize the Bible and prize her children more than ever? A nation's highest glory is to be attained, not by wealth and outward splendor, not by an array of military power, but by the multiplication of immortal minds, properly enlightened,

and transformed into the moral image of their Maker. It is this which constitutes the glory and the honor of "the nations of them that are saved." And what spectacle can imagination paint, more sublime, than that of a great nation, like our beloved Republic, destined to increase by untold millions, all instructed from childhood in the language and spirit of the Bible; all taught to reverence and obey its Divine Author, and to love their neighbor as themselves? And can he be a good citizen, who would in any way hinder such a result?—who would not inculcate upon the young and rising millions the precepts of the sacred volume? Infinite Wisdom has ordained, "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way." "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." And can he be a good subject of human government, who would despise or neglect this benevolent injunction of the King of kings? Infinite Intelligence has testified, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimonies of the Lord are sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether; more to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold." These divine sentiments are corroborated by the experience and testimony of enlightened millions in both worlds. Who, then, that loves his country, his children, or his Almighty Benefactor, would not, in every step of education, inculcate those everlasting truths, which thus impart light, freedom, purity and joy; which make good citizens both here and hereafter; and which, in the sight of Heaven, are more precious to man than mountains of gold?

Ought not all the children and youth of a nation, acknowledging the Divine authority of the Bible, to be habitually trained under such influences? What a change would soon appear on the face of society! What gladdening multitudes of noble and generous minds would be raised up to adorn every profession, and every department of life! The God of nations would then be our

defence. He would "restore our judges as at the first and our counsellors as at the beginning." And our glorious Republic, founded upon a rock, and extending like the arms of the sea, and rising above the mountains, and peopling the farthest West with happy millions, and sustaining everywhere the hallowed temples and ennobling institutions of science and religion, would look forth, in moral grandeur and beauty, the admiration and joy of the whole earth.

Then would be fully realized, what Milton foresaw two hundred years ago;—"Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, musing her mighty youth, and kindling her dazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." Then too would be realized, what the inspired poet sang three thousand years ago;—"Happy is that people that is in such a case, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord." Glorious results of the Bible! Who, then, would not daily read, and encourage all to read, this best gift of Heaven to the race of man, designed especially "for the healing of the nations?"—*Rev. Austin Dickinson.*

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TO BE REMEMBERED.

"THE freedom and power of the press, in a community like ours, is a price put into our hands, not only to *get* wisdom but to impart it to *others* and to *all*. We are under sacred obligations, then, of which we cannot divest ourselves, to *use* this power and to use it *WELL*!"

7  
5 "THAT man is but a sorry Christian, and is uniformly pronounced to be such, who locks up the treasures of the glorious Gospel in his own breast, and makes no efforts to impart them to others."

"To do good, and to *communicate* forget not."

## Original.

LINES ON HEARING A MOTHER SING TO HER DYING CHILD, WHO, THROUGH HIS  
ILLNESS, WOULD BE QUIETED IN NO OTHER WAY.

BY MRS. M. C. GARDNER.

A MOTHER o'er her infant hung,  
Pale was her face, her eye was dim;  
And ever and anon she sung,  
In accents sweet, his Cradle Hymn:  
And when her voice thro' sorrow ceased,  
As life seemed ready to expire,  
She read the wish his eye expressed,  
And tuned afresh love's hidden lyre.

"Sing, mother, sing." The glazed eye  
Looked upward, where 'twas mirrored deep;  
She read the spirit's agony,  
And sung her precious babe asleep.  
The restless movements of her child,  
Bro't the kind words, "Where wilt thou rest?"  
With sudden strength, and visage wild,  
He nestled closely to her breast.

And there his little head reposed,  
In silence on her neck of snow;  
And there his weary eyelids closed,  
Like violets when the south winds blow.  
Sweetly the mother bowed her head,  
Over her first-born pledge of love;  
She sung, till all of life had fled,  
And angels bore her child above.

*Sag-Harbor, L. I.*

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ERRATA.—On page 55, 10th line, for "food" read "good."—For F. S. Smith" read "F. L. Smith."—The address to the Missionaries in the same article was designed for the Ladies of the Messrs. Whittelsy and Hunt.



This is the Pond, Swamp.

THE
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1844.  
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Original.

THE DEATH OF INFANTS.

“ Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears—
The day of wo, the watchful night—
For all her sorrow, all her tears—
An over-payment of delight ?”

PROBABLY every one who expects to go to heaven, believes that those who die in infancy will certainly be there also. There have been Christians who had doubts on this subject ; I think there are few now ; perhaps none. There is enough in the one precious declaration of the Saviour to put at rest all anxiety ; and when we look at other passages of the Bible, and at the provisions of the gospel, the subject is cleared of its difficulties, and the sweet truth is cherished without a fear.

Yet it has sometimes pained me to observe that Christian parents, bereaved of their infants, find their chief consolation in the thought that the loved and lost are now in a better and brighter world than this. In some degree, this remark may apply to Christians when mourning over the grave of any pious friend. It is a source of comfort that those whom we love, if not with us, are happier than if they were. We are reconciled to the removal of a friend to a distant land, if his own interest and happiness are to be secured by the removal. The prospect of

wealth will induce even an anxious parent to trust a darling boy to the temptations of a crowded city or a foreign port. And, *on the same principle*, we may be reconciled to the death of an infant or a pious friend, while religion has no share in the emotions under which we submit to the removal. Nay, in the quiet resignation, the almost complacency, perhaps the gentle joy with which we yield an infant's spirit to Him who lent it to us, it may be that we are *selfish*, and submit to its departure because we know that our babe is now an angel. This is not the fruit of *religion*—Philosophy, believing the Bible, though it had no faith in the Bible's Saviour, would silence every murmur, when the assurance of *such* a change is brought home to the soul. I would therefore waive the thought of my child's increased happiness, and seek consolation elsewhere, when the stroke of death makes my hearth desolate and my heart sad.

It is my Father's will. When I first learned to say "Our Father," I was taught to add "thy will be done;" and my own children are taught to ask no other *reason* when their parent's will is known. Shall I have less confidence in the wisdom and love of Him whom I adore, than these little ones have in me? This is not blind submission; it is the acquiescence of love—the yielding of my way to one whose ways are better, though higher, than mine, and who is so dear to me, that if my own way seemed the best, I would still prefer to yield to his. So felt the aged and pious woman who was asked in her sickness whether she wished to live or to die. "Why," said she, "I have left it to the Lord; let him do what seemeth to him good." "Yes, but if the Lord should leave it to you, which would you choose?" "Well, if the Lord should leave it to me, I would just leave it back to him again." So, if the Lord should ask me to decide the question, whether my children shall be taken away while they nestle as infants in their mother's arms, or in the bloom of their childhood, or the summer of youth, or be spared to the noontide or evening of life, I would desire to have grace to say, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Just now a child of six summers came to my side with his daily lesson, and repeated as part of it, these words: "In the

third petition (which is, '*Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven*'), we pray, that God, by his grace, would make us able and willing to know, obey and submit to his will in all things as the angels do in heaven."

Think of it—as *the angels do in heaven*. That is our prayer—a part of the prayer which Jesus taught his disciples—a prayer that we have offered every day since we could lisp the words! "Thy will be done." That is enough. I do not ask for more; I had almost said, I will not have anything else, to reconcile me to aught that God does. It pleases Him. It must be wise, good, holy, kind. It must be just the thing for me, and for His high purposes; and it becomes me to be still, and know that it is the Lord.

But then we may go farther, and find comfort in the thought that God is love. Dwell upon that word. What balm the thought sheds over the bleeding heart. Is God's hand heavily on you now? God is love. Is the ground still unsettled over the babe that lately smiled at your breast? God is love. He cannot be unkind. It is assuredly in kindness that he has plucked the sweetest flower in your garden, and you shall see and say that it is kind, though you never confess it till you behold that flower again, radiant with immortal bloom. Love, the love of God, God who is love itself, has taken away what was dear to us, and we cannot find it in our hearts to complain of *love*. This disarms us. Nay, we will kiss the hand, we will kiss the rod that smites us, and believe that "it is well."

"Oh, blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes:
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys."

Thus should the Christian parent find the cup of sorrow mingled with sweetness; joy breaking out of grief, like springs in the desert, and peace that passeth all understanding flowing as a river into his soul. What if thou can'st not know *why* the Lord has thus dealt with thee? That is the very *trial* to which thou art

called to bow. This is the test of thy faith. Dry up thy tears and sing,

"Oh, let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapp'd yet in tears and mystery!
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well since ruled by thee.

"Thus trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit then complain?"



Original.

EVIL HABITS.

THE truism that "habit is second nature," has passed into a proverb, but, like many other things which are universally believed, is scarcely realized by any one. The difficulty of eradicating *evil* habits, inclines the possessor of them to persuade himself that they have no existence; or at least to believe that they are not after all *very* bad. Generally their formation is so imperceptible that we are not aware of their presence until they are too firmly fastened upon us to admit of a removal without strong effort. We may, for example, be aware that we occasionally indulge in evil speaking, but, it being contrary to our principles, we view it each time as an exception to our general course, and may have acquired the unenviable reputation of a "busy-body in other men's matters," while we are even priding ourselves on our freedom from that very fault. So of procrastination, perhaps the most insidious of all habits. Indeed the same remarks will apply with equal force in many other cases.

It is universally conceded that habits formed in youth are the most firmly fixed. How important then that good principles, which must lead to good actions, should be early implanted! The mind is strongly influenced by our habits. Will a man, who, on entering his study or library, finds no one thing in its place, because nothing has a definite place, will he be likely to write connected, finished composition? Will not his mind on the contrary partake of the disorder around him, and his thoughts be loose and disconnected? It is said of the lamented W. Allston, that he never allowed any passing event to escape his notice, and constantly endeavored to learn something from everything he saw. This was certainly an excellent trait of character in a painter, but is it any less so for any one else? Any one desirous of improving and cultivating the mental qualities may learn much of human nature and of the providences of God by a habit of attention, though his observations may be confined to a narrow circle of life.

Parents are not sufficiently aware of the influence they exert on the forming characters of their families. Two examples may be given illustrative of the power of mothers in this respect: Mrs. H. sees no one with whom she cannot find some fault; the most pious and agreeable people come in for a full share of reproach before her family; no one is actively or devotedly pious enough to escape her. Her children learn to see blemishes in the best of people, and are puffed up in their own eyes on account of their superior discernment in discovering them. The daughter is prevented from enjoying society which would be improving to her, because she can see no good in people she has been taught to believe so faulty. They are viewed with jealousy and dislike by those of whom they entertain such hard thoughts and make such hard speeches. But I turn to a more pleasing picture. Mrs. G. makes it a rule to speak evil of no one without necessity, and to believe the best of every one. Her children of course think as their mother does, and are unwilling to believe an evil report of any one. This may be sometimes carried too far, they may have a higher opinion of some people than is deserved, but this certainly seems to be the safer error. Need I add they

possess the love as well as respect of their neighbors? The different influences of these mothers will not cease with the early years of their children. I can only allude to one more habit—that of cheerfulness. There are clouds enough in this world which must at some time overshadow the brightest skies, but the sunshine of cheerfulness gleaming through will do much to dispel them. Music is a powerful auxiliary in its cultivation, and the time devoted to learning to sing, thus improving a talent God has bestowed on nearly every person, should never be unwillingly spent. In conclusion allow me to quote a few remarks from a late popular work. “Nor must I, while pointing out errors in the behavior of children, omit to observe, that if parents would be more solicitous to instil into their minds the importance of relative and social duties, faithfully performed, instead of captiously reproving them for every deviation from the strict line of those duties, they would find themselves more happy in their families. Still, though the fault may in some cases have been originally with the parents, there is little excuse for those who are of age not to think and act for themselves. It is right the tender sympathy of our friends should be excited when we tell them that the faults for which they blame us were fostered and encouraged by the mistaken judgments of our parents in early life; but there is a tribunal at which this plea will be of little avail, if while the means of reformation are yet within our reach, we suffer such habits to strengthen and establish themselves as parts of our characters.”

C.

TRUE WEALTH.

“It is a poor business to attend to the accumulation of a fortune for our children, and neglect their education. It is as if a man would gather straws, and scatter precious stones. Let parents but cultivate the minds and morals of their children, and in a great majority of cases, they will reap a hundred fold.”

Original.

LETTER TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

"To a heart that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing."

It was but yesterday, my dear sister, that I learned that you had become a sharer in *my* sorrow. The cup which has been put into your hand is one whose bitterness can be conceived only from experience. To see a sweet child, around whom our hopes and affections and prayers have clustered, languish and die ;—to lay it away in the dark and lonely grave ;—to look at the simplest memento of its existence only to weep ;—to seek in vain for its happy face when the family group mingle in the sport or in the prayer ;—to feel that the places which once knew it shall know it no more for ever ;—ah ! this is the sorrow which "a stranger intermeddleth not with." My heart is pained to think that you, my sister, have been called so early to taste this bitter cup. But why do I thus speak ? Why confine my eye and yours to the dark corner of the picture ? which is indeed but *a corner*. If we apply our eye to the telescope of Faith, a different scene, from which every cloud has passed away, presents itself. Let us look together upon the heavenly vision. Let us first gaze, if we may, upon that glorious throne, which is exalted "far above principalities and powers—things on earth and things in heaven." Let us contemplate the character of Him who sits thereon : "King of kings and Lord of lords ;" a God of infinite majesty and wisdom and power ; every way fitted, and the only Being in the universe that is fitted, to sit at the helm of universal dominion ; seeing the end from the beginning, and ordering all events, in all worlds, according to the dictates of unerring wisdom and rectitude and love. Let us turn for a moment from this central point, to survey the glories of the place ; the "many mansions ;" the thrones ; the harps of gold ; the hosts of cherubim and seraphim, veiling their faces ; the innumerable company, redeemed from among men, who bow and sing and cast their crowns at the Savior's

feet. Let us listen to the chorus that ascends from the "ten thousand times ten thousand" as they sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood,—to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Do not the voices of our children mingle in that song?

Are they not safe within those sacred walls, stamped with SALVATION, and whose gates are PRAISE? And shall we call them back to earth's imperfect service—"its dangerous charms," its sorrows and its sins? Oh no, my beloved sister, as you turn your back to earth will you not rather say,

"Stay there, blessed child, thy mother bids thee stay,
Dear as thou wast and ever wilt be to this bleeding heart,
My love rebukes the wish that thou wert *here*,
Though *I am left alone*."

Heaven is fast filling up; and soon the last weary pilgrim will have been gathered in, to go no more out for ever. If we and ours are permitted, through wondrous grace, to join that blessed company, we shall surely sing *this* song: "HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL."

"Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,"

let us be *witnesses for God*. Alas, how few there are who know him, or the power of his grace, or the sweetness of those precious drops which he mingles with the bitterest cup of earthly sorrow! How few that confide in his government, and feel that the interests of the universe are safe in his hands!

That it may be your privilege and mine to possess and to exhibit this filial confidence in, and submission to our Heavenly Father, is, my dear sister, the earnest prayer of

Your sympathizing friend,
F. L. S.

Original.

THE FIRST DISOBEDIENCE.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

HAVING been called upon business to a Southern State, I left home in November, 1839, and took my seat with a crowded company in the railroad train for Philadelphia. What a portraiture of human character—of the life of man—of his experiences, and of the vicissitudes of this earthly scene might have been drawn from the personal reminiscences of the individuals present! Here were hundreds of immortal spirits, all inhaling the same pure breath of heaven, all enjoying the precious boon of a gracious Providence—all gifted with intelligence, and hearts bounding with the impulses of the current of life—but to what dissimilar plans and purposes were they all to be consecrated! Here were the pure, the unholy—the devout Christian and the profane scoffer—the young and beautiful, and the aged and experienced children of humanity. One catching the inspiration of the exhilarating atmosphere to qualify him for increased usefulness to the age—another perhaps inhaling it to make it subservient to the purposes of sin and wrong! How intensely interesting to the meditative spirit!

Among these, and near me, sat a gentleman whose countenance and bearing indicated the serious earnestness of one who had learnt “to number his days so that he had applied his heart unto wisdom,” and at an early opportunity, while some of our fellow-passengers were changing their seats, I took occasion to place myself near him, for the purpose of engaging him in a friendly interchange of thought and feeling. The result was not less profitable to me than it was a verification of my anticipations.

Among the topics which naturally suggested themselves, and in that digressive aptitude which marks colloquial intercourse on such occasions, our thoughts reverted to the days of youth. We were passing out of those beautiful landscapes which are to be seen along the line of the road, and it forcibly recalled the recollections of my companion to his childhood and his home.

Without indulging in a long preamble, I may mention an incident which he related with much earnestness and simplicity, as having made a great impression upon his mind and heart. He spoke of it as being

THE FIRST DISOBEDIENCE.

"I was born," said he, "in Pennsylvania, but at an early age my parents removed to the State of New York, and located themselves at a delightful country village in the vicinity of the Hudson. Our home was a short distance from the village, and was situated in a pleasant vale, luxuriant with the flowers and plants of that region, and smiling in all the verdant richness of the indulgent Dispenser of natural beauties. The margin of an extensive garden was watered by a beautiful and gently winding stream, whose transparent waters were distilled from the fountains of the crystal rock, or showered in all their purity from the favoring clouds of heaven—the lofty and evanescent alembic of the Creator. How sweet were the silent groves where oft I went to gather the wild flower or cull the lily of the vale, and where the gay and thoughtless infant hours of childhood led the released companions of my school-boy days to indulge in their pastimes and mirthful glee. But of these we all have our recollections, and for these we all have our regrets.

"I am to tell you of my first disobedience, and the impression made upon me by my mother's conduct. Who does not love a mother's name? Who would not cherish a mother's love? Who is there whose lot has been so hard that he will not ever retain the remembrance of his mother's care? As to others I scarce can judge, but for my own I will ever preserve an ineffaceable remembrance and unextinguishable love.

"I had a sister too: a smiling, beautiful, little girl, with an eye of cerulean blue that seemed like the azure whence the starlight of its intelligence shone from its fountain like the spirit-kindling influence of the far off land. Her heart was as pure as the light of her eye was brilliant, or the cheerful melody of her laugh was buoyant and inspiring. She is gone now. The angel of death heard his commission given, his unerring shaft struck the

silver thread, and the unbound spirit sped to the Giver of its immortality. Let me too be as pure, that I may join her harmony around the Throne of the Lamb.

"In the garden of which I spoke, a quantity of rubbish had accumulated, which we wished to throw away. Accordingly, on a delightful sunny day of autumn we endeavored to obtain permission from our mother to take it and throw it over the fence into the little stream at the garden-side. This was refused for some time, fearing that we would go down to the bridge which crossed the brook, and there fall off and be drowned. We at last, by repeated promises not to venture on the forbidden spot, obtained her consent. But temptation will sometimes obtain a victory.

"Having amused ourselves for some time, with watching the rejected rubbish float down the stream, I suggested the attempt of throwing the net off the bridge so that we could watch it longer; but to this my sister objected and protested with all the power of her childish eloquence, and with all the sacredness of our united pledge. But my determination overcame her appeals, and she consented to accompany me so that I should not drown.

"We reached the bridge. One fling—'how it floats! There! See now, Mary! I told you so!' Another—more manfully done—what a chuckle of triumph I had over my conquest, and my safety. Another fling—but that last step was a step too far; I had tried too great a feat—I lost my balance and fell headlong over the bridge! I recollect nothing more until I was seated at home in the little chair, with dry clothes and my mother's kind voice falling upon my ear.

"All this may appear trifling to you—but I can never forget the tender and faithful care with which she reproved me for my disobedience, and endeavored to impress upon my heart a lesson of wisdom and truth. She placed in my hands a book of illustrated selections from the Bible, and while turning over the leaves would explain their precepts and their lessons of love, and holiness, and obedience. It was an incident I shall never forget, and while I see so many mothers who neglect the proper education

of their children in teaching them the consequences of sin, the beauty of holiness, and the excellence and wisdom of early serving the Lord, I always remember the beautiful method which my own mother took, to enforce a conviction of my sin upon my heart. If Christian mothers would thus act, the children of Christian parents would be more frequently led into a realizing of the promise, that our Heavenly Father is gracious to them that fear Him, and "showeth mercy unto thousands of them that love Him and keep his commandments."

Under the impression that the narrative, trifling as it may be, would be acceptable to your readers, and that it would contain a moral for the young to beware of the consequences of disobedience, I have committed it to its present form. If it excites similar feelings in others to those which I entertained when it was narrated, my labor will not be without its reward. The gentleman referred to is now a member of one of the most active churches in our State, and I have no doubt will not censure my appropriation of his interesting narrative.

MATERNAL ADVICE.

1. NEVER command, unless you mean to be obeyed.
2. As early as possible, establish an absolute and entire authority over your child.
3. Never make a promise, which you do not intend performing.
4. Never attempt to deceive your child, by look, word, or deed.
5. Never frighten your child into the performance of its duties.
6. Beware of incessantly finding fault.
7. Never praise or blame your child to visitors in its presence: the first will excite pride and vanity, the last anger and enmity.
8. Be not *unequal* in your government.

9. Never use *the rod*, under the *influence of passion*—and never, but through necessity—and but for sins.

10. Never give your child what it *cries*, or *teases* you for.

11. Provoke not your child to wrath, by delaying *unnecessarily* to answer it when it speaks to you. Defer not to give the information desired.

12. Refuse not to gratify their childish desires, if they be innocent and of little consequence.

G.

Charleston, Jan. 31st.



Original.

FAMILY PRAYER REMEMBERED.

“NOTHING,” exclaimed a young friend of mine, “nothing comes over me in the whirl of thoughtless pleasure like the memory of *my father’s prayers*. A hundred times have I been ready to rush into forbidden gratification, and successfully silenced even the voice of conscience, when *those prayers* and that family altar around which we were all gathered in the silent hour, would come to me like an unseen but mighty hand, suddenly arresting the career of folly and bringing me to a stop. Not an inch forward can I move in the forbidden path if that vision of love but once more visit my soul. *Those prayers!*—how often have they subdued our wild spirits, softened our little asperities of temper and melted all hearts into one. I never think of home without connecting its strongest endearments and sweetest associations with that altar of love. There was a strange mystery about it. How it was that my father could so unite our hearts with his own tender and holy aspirations, I know not. It seems to me I never can go far in the road to death, while the memory of those prayers so entrances, and, as it were, paralyzes my soul.”

Happy youth! those memories shall not be forgotten, for

know! they wove a mighty chain to link thee safe to the throne of God. They had mysterious efficacy to bind thee fast to a Savior's love! The blissful vision will return to visit thee in thy earthly trials, and encircle thee when the tempter is nigh. It will conduct thee through all thy pilgrimage, and lend thee a "staff" in the "valley and shadow of death."

Said another youth, "*I have had praying enough! Do let me have a little respite!* That *long weary prayer* which I have heard till I could run through every sentence before it was spoken, it sickens me to think of it. The cold gloomy piety which I witnessed in my childhood hangs about me like a dismal spell. I wish I could shake it off!" Yes, poor youth! better for thee if thou couldst forget that dull and heartless formality; but no, the remembrance of it will brood over thy solitary soul, unless the gentle dove, in pity to thy hapless bondage, break the iron spell, and breathe into thee the refreshing, living, loving spirit of confiding prayer!

"I too," said another, "remember the family altar, and though successive years have thrown a veil over the cherished scenes of early youth, yet in the twilight of age, how clearly do I remember the morning and evening hour, when the closed shutters and darkened room shed no sad influence on my young heart; for the tones of holy earnest supplication, fresh and glowing from an upright heart, and sustained by a consistent walk with God, could not fail to interest the feelings. There were no measured sentences or technical phrases—but humble, simple, hearty supplication, varied to family circumstances, duties and cares, but well suited to sinners addressing a holy God. It is not strange that I remember those moments 'rich in blessing' when the first gentle dew fell upon my heart."

Christian parent, as your children go forth into the sinning, tempting world, what shall be the memories of their father's altar of prayer?

E. B.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SYMPATHY BETWEEN
THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD.

An Address delivered before the New York Maternal Association.

BY REV. JACOB ABBOTT.

I SHOULD have been pleased if the ladies of this Association, in asking me to address them, had assigned me some particular topic on which to speak. The field of Christian education is a boundless one. The more we explore it, the more unlimited it seems. In entering upon it, on such an occasion as this, without some restriction, we are in danger of losing ourselves in vague generalities. With the design of guarding against this danger, I have selected for the topic of the few remarks which I propose now to address to you,

The Importance of Sympathy between the Mother and the Child.

Sympathy is very distinct from love. There may be strong love with very little sympathy. It is true they very often accompany each other. Among equals perhaps one seldom exists without the other. But between the parent and the child the instinctive affection on the one side may be very powerful, while there is no common bond of union, and consequently there will be very little return of love on the other.

To sympathize with a child is to understand, and appreciate, and in some measure to *partake of*, his feelings and desires—in all the various circumstances which awaken them. She who sympathizes with a child acquires a vast ascendancy over his mind. This is the secret of the magical influence which some persons seem to exercise over the young, and which many think they would give anything in their power to possess. The secret is in sympathy. It consists in just understanding how children think and feel, and in sharing those thoughts and feelings. Expressed thus in general terms it seems a very simple principle,—but its influence is universal in modifying all the treatment which the child receives at its parents' hands.

I have said that there is often very little sympathy between

the parent and the child. It is not surprising that this should be so. In fact we may almost consider it surprising that it should be ever otherwise. Everything tends to produce a total dissimilarity in all the habits of thought and feeling which characterize these different periods of existence. The child enters upon life dazzled and delighted with the novelty and brilliancy of the whole scene around him. For the mother, the novelty has gone,—the brilliancy has faded, and the world is decked to her in sober colors, which every year have less and less of charm. The child is thoughtless and gay. Having no responsibilities to bear, Providence has formed it incapable of feeling the burden of responsibility. The mother's heart is full of care. A heavy load rests upon her continually, which makes her eye restless and contracts her brow. The *child* is full of instinctive gladness and glee. He is happy at nothing. He laughs from the mere pleasure of laughing, and finds everything a resource for pleasure and play. The *mother* is thoughtful and sedate. Time has sobered her. Anxieties have sobered her; and perhaps sorrow. The *child* is full of imagination and vivacity, everything is seen metamorphosed or magnified. The sofa and the chairs, to his eyes, are gay carriages and spirited horses; he sees castles in the fire, and lions and tigers on the wall: the lawn is a boundless expanse of verdure, and the congregation at church a countless throng. To the mother the congregation is thin, the lawn is too contracted, the wall is a mere wall,—and the furniture plain furniture, far below the standard of her ambition. And so in regard to moral vision. The mother is removed from all temptation to take sweetmeats furtively,—to tell falsehoods,—to strike those that displease her. But the boy, full of appetites and impulses all new and all growing in strength every day, unaccustomed to the art of restraining them,—unacquainted with the necessity of restraining them, is continually going astray; and the mother, judging his transgressions by the same standard with which it would be proper to measure her own, is astonished and vexed at his faults, and wonders that her injunctions and the plain principles of duty are capable of exercising over his heart so little control. All these things combine to separate the middle-aged

from the young in heart and feeling. The mother *loves* her child—she protects him,—she watches over him,—but often she does not understand him. There is no harmony or sympathy in feeling. The desires, and hopes, and fears, and endless imaginings of the youthful heart, she does not appreciate, and of course does not share.

Where there is a want of sympathy between the parent and the child, there can be but little influence of the one over the other,—except, indeed, the influence of command and fear. Children know, by an instinct never at fault, who enter into and sympathize with their childish feelings, and who do not. If you *look down* upon their amusements and plans, as upon something beneath you,—something which you merely tolerate in them,—and perhaps tolerate reluctantly, on account of the trouble which they incidentally occasion you, they will soon feel that you and they have as it were taken opposite sides. They will feel alienated from you, or rather will feel that you have alienated yourself from them. So in regard to the faults which they commit. If you enter into their feelings, place yourself in imagination in their situations, and consider the nature and the strength of the temptations which weigh upon them, they will see in you a kind and sympathizing friend, even while you are taking the most decided and efficient measures to correct the faults into which they have fallen.

But how shall the parent learn to feel this sympathy for his children? I answer:

1. Observe them. Study them. Thousands of parents know nothing about their children. They know their faces, their names, perhaps their ages,—but of their hearts,—their hopes and fears,—the world of fancy and imagination that they live in, they know nothing. They love them, it is true. They toil incessantly to provide for their wants or to lay up a store of future wealth for them. But they do not *know* them. Now to know children we must go to them. We must lay aside our business, our wandering thoughts, our care-worn faces, and go into the centre of the little group, making ourselves one of them. There we must listen to their talk, notice their mistakes, study the hidden meaning of their actions, and from what we see acted out on their little stage,

discover the nature and movements of the hidden springs within. There can be no more interesting study than this. The subjects are all around us. They are invested with a beauty and charm unspeakable. We give enjoyment and we receive enjoyment at every step of our progress. The little world of mystery which we attempt to enter and explore, flits before us in an endless change, exposing itself by the most transparent media, and unfolding its most hidden recesses freely and spontaneously to our view. Thus the child is the most simple, the most alluring, the most useful study for the man.

Then, to study children is making sure of sympathizing with them. We cannot watch them without catching their spirit. We cannot see the world of enchantment which they live in, without entering it and learning in some measure to live in it ourselves. Thus we link ourselves to them, we catch the freemasonry of their looks and gestures. We understand them and can make them understand us, and we come into possession of that magical ascendancy which some persons seem to possess over their minds, and which many others are so much at a loss even to comprehend.

2. Learn always to put the most favorable construction upon all which your children do or say, in representing the case to them. If you hear indirectly that they have done something wrong,—suspend your judgment till you have fully learned all the particulars of the case, and listen to what they have to say with a desire to put the most favorable construction upon it. I say with a *desire* to put the most favorable construction upon it, meaning that you show a disposition at the outset to judge favorably, while you still firmly put the true construction upon it at last, even if it is an unfavorable one. If, for instance, you have given your boy leave to go out to play for half an hour. The time elapses and he does not return. Do not, as many would do in such a case, condemn him unheard and get your reproaches and invectives prepared to launch against him when he enters, and perhaps even utter some in anticipation in the hearing of the other children. Let the other children, on the contrary, see that you continue to regard him as innocent till he is proved to be

guilty. Meet him when he returns with a pleasant countenance, —a countenance expressive of hope that he can give a good reason for his absence; and if on hearing his report and faithfully though fairly scrutinising it, he appears not justified, let him see that you are disappointed and sorrowful, not vexed and angry,—let him see that you listen to his plea, not impatiently and with a prejudication against it,—but with candor and hope, and that you come to the conclusion to condemn him slowly, reluctantly, and with pain.

3. Parents who wish to secure the confidence and sympathy of their children, should never dispute with them. It is almost impossible to get engaged in a dispute without being unfair. How often do we find that the most confirmed and experienced Christians, when fairly warm even in a theological combat, lose their good-nature and candor, twist and turn the positions and arguments of their antagonists in the most unjust distortion, and struggle to crowd down and trample upon one another in the most heartless and tyrannical manner. Now this spirit is very prone to show itself in all cases of disputation. And the consequences are peculiarly disastrous when the parties are a teacher and his pupil, or a mother and her child. In such cases the stronger party is hardly ever candid and fair. The feebly and imperfectly expressed arguments of the weaker one are but half heard, and half considered. That which is perhaps deserving of but little weight is allowed not half the weight that it really deserves. The feebler party is overpowered and silenced, half by argument half by authority. He feels that he has suffered injustice though he has not the skill to show why,—and if he makes the attempt, his opponent does not wish to hear another word said about it, and ends the discussion. It requires no explanation to show how powerful the influence of such a contest 'is in destroying all sympathy and fellow-feeling,—and implanting, in their stead, a deep and lasting alienation.

If, therefore, you ever enter into any discussion whatever with a child, be his friend and helper in it, and not merely his antagonist. Aid him in expressing what he attempts to say. Encourage him. Give full force to his arguments, even if they are weak arguments.

Perhaps I ought to say, especially if they are weak arguments. If he says anything in a captious spirit, or from feelings of vanity, or a froward disposition to be on a contrary side, which children often manifest, do not be in haste to reproach him. Do not satirize him or ridicule him. Take what he says in a good sense, if it is capable of such an interpretation. Whatever there is that is specious or plausible in it be willing to see and acknowledge, and express it even more fully and strongly than he does. If you reply at all, do it deliberately and mildly, after hearing all that he has to say, and let your remarks be in the form not of a reply to what he has said, but of general instruction on the subject of the discussion.

We must always remember that it is very unsafe to retort upon our children in cases like this, in such a manner as to give them a mortifying repulse and deter them from coming to us again. They must be encouraged to come freely to us, at all times, right or wrong—by all means when wrong. If they cherish erroneous or dangerous sentiments, how much better is it that they should express them freely to us, rather than keep them concealed! Thus we may know the danger, and take deliberate and wise measures to remedy the evil.

And this leads me to say,

4. That parents, in the treatment of their children, should be careful to keep, as it were, always upon their side. Even in cases where they do wrong and become the subjects of your moral discipline, never, if it can possibly be avoided, come into an attitude of opposition to them; but keep upon their side, assuming the attitude of the friend and counsellor who endeavors to extricate them from the difficulties in which they have involved themselves. Let them not in such cases be led to regard themselves as upon one side and you upon the other. Let them rather see that it is *law* and *duty* with which they have come into collision, and that you are the friend who seeks a reconciliation. Say to them, not, You have done very wrong and I am much displeased with you,—but, You have done wrong, displeased God and destroyed your happiness,—come now, I will help you to seek his forgiveness and recover your peace of mind.

Taking part with them in this sense is by no means justifying their conduct, or blunting their sense of guilt. It is the reverse. They will be touched the more sensibly by your kindness and consideration. And you can exert a far more powerful influence upon their minds, than if you assume the attitude and tone of reproach and invective. Just as the counsel for a prisoner, if virtuous and humane, can exert a far higher influence upon the mind of the unhappy criminal, and that without compromising at all the sacred and eternal principles of right and wrong, by means of the influence which he acquires over his mind, by his very position of counsellor and defender. So we can almost always, even in the saddest cases of sin into which our children fall, and in the most decided measures of discipline to which we have occasion to resort, keep *upon their side*, and act in such a manner as to awaken no animosity or hostile feeling on their part towards us. It is true that in such cases we have to act as their judge as well as their counsellor, but this will not alter the result. The condemned criminal seldom feels any animosity towards the judge or the jailor, or even the executioner of his sentence. He sees in them, if they perform their sad function in a proper spirit, officers of justice who reluctantly and painfully perform a duty which *law* enjoins upon them. As individuals, they pity and befriend the prisoner. As magistrates, they destroy him, and the sufferer regards the instruments of his suffering with none but friendly feelings to the last.

Just so with the discipline of children. They understand whether you administer that discipline from the influence of impatience, or vexation, or vengeance,—or whether you are urged to it by a conscientious sense of duty, while in heart you pity them for their sorrows, and do all in your power to lighten and alleviate them. This view of the subject throws light on one sacred injunction, which parents, I apprehend, violate very frequently, and often, I believe, without any idea that they are transgressing the divine command;—an injunction which we seldom or never hear quoted in connection with the subject of parental duty, but on which a great many very profitable sermons might be preached. It is the injunction,—“Parents, provoke not

your children to wrath." *Parents, provoke not your children to wrath.*

It would seem from this that whenever we vex or irritate our children, we are sinning against the divine command. Is it so? Or how is this passage to be understood. I am satisfied that, rightly understood, it would condemn *us* for a *great deal* of the anger and irritation to which our children are aroused by our unwise or unskilful management,—a kind of management that we are led into, by very wrong feelings;—which we express perhaps in restrained and gentle tones, but which are very wrong notwithstanding, and which utterly vitiate the moral effect of all that we do.

The effect of keeping the heart of the parent always in a state of communion and sympathy with that of the child is not only to clothe him with great moral power,—it tends to add to his happiness. Childhood is the season of happiness; by sympathizing with childhood we share its joys, we bring back, as it were, the sweet influences of early days over our minds again, and share in the hilarity, the romance, the light-heartedness of our glad companions. The cares and anxieties of life, which would otherwise be our ceaseless burden, relax their pressure. The restless dissatisfaction with the past and the striving after something future, which impels us to nearly all the toils and labors of life, give way to a quiet enjoyment of the present hour. The dull, sober, sombre hues with which the world comes to be decked after forty years' experience of its emptiness and vanity,—are replaced by a far more cheerful coloring when, by joining our children, we take our view from their position, and see, as it were, with their eyes. Thus it is that the *spectacle* which would be dull and irksome to you alone, is a source of great pleasure when you go to it in company with a child. Your juvenile companion is the life and soul of your *journey*, his presence is the great element of pleasure in your walk or your ride. It is not so much that he says or does anything which is directly a source of enjoyment to you, but by being with him and observing his thoughts and feelings you enter yourself into the spirit of them while in his presence,—you see the world with his eyes, you share in his

admiration,—you catch the spirit of his romance, and your heart becomes young again. This effect is unfailing and universal. Even in showing the moon to an infant we share his wonder at its brilliancy and beauty, and the grandfather spinning a top for his grandson revives in his own heart a capacity for a kind of pleasure which has perhaps lain dormant for fifty years; and which nothing but sympathy with a boy's delight could have ever awakened again. Let him, therefore, who loves care, solicitude and anxiety, give all his hours to business,—but let him who seeks for happiness give a part of every day to his children.

In conclusion, I must remark that I should be very sorry if anything that I have said on the importance of a kind, and gentle, and sympathizing treatment of the young, were to be considered, by any one, as encouraging a relaxation of that efficiency of government, which the parent ought to exert over the child. I think these views have no such tendency. There must be a most decided and efficient government over the young, or they are never safe. They must be required to submit, not to the mother's reasons but to her authority. In all your free and familiar intercourse with your child, you must remember that you are his parent still,—the vicegerent of God, entrusted with a very absolute power over him, which you are bound to preserve and to exercise, mildly indeed but firmly. I have urged you to act the part of his counsellor and friend,—in doing it do not forget that you are his mother, and that while you endeavor to lead him by the influence of affection as much as you can, you are still bound to preserve your authority unimpaired, and to keep him at all times under an efficient and complete control. But I am sure that on the principles which I have now advocated, this may be done far more easily and effectually than in any other way.

To stand aloof from children and attempt to govern them by the dread force of authority, may be better perhaps than no government at all; but it is a hard and thankless work, a work attended with resistance and friction at every step, and which leads to miserable results in the end. On the other hand to come to them, to mingle with them, to catch in a measure their spirit, so that they may perceive that their feelings are understood,—their difficulties, trials, and sorrows appreciated, and their frailties and follies judged justly, is to acquire an easy and powerful ascendancy over their hearts and their conduct.

A MAN ONCE A FATHER IS A FATHER
FOR EVER.

A MAN ONCE A FATHER, IS A FATHER FOR EVER. He may be subject to many and painful vicissitudes of fortune, to loss of friends, estate, and reputation. He may be exiled from the playgrounds of his youth, and the sepulchres of his ancestry; he may be doomed to all that is drudgeline in labor, that is painful in suffering, or that is loathsome in disease. He may be reduced from the loftiest elevation of fame and fortune, to the humblest hovel in the vale of obscurity, but once a father, he is a father for ever.

The ever-moving tide of earthly affairs may remove his children to a distance, the most remote; disease may enfeeble, or accident may maim; prodigality may reduce them to want, or crime incarcerate them in the gloom of a prison, yea, even expose them as the devotees of vice, infamously suspended on the gibbet, but still the relation continues, the indestructible character of the father remains as firm as when at first his infant's cries kindled parental feelings in his bosom.

Hence we ought to regard the birth of our children as an event having an eternity of importance associated with it. Our children appear on this stage of action, candidates for endless felicity or woe. A destiny of honor or infamy, of pleasure or pain, is inevitable; be happy or miserable, they must; either the joys of heaven or the fires of hell must conclude their history; and much, very much depends on parents, in which of these states their children shall find their ultimate and unalterable doom.

The responsibility of parents is, therefore, one of fearful magnitude, and one that should be most scrupulously regarded with an humble dependence on the divine assistance, and a steady reference to that future and eternal world, where the transactions of the present life will be matter of careful review and impartial retribution.—*Selected.*

Original.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"Oh, I have wak'd at midnight, and have wept
Because she was not!——— COLERIDGE.

THERE is something hallowed in the spot where lie the ashes of my mother. Years have passed since she rested from her labors; and now, as my feet press the earth near her tomb-stone, a spirit seems ever to whisper, "This place is holy ground." The little village of sepulchres where she sleeps is in a wild, secluded part of the town which was the home of my childhood. The blue violet and the sweet briar grow there, and there are heard the notes of many a forest bird. A gentle stream meanders near it, and its low murmurings, as it struggles along over its stony bed, fall with soothing cadence on the ear of the sorrowing pilgrim. The stone that marks my mother's resting-place is near the road side, and the passer-by may read the few lines upon that humble tablet, without entering the enclosure. The scenes of that ever memorable day, when we stood around the new-made grave, are fresh as if I had witnessed them but yesterday. Oh, it seemed as the earth closed over her coffin, that my heart was buried there.

Green was the grass on her lonely dwelling, when I last visited this cherished spot. Eighteen summers before, we laid her there; we then planted the evergreen at her headstone, and taught the rose and forget-me-not to bloom on the mound. There they still grew, alike tokens of filial love and emblems of the unfading wreath of those who die in the Lord. I love these flowers. They seem like faithful companions of her solitude—faithful when all besides have forsaken. Oft have I watered them with my tears, while I breathed a silent prayer that they might still live and flourish, to strew their petals on that grave.

How many scenes in which that dear departed one participated, have passed in review while standing there! She was a fond and tender mother. Even when obliged to be severe in her discipline, one might perceive how her heart yearned with maternal love, and

in such circumstances, she would sometimes turn away her face to hide a tear. She was a godly mother. Many a time has she retired, with the children on whom she doated, to the mercy-seat, and poured forth her fervent supplications for their spiritual well-being.

Dear, dear guide of my erring childhood ! I have grieved thee oft with my waywardness ; thy tenderness have I many times repaid with ingratitude. Oh, I have forgotten thy counsels, in an unguarded moment, and told but too plainly how little worthy I was of such a mother. But with all my forgetfulness and neglect, I have loved thee fondly, constantly. Yes, blest one,

———“He who counts above
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That being knows how I have loved thee ever !”

Are not the spirits of departed saints allowed to revisit their friends in this world, on errands of mercy and love ? I know not that there is sufficient warrant in the word of God for this belief ; but to me it seems highly probable. Ministering spirits, we are expressly informed, the angels are to those who shall be the heirs of salvation ; and why may not the redeemed ones, constituted angels, perform the same kind offices for those most beloved in this lower world ? Oh, I may believe it. My heavenly Father will not chide me if it be an error. I will believe it and bind the dear truth to my heart. Thanks, sweet bard, for those lines :

“ Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend—
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green—
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view.”

My mother ! thou hast gone, and I may not behold thee till the morning of the Resurrection ; but methinks thou art my guardian angel still. Methinks ever and anon I feel thy sweet influence in guiding my feet, and in leading me onward to thy heavenly home. The thought shall cheer me in my journey through

this wilderness; and I will bless my Father in heaven that though I see thy face, and hear thy voice no more, I am not utterly bereft of a mother's tender care.

F. C. W.

Norwalk, Ct., March, 1844.



Original.

AGENCY OF MOTHERS.

"It is unquestionable, that the hopes of human society and the hopes of the Church of God are to be found in the character, in the views, and in the conduct of mothers."—*Rev. E. N. Kirk.*

There is probably no fact better authenticated, and placed beyond the reach of doubt, than that God employs human agents for the accomplishment of His purposes to human beings, and in selecting His agents He chooses those who are best qualified, by physical, mental and moral training, to accomplish the end in view.

He did not command John to fight with beasts at Ephesus, nor Paul to say, "little children, love one another;" and on this principle He commissioned *men* and not *angels* to preach the gospel. He did this because, coming to their fellow-men with human sympathies, as partakers of a common humanity—breathing the breath of the same existence—agitated by like hopes and fears, "subject to like passions" as themselves—and preaching from their own experience,—they are better adapted to the ministerial work. For this reason has He committed to *women* the new-born soul that she may train it up for immortality; it is God's design, and nature instinctively prompts us to obey Him.

To the mother peculiar facilities are afforded for moulding the

intellect, and forming the habits of those who will soon be actors on the stage of life. She has ready access to each mind, in its every condition of joy and sorrow, in sickness and health, in the open air and by the fireside. She is entrusted with the religious culture of deathless souls, and it should be her chief aim, her earnest, heartfelt and prayerful desire to guide them in the way to eternal life ; to induce them to forsake their sins, and fly for refuge from the wrath to come, to that Savior who died to redeem them.

Children are sinners,—and few there are among them who naturally incline to the teachings of religion ;—they need to be told of their necessities, and the means provided for their relief ; the truth, to be effectual, must be brought in close contact with the mind ; the cross, if it heal them, must be upreared in their sight, and who so pre-eminently qualified to do it as the *Mother* ?

She can minister in spiritual things to those whom the preacher cannot reach ; she is their *pastor*—chosen and installed by God ; she is settled over them for life, and her influence with them is almost unbounded,—it is continuous ; she is at all times in the midst of her little congregation, and though her sphere may not be as wide as that of the preacher, she has her flock more immediately under her influence ; and she can give them the pure gospel to drink, dipping it up from the limpid streams.

The mother is a “living epistle, known and read of all” her children, and through them to all mankind ; and she should be particularly cautious and guarded in her conduct and conversation, for, with her every act, a train of impulses is originated which shall never lose their influence. She can scarcely take a step in the consequences of which others are not deeply involved, as well as herself.

In no instance does she stand alone ; her *principles, habits and conduct*, powerfully affect all her household ; and she is the star, by whose genial or unfriendly influence, their present and future destiny is, in a great measure, to be determined. Her example, her prayers, her tears and her labors are to tell on their eternal weal or wo, and through them on others—until “time shall be no

more," and then only will be revealed all the good or all the evil which *one mother* may accomplish.

Her position, giving vast means for doing good, involves a great responsibility—and she is, of all others, bound to use these means which God has placed in her hands; and while she labors for their spiritual welfare as if all depended upon human instrumentality, she should "pray and wait," knowing that no effort will avail without the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit. Like the careful husbandman, she should well prepare the ground, and cast in the good seed, and then wait for the "early and the latter rain," knowing that without the blessing of the God of the harvest, all will be in vain.

As surely as light and heat and moisture have an effect upon vegetation, just as surely will her intercourse with her children exert an influence, either salutary or deleterious, which will form an inseparable part of their characters. Her teachings and example will help to prepare them to be happy and useful—a bright example of all the social and kindly virtues—honorable members of society,—pillars in the church of God, and at last to shine as the stars for ever;—or they will exert an influence to make them miserable and degraded, a blighting, withering curse in society, and at last to sink in the blackness of darkness for ever.

Let then her teachings be such, that when she is called to her rest, her children will take up the work, and publish abroad the gospel she has taught them to love; and when she, with the children whom God hath given her, shall stand before Him, in the presence of assembled worlds, then will thousands and tens of thousands, to whom her instructions have descended and been sanctified, rise up and pronounce her blessed, as she is called to enter the joy of her Lord.

S. C. B. T.

Fair Haven, Conn.

Original.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

A few years ago, you were surrounded by infant children—in the midst of laborious, yet cheerful cares, engrossed with the great idea of carrying into full execution those favorable methods which, with the promised blessing, you hoped would result in their conversion to God.

As this one thought filled your minds by day and occupied your dreams at night, how softly and carefully did you walk before them; what simple truth marked your expressions, what confiding trust in your Preserver, Provider and Redeemer? and how willingly you allowed them to look into the recesses of your heart, and see where you had placed your confidence, and learn that the "name of the Lord is a strong tower."

A beautiful picture it was for the poet or painter, and a beautiful *reality* it was for the angels to look upon in their visits to earth, and if even the ministries of celestial spirits may be expected, is it not in the quiet home, when the little ones breathe the evening supplication, and lie upon the pillow with fresh and loving thoughts of the Good Shepherd? What mother has not turned away from the bed, peacefully saying, "*And angels guard the room,*" as she leaves them for the night's repose.

But the mother's charge. The little ones are no longer clinging to her bosom—the tenderness and dependence of childhood have given place to the manly form and the blush of maidenhood. They walk abroad in society; character is in a great measure formed. Much has been done for them, and a goodly harvest is reaped. They may be all gathered into the Church of Christ. But is the heavenly work all ended? Need we no more the self-discipline and watchfulness—the "softly walking" and continued prayer? no more the tender care of an unsleeping Providence or the gentle ministry of angels? Are we so filled with heavenly influences that we shall naturally move on under the strong assistance afforded in the infancy of our children?

They have gone forth from the sacred enclosure into a world

strangely linked into the Church of Christ. Their observations may sometimes perplex and humble us. Said a young lady, "How is it that I see mothers so busy in making arrangements for their daughters, why so anxious to contrive matters successfully for them to form worldly connexions? I had always been taught to believe that God was the Great Regulator of our earthly concerns, and that our part was to refer these matters to his disposal." Is not more grace required, now that our children are taking lessons from society, to meet such inquiries, and solve perplexities that may arise in trying to connect the simple faith and love, taught from parental lips, with the *prevailing standard of Christian practice*?

Do we not need Divine Wisdom to enable us rigidly to dispose of the worldly maxims which our adult children bring home to the family circle—a wisdom able to teach them how to separate the true from the false—clearly to separate Christian courtesy from dissimulation?

In short, as we change with increasing years are we *less* dependant on the grace which alone can keep us from falling?

Rochester, February 22.



THE SLANDERER.

"THE SLANDERER, who secretly set an evil suspicion in motion, smiled as it formed into rumor, and exulted as it gained credence in the neighborhood or the church, fancied to himself, at first, certain limits within which its effects would be confined. But an ordinary degree of attention would have seen these limits yielding as the air and boundless as the horizon of human existence. And was he not capable of that reflection; and was he not under obligation to exercise it, in all cases, and more especially in those which concern the welfare and happiness of others?"

NOTICE OF BOOKS.

BOOK FOR PARENTS.—THE GENIUS AND DESIGN OF THE DOMESTIC CONSTITUTION, WITH ITS UNTRANSFERABLE OBLIGATIONS, AND PECULIAR ADVANTAGES. By CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON.

The frequent inquiries for this book have induced us to republish it. The work is what its title claims: THE BOOK FOR PARENTS. It treats of the sacred relations and duties which grow out of the domestic constitution. There is no volume before the Christian community containing such an able discussion of the great duties and obligations of Parents. It is eminently adapted to be useful to those who sustain these solemn and weighty responsibilities. Published at the office of the Mother's Magazine. Neatly bound in muslin. Price \$1.00.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, A. M., by JOHN HOLLAND; with an Introductory Letter by JAMES MONTGOMERY; together with Letters and Reminiscences never before published. Sixth edition. NEW YORK. Published by D. MEAD, office of the Mother's Magazine.

There is an odor of sanctity, a hallowed sweet remembrance, connected with the name of SUMMERFIELD, which makes it ever delightful to recall his name. "Whom the gods love die young," though a heathen maxim, was beautifully illustrated in the death of this pure spirit. It is almost twenty years since his early career was terminated here—a career how brief,—how brilliant! Yet it seems but as yesterday since his persuasive voice was falling upon our ears like music—sounding even now like the rich melody of a bright vision. It was our pleasure to read the interesting Memoir of Mr. Holland in manuscript, before the original publication; but we were not aware until the receipt of the present volume that it had gone to a sixth edition. Each, we believe, has been rendered more valuable than its predecessor by the addition of new matter, and the present more valuable than all, as it contains copious selections from the literary remains of the gifted subject.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL QUALITIES TRANSMISSIBLE. NEW YORK. WILEY AND PUTNAM.

This book has attracted some considerable notice. Its authoress has made extensive research and obtained some striking illustrations of her positions. If the moral as well as the mental faculties are transmissible, what a weight of responsibility is thrown upon such parents as neglect mental and moral cultivation? The book deserves a careful perusal.

WALKS OF USEFULNESS, OR, REMINISCENCES OF MRS. MARGARET PRIOR. NEW YORK. Brick Church Chapel, 36 Park Row.

The life of Mrs. Prior is a happy illustration of the good the follower of the Savior may do in the common walks of life. It was her pleasure to feed the hungry; to take in the stranger;—to clothe the naked;—to visit the sick and the prisoner. And we trust she has received the approbation of Him who said, "Come, ye blessed of my Father."

T H E

M O T H E R ' S M A G A Z I N E .

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MAY, 1844.  
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Original.

THE DEATHLESS INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"I HAVE RECEIVED ASSURANCE, THAT MY CHILD WILL LIVE WITH ME IN HEAVEN."—These words, like a well defined and strongly impressed vision of the night, have afforded a theme for solemn and sometimes delightful contemplation, from the writer's earliest recollection to the present hour. With the exception of some thirty months of his life, during which Hume and Gibbon, and some others of like sentiments, had seduced him into opposition to the Christian system, the influence of these words upon his conversation and conduct has been all powerful and pervading. And even during that period, the most gloomy of his history, these words that have followed him like a spectrum gave him, at intervals, more embarrassment, than did the arguments, the persuasion, and the earnest entreaties of all the followers of Christ with whom he came in contact. The reasoning of the minister upon eternal things, though half angelic, he could put to flight with a jest, or repel with a sophism. His sweetest strains of persuasive eloquence he could pronounce fanatical; and his zeal he could brand as enthusiasm. But there was a subject rarely discussed in those days, and but too rarely discussed in these, to which allusion was never made in the hearing of the writer, without striking a chord, which thrilled through every fibre of his heart, and set into operation a train of emotions, which argued more convincingly for the truth and value of the Christian religion, than all the sermons he

had ever heard. That subject was parental obligation and filial duty. It was impossible to touch this theme directly or remotely without giving new power and distinctness to the returning echoes of a dying mother's love.

The writer's mother died when he was but nineteen days old. His father when he was six years old. He has no distinct recollection of his father's features, never having seen him but once, and that once, when the writer was only two or three years old. He has no knowledge of either father or mother, save what he has learned principally from his maternal grand-parents, upon whom devolved his maintenance, protection, and education, and for whose care and tenderness he was never sufficiently grateful. The short and simple account given him of his mother has been stamped upon his heart and memory, like the image of Phidias upon the shield of Minerva. Its erasure involves the total destruction of the fabric upon which it was impressed. Or to borrow a figure better suited to the subject, it was written, as the writer believes, "not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God, not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart." The writer, at a very tender age, listened with intense interest when he was told, that his mother was among the most amiable and pious of her sex. That she was kind to everybody, and delighted in deeds of benevolence. That she was meek and gentle and universally beloved. That she was a special favorite with children and servants. That she stood high in the affections of the poor. That her conversation was always cheerful and entertaining. That her manners were easy and agreeable. That she was a fast and faithful friend, and a companion whose society was never wearisome. That she was a dutiful, obedient and affectionate daughter, a most attentive and loving sister. That she led a life of constant watchfulness and prayer, and that her death was eminently peaceful and happy. When the writer would know something about death, what it was, and how it came about, the narrator would reply, it is God's messenger, the Christian's friend, and the wicked man's tormentor; but, it was added, death has treated your mother with the utmost kindness. He came for her clothed in his loveliest habiliments, and invited her to join the family of

the redeemed in heaven. All, continued our informant, have a short journey to make through this little world, and as some travel more rapidly than others, they of course enter earlier upon the confines of the world to come ; but the length of time taken is of little consequence, if we find the right way. Many are careless about what route they take, and such are neither happy on their journey, nor at their journey's end. The right way is marked out with great plainness on a large map, which God has given to mankind, called the Bible. And if you, my son, desire to see your mother, and live with her for ever, when you leave this earth, you must become familiar with this map, you must be virtuous, truthful and pious.

God has taken your mother home to dwell with him, said the faithful narrator, at an earlier period of her life, than many who reach womanhood, and you cannot tell how glad she was to be permitted to go. While living, she ministered much to our comfort. To us, her life was unspeakably precious, and yet we had no sorrow in her death ; we felt, that, "for her to depart, and be with Christ was far better." Our own hopes were brightened, and our faith confirmed by the circumstances of that event. A new and a golden chain of love was let down from heaven in that solemn and affecting hour, which gently encircled our hearts, and bound them, we trust for ever, to the throne of the living and true God.

Two leading ideas were early inculcated with regard to this world. First, that it is a mere starting point to another much larger and more durable. Secondly, that it is by no means desirable for a good man to remain long in it, and that the better people are the sooner they would like to pass through it, because the sooner would they reach the highest and happiest state of which man is capable. But far the deepest and most indelible impression ever made upon the writer's mind, was that produced by a still more particular rehearsal of the manner of his mother's death, and of the last words she was ever heard to utter. The writer was told that the only lack of preparation she exhibited, when the physician reluctantly admitted that her hour of dissolution was at hand, was a thrilling concern that passed over her soul in regard to her infant boy. Before that, she had

talked freely and most encouragingly of her own prospects in view of the grave. She had mildly rebuked the tender-hearted physician, for what she considered an attempt to conceal from the family and herself, the real state of her case—assured him that death was no gloomy topic to her—that she was patiently waiting her master's call, and would esteem it a great privilege to be summoned home that day, if it were her master's will. And now that the physician had added the weight of his opinion to the strength of her conviction, that her pilgrimage was nearly ended, she requested to look once more upon her child. He was brought to her bedside. She fixed her eyes upon him for a little season; then slowly turned her face to the wall. From the deathlike stillness which prevailed for fifteen minutes or more, the family supposed she was about to depart without another word, but suddenly she turned again to the weeping friends, and with a heavenly smile playing over her countenance, she clasped her hands together, and in a clear and full tone of voice, and with apparent ecstasy of feeling, she exclaimed, "*I have received assurance that my child will live with me in heaven.*" And then, deliberately folding her arms across her breast, perfectly contented and perfectly happy, her spirit winged its way to "*mansions in the skies.*"

G. M. D.

Americus, Ga.

 THE CHEERFUL HOME.

There is one bright enchanting spot,
 Where love and beauty glow,
 Which oft the glorious grace of God
 Hath made a heaven below.

And in that covenant-sheltered place
 There is a radiant gem,
 More precious than the ocean-pearls,
 Or empire's diadem !

Oh, keep that gem, ye plighted ones,
 Nor from that spot depart,
That spot is home, delightful home !
That gem the faithful heart.

POWER OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

MANY years ago a German left his country, and with his family came into the State of Pennsylvania to live there. He was a poor man, and had a large family. There were no schools there during the week, or on the Sabbath, and no churches. So the poor man used to keep his family at home on the Sabbath, and teach them from God's word,—for he was a very good man. In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada between the French and the English. The Indians joined the French, and used to go to Pennsylvania, burn houses, murder the people, and carry off everything they wanted. They found the dwelling of this poor German. The man, and his oldest boy, and two little girls named Barbara and Regina, were at home, while the wife and one of the boys were gone to carry some grain to the mill, a few miles off. The Indians at once killed the man and his son, and took the two little girls, one aged ten and the other nine, and carried them away, along with a great many other weeping children whom they had taken after murdering their parents. It was never known what became of Barbara, the oldest girl; but Regina, with another little girl two years old, whom Regina had never seen before, were given to an old Indian woman, who was very cruel. Her only son lived with her, and supported her, but he was sometimes gone for several weeks, and then the old woman used to send the little girls to gather roots and herbs in the woods, for the old woman to eat; and, when they did not get enough, she used to beat them cruelly. Regina never forgot her good father and mother, and the little girl always kept close to her. She taught the little girl to kneel down under the trees and pray to the Lord Jesus, and to say over with her all the hymns which her parents had taught her. In this state of slavery these children lived for nine long years, till Regina was about nineteen, and her little friend was eleven years old. Their hearts all this time seemed to wish for that which is good. They used to repeat not only the texts of

Scripture which Regina could remember, but there was one favorite hymn which they often said over. It was the same hymn which you have just now been saying to me! In the year 1764, the kindness of God brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were. He conquered the Indians, and made them ask for peace. He granted it on condition that all the white prisoners and captives should be given him. More than four hundred were brought to the Colonel; and among them, these two girls. They were all poor wretched looking objects. The Colonel carried them to a town called Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, and had it printed in all the newspapers, that all the parents who had lost children by the Indians, might come and see if they were among the four hundred poor captives. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother—a poor widow, among others, went to Carlisle to see if she could find her children! But when she got there, she did not and could not know Regina. She had grown up, and looked, and dressed, and spoke like the Indians. The mother went up and down among the captives weeping, but could not find her child. She stood gazing and weeping, when Colonel Bouquet came up and said, "do you recollect *nothing* by which your child might be discovered?" She said she recollected nothing but a hymn which she used often to sing to her children, and which is as follows:—

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer.
I am with him and he with me,—
E'en here alone I cannot be!"

The Colonel desired her to sing the hymn as she used to do. Scarcely had the poor mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the Colonel gave the daughter up to her mother. But the other little girl had no parents. They had probably been murdered. She clung to Regina, and would not let her go, and so she was taken home with Regina, though her mother was very poor. Regina began to ask "after the book in which God speaks to us." But her mother had no Bible—for the Indians burned her Bible when they burned

her house and killed her family. Her mother resolved to go to Philadelphia and buy a Bible; but her good minister gave her one, and it was found that Regina could read it at once.



Original.

THREE YEARS OLD.

WE often hear sage comments on the different periods of life and their various characteristics—Youth and its gaiety; middle age, with its matter-of-fact calculation; and old age, with its sombre hue and saddened aspect, casting a retrospective glance over the lengthened past and fearfully contemplating the darkness of the grave; or, cheered by the hope of the gospel, lifting the eye of faith, to behold the dawn of an *eternal* day.

But listen to a *mother's* musings, as the prattle of her little one, so lately learned, breaks on her ear. The infant of *days*, from the extreme of helplessness and want, has become an intelligent, curious, active child. Three years in its age produce a vast change in intellect and heart, and throughout the "miniature man." Delighted with the consciousness of *being* it springs on the arena of existence, with all the buoyancy and eagerness of mere animal life. Surrounded by the endearments of home, reciprocating, with infantile and childish glee, the fond caresses of dear friends, it seems equally secure from all care and all sorrow. But is it so?—Ah no. The first cry of pain, or unappeased desire, from that deathless little one, declared it to be a child of a fallen race, and heir to, and even now subject to, the various ills which constantly meet our vision. It is in vain for us to attempt to close our eyes on this truth, and by a fanciful and brilliant image of the future, flatter ourselves that an exception is made in behalf of the object of our care and interest. Better is it for the *Christian* parent to fix her attention on the bright promise of a Savior's love, and looking on her babe as a treasure of inestimable value, as an immortal being, entrusted to her for wise and holy purposes, endeavor to train it, not for one individual, or one family, but as a servant of the King eternal, a

friend, in active friendship of the whole human race. How *infinitely* short of this high aim do we fall, when we suffer our attention to be circumscribed by the mere consideration of the beauty of its external envelopements ! In the weakness and imbecility of infancy, while the germ of moral being is yet to human view scarcely perceptible, we should guard against the practical admissions of the sentiment, that the infant before us has a merely physical existence, and care for its physical wants and adornments is all that should absorb our minds. Though it may be clad in the finest texture of the loom, finished by the most delicate of foreign needlework ; and though earth's mines, and ocean's caves, be made tributary to its use, the value of this exterior is less than that of the rough husk of the cocoa-nut, for that protects the precious fruit within, and to this is oftener sacrificed the priceless soul. A curse this, attendant on transgression, which no created eye, less keen than that of the sable enemy of God and man, would ever have descried.

Three years ! This being of a day, has in this time passed through each successive period of interest, in the first stages of infancy. Its baby features have been scanned, the real or imaginary resemblances traced, the color of its eye decided, and the first efforts of the soul, in its earliest perceptions, as manifested through this organ, have been noted by maternal vigilance.— A name, too, has been presented, clustered with new and glowing associations ; as if the fibres of a mother's heart had twined with the grace and luxuriance of the vine, and corded each letter closely to itself. Time would fail, to enumerate the various items of interest in a mother's catalogue ; but soul is the source whence they all emanate. It is the *gem* which gives value to the *casket*. If the little face is plump and fair, the head adorned with the soft silken curls of infancy, the rounded limbs in dimpled fulness betraying the joints of the delicate framework, a thrill of pleasure it may be glides through the mother's breast ; but who ever heard of a defect of beauty, in any, or all of these, diminishing the intensity of her affection. On the contrary, does not the emaciation of disease, and even the deformity of the unfortunate, elicit a yet stronger evidence of maternal affection, and does not this prove that it is indeed the soul which so wonderfully draws a mother's

love? And who has formed the mother's soul with these emotions, and these capacities of *increased* emotion? Is it an Almighty hand? Is it a being, in wisdom infinite, who never made aught in vain? And has he given this child a *mother*, that it may be trained for *this* world's applause or admiration? Shall it, either in person or intellect, be trained for *time*, irrespective of its never ending existence—irrespective of its moral obligations to the God who made it, and to its fellow immortals? We know that it is impossible that an infinite being should entertain these finite views, and waste untold energies to so unworthy a purpose. Then, as mothers, deeply concerned in so important a question, as *Christian* mothers, who, before angels and men to witness, have vowed to devote ourselves to the love and service of God, and of course to endeavor in all possible ways to advance his cause; reverently let us ask, why has an omnipotent God implanted in a mother's breast such peculiar and powerful principles of undying affection towards her offspring? Is it not, that through this, sanctified, the child may be taught, that God is, and should be, the centre and circumference of the affections of his heart, and the acts of his being, in time, and in *eternity*.

When shall we awake to *just* views, of so high, and holy, and delightful a responsibility?

D. S.



"If any of Rousseau's disciples should interpose his impertinent opinion, that, as yet, nothing should be said to the child respecting God, because it is not yet capable of comprehending him, they may be met with the question, 'Do ye comprehend God?' and dismissed with that sacred word, 'Become like unto children.' The child that prays in its simplicity has more religion than the self-complacent philosopher. If, then, parents desire to bring up their children as true worshippers of God, they should begin, early, on the basis of pious feeling, to give them instruction respecting God."

Original.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

As to the *fact* of woman's influence, there can be among the well informed but one opinion. Indeed at the outset, God permitted the first woman to put forth her power in such a way, as to be felt by each and every one of her descendants. The moment her mind lost its original purity, and was bent upon a course of sensual indulgence, she began with fatal success to employ those arts, which woman in such circumstances knows too well how to use, to seduce her husband from his allegiance to God, and thus rendered it certain that all her posterity would commence their moral agency rebels against the Divine government. This mournful example of what the first woman *did* is but a specimen on a larger scale of what every malicious woman *can* do. For whether we consult the testimony of sacred or profane history, it brings us to the same conclusion, viz. that the excellence or infamy of *men* can usually be traced to the spirit that presides over the nursery, putting its image and superscription on the young and ductile minds committed to its care. The good and bad men of different ages are the *fac-similes* of the Hannahs and Jezebels who gave them birth, and directed their education. Indeed it may be said without hyperbole, that the hand which rocks the cradle, rules the world. For the first impressions are almost ever the strongest; the first emotions, as they are the most vivid, are also most enduring; *these*, it is the mother's province to excite and foster; and *these* are the elements of the *future* character. The channel, therefore, in which the stream of action begins to flow, is opened by her hand; a stream, which seldom leaves the channel first worn. And hence by the rigor or imbecility of her mind, she is expected of course to give character to the mental habits of her son; and by the purity or perverseness of her heart to impart the main impulse to his moral feelings.

In this connection, I have often been struck with the fact, that the Bible, in giving the history of any wicked King of Israel or Judah, records the name of his mother, as if she had stamped

upon him the character which made him infamous, and his influence destructive. Thus it is said, that Ahaziah was two-and-twenty years old, when he began to reign, that his mother's name was Athaliah, and that he did evil in the sight of the Lord. Thus also we are told of Abijah, the grandson of Solomon, and who was perhaps the first who filled the land with idolatry, that his mother's name was Maachah. In like manner, to account for the *peculiar* wickedness of Jehoram, we have the following statement. "He walked in the ways of the kings of Israel, as did the house of Ahab; for *the daughter of Ahab was his wife.*" And the prime mover of mischief and idolatry in that house was Jezebel, the original mother.

Now, why are these facts so carefully noted in the inspired record, unless to illustrate the general principle, that the bane of the nation was found in the *nurseries* of her kings, where infant minds were tainted and poisoned by their Jezebel mothers? and that, being thus early led into sin, when in after life they gained the throne, their baleful influence was felt in spreading wickedness around them, till the nation was carried away into captivity, and the land left a desolation. But this career of guilt and declension was sometimes checked by a king of a widely different character; and what is remarkable is, that the current of redeeming influence here was set in motion by a pious mother. Thus Josiah, who did so much to reform and elevate the kingdom, had for his mother Jedidah; a name which at once announces her piety and her worth.

It cannot be doubted, then, that the influence of woman is great, both to pollute and degrade society, and to refine and elevate it. Indeed she has but to say so, and licentiousness with its black catalogue of woes spreads at once over every land. The depravity of man's heart is, alas! too ready to second her bidding in this matter. The world is full of those simple ones, of whom Solomon speaks, who are easily led into the haunts of the licentious woman. "For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many *strong* men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

On the other hand, let her mind and heart be on the side of

truth and purity, and let her determination be spoken out and carried into effect, that the profane and lewd shall not be admitted into her society, and who can doubt that the debauchees and seducers of our land will quail before her rebuke, thus administered ?

I will only add, that as the condition of morals in every age has ever corresponded to the character of woman, so every true friend of his race earnestly desires, that she should occupy the position in society, intended for her by the Creator, and that she should nobly and fully meet all its responsibilities. And never since the world began have those responsibilities been thus met without an effect on the public welfare as decisive and salutary, as the action of that mighty agent in the atmosphere, that thunders and lightens for its purification !

H O M E .

THERE is something in the word *home*, that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render that place so dear ; but the very hills and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of home, "sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years, a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay. No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, when the morning or the evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls where in childhood we have often strayed to pluck the violet, or the lily, or to twine a garland for some loved school-mate. We may wander away, and mingle in the "world's fierce strife," and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth ; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's

scenes, and we roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave—and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant, though mournful to the soul. The Swiss general—who leads his army into a foreign land, must not suffer the sweet airs of Switzerland to be sung in the hearing of his soldiers; for at the thrilling sound they would leave the camp, and fly away to their own green hills. The African—torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chains, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and strifes and toil may have crushed his spirit—all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams! The New England mariner—amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the ever-green Isles, or coasting along the shore of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lip of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of Home.

There is one spot where none will sigh for home. The flowers that blossom there will never fade; the crystal waters that wind along those verdant vales will never cease to send up their heavenly music; the clusters hanging from trees o'ershadowing its banks will be immortal clusters; and the friends that meet, will meet for ever.—*Selected.*

MARY MAGDALENE.

"JESUS SAITH TO HER, MARY."—We ordinarily read the New Testament in its historical and preceptive parts as a thrice told tale. It has been familiar to us from the time of our earliest recollections, and we often find, in pausing on a passage, that the ideas which it has always called up in our minds, are those of the child, uncorrected by the reflection of riper years. We do not easily rid ourselves of first impressions, and are too little inclined to review opinions even when hastily formed.

It would be exceedingly injudicious to leave the perusal of the scriptures till mature years. To become familiar with them it is necessary to begin in childhood, when the memory receives the most lasting impressions. This is the best period, too, to educate the conscience aright, and to incorporate religious and virtuous principles into the very soul. The Bible is read as a sacred book—its teachings take strong hold of the conscience before age has passed over it, its searing hand. Yet with these benefits there are some disadvantages. The young mind derives certain ideas from language, which, though generally, are not always correct. And we are occasionally startled, all through life, in looking into the book of our childhood, to find that we had retained impressions derived from our early reading obviously erroneous. We wonder that we had never before discovered this. The Bible being usually more read and more familiar to us in early life than any other book, we ought to peruse it in our riper years with studied care and concentrated attention.

It is pleasant sometimes to pause on a simple narrative, contained, it may be, in but a verse or two—to draw around us all the circumstances of time, place, personages and scenery—to visit the distant and bring back the past, and invest the whole with the living image of present reality—to make ourselves lookers-on and listeners in the very scene itself.

Mary Magdalene has been unrighteously invested with a character, in her early life, of debasing impurity. Whatever we may have derived from Romish legends and Italian paintings,

we get no such idea from the simple language of the New Testament. She is there represented as an unfortunate, not as a vicious woman. To be possessed with demons our Savior never seems to have regarded as an evidence of extraordinary guilt, but as a calamity, which, like a physical disease, presented a claim on his benevolence. His language towards these unfortunates is widely different from that which he used towards obstinate, wilful sinners. It is only because Mary was a woman, that a church, for ages cankered in its priesthood with the sin imputed to her, has chosen, in its wild fancies, to class her among the profligate and abandoned. We have probably yet many things to unlearn which the heathenized Christianity of Rome has made current as religious truths.

The devotion of Mary to Jesus as a holy teacher seems to have been constant and ardent. There is touching pathos in her tears at the sepulchre, and in her deep distress when she supposed his body to have been taken away. The Sabbath ended, she had come early in the morning, while it was yet dark, to the tomb of her Lord. She ran with haste to the disciples, when she found it despoiled of his body, for even lifeless it was dear to her affectionate heart. And while the disciples were searching in the sepulchre, she stood without weeping, while she waited to hear their report. Her language to the angels as she stooped down and saw them, and her address to the supposed gardener, betoken her strong excitement. And when Jesus addressed her with the appellation, "woman," in her distress she recognized no familiar tone in the voice. But when in the language of affectionate familiarity he addressed her by name, "Mary," her heart responded at once to the well known voice. And in the sudden confusion from meeting the living where her whole anxiety had been to find the dead, she responded with her accustomed salutation, "Rabboni," the living voice banishing for an instant the recollection that he who spoke to her had died on the cross and that she had seen him laid in the tomb. It must have been like a sudden startling from a feverish dream, when past impressions and present scenes are so confusedly intermingled that the mind cannot at once distinctly define the reality. But in the kindness

of that voice—in that “Mary!” there was an assurance of a living friend, whom she had come to mourn as dead, that calmed the natural commotion of her feelings.

“Mary!”—how bland that voice! That one word spoke much to her heart. “Mary, dost thou not know thy friend?” “Mary, I am thy living Lord.” “Mary, didst thou who felt the power of my miracles, think the grave deep and strong enough to hold me?” “Mary, didst thou think that he who could give health and life, could be held by the bands of death?” “Mary, I did indeed descend into the grave, but I have returned the conqueror of its power, and have made it the gate of life.”

We may fancy that we see this warm-hearted woman in after years ready herself to go down to the grave. Does she fear to enter its gates, or seem to her its portals to be dark and cheerless? The hand of death is indeed icy—how must it freeze up the soul, when infidelity has already chilled every living pulse? But she knows that HE lives who will redeem her from the grave. To her spirit comes the warm breath of life, and as she closes her eyes on earthly things she hears again and in yet kinder tones and with deeper pathos from her risen and glorified friend, “Mary, come hither and join thy voice to the glad songs in the New Jerusalem, where is fullness of joy and pleasures for ever more.”

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MATTERS OF FAITH.

“In *matters of Faith*, you will do well to tell a child what you believe, and what you think he ought to believe; not to call upon him to say, ‘I believe,’ until you have given him sufficient evidence to induce belief. If you want to prove to a child your sincerity of belief, you must act consistently; and if you wish him to have faith in you, show your sincerity by faith in Christ, the great Teacher.”

## EXEGETIS.

*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.* Prov. xxii. 6.

A critical examination of the Hebrew of this text gives the following results. "Train" means, 1. *To consecrate*. 2. *To instruct, to initiate*. "Child" primarily means, *a child, even a suckling*; and, secondly, *a young man*. But the force of the passage obviously requires us to understand this word in its primary meaning. "Old" is not a substantive, but a verb, in the original (Hiphil, intransitive,) and therefore means not old *absolutely*, but *relatively*; that is, *waxing old, or older than he was*. These being the shades of signification of the terms in the Hebrew, the following is a correct, though somewhat free translation of the passage.

Thoroughly instruct or initiate a child from his birth in the way he should go, and as he grows older he will not depart from it.

The three prominent ideas inculcated here are these:

1. *The necessity of the most thorough teaching of children in their whole duty to themselves, to the world, and to God.*
2. *The necessity of commencing this course of instruction with the earliest dawn of intelligence in the infantile mind.*
3. *That when this thorough course of instruction is commenced early enough, and faithfully followed up, it will ordinarily plant such principles in the mind that, in all his subsequent life, in youth and manhood, as well as in old age, the subject will be influenced, preserved, and governed, by them.*

This exposition of the passage, we believe, is the correct one; and if so, it suggests very important matter for reflection and practice to parents, Sabbath-school and other teachers, metaphysicians, framers of systems of divinity, and ministers of the gospel.

*N. E. Puritan,*

Original.

THE ELECT LADY.—Chapter II.

THERE never was a more delightful morning than that which greeted the venerable apostle, as he rose from his couch and met the Elect Lady and her household at the breakfast table and the family altar. The blue sky leaned affectionately upon the summit of the western hills, the air rang with the soft melody of birds, and the earth looked fresh and beautiful in the splendor of the grass and the flowers. The conversation at the cheerful meal was of the Divine goodness which preserveth all things, sending the genial glow of life through all the fibres of the plant as well as the frame of man; giving a touch of fullness and ripeness of joy to the vegetation of the garden and the field, and appropriating to each climate its peculiar fruits, provided for the welfare of all. Then the apostle descanted upon the freeness and tenderness of the glorious gospel, which was adapted to the wants of all, and tended to convey moral and spiritual blessings to all varieties of the human race.

When the pleasant repast, prolonged a little by the enchanting conversation, was ended, the apostle read a portion of the prophet Isaiah and accompanied the reading with some of those glowing comments which inspiration, illustrating inspiration, would naturally produce. Then did the whole circle unite in a sweet hymn, one of those often used in the infant churches, and then kneeling in humble devotion, all were still while the holy man of God lifted the voice of prayer, and with a charming simplicity, pleaded for all the blessings of Heaven upon the different members of the group, and seemed to draw near the throne of grace with prevailing power. It was a heavenly scene—in which there was so much pure truth and such deep affection combined, that the favored household felt elevated and ennobled. Such in some good degree would always be the effect of domestic worship, if the head of the family would mingle Divine truth with it to such an extent as to have it impress the mind with a sense of its true nature and importance.

As the warmer hours of the day arrived, after the morning duties were finished, they led their honored friend to a secluded spot where was a beautiful grove of myrtles, on the bank of a limpid brook, which meandered through the rich valley before them. As the apostle sat at the root of one of the aged olive trees which grew upon the spot, the family of the Lady reclined around him; and as he gazed with an expression of mild and gentle love, on the amiable group, he said, Little children, love one another—it is the great secret of a happy family, as it is the nature and power of Heaven itself to have and cherish the spirit of love. God has bestowed upon thee, O Lady Elect, and blessed this circle of dutiful children, and if thou wouldst train them for his service and secure their fitness for heaven, and promote their best happiness on earth, train them to mutual love.

Love each other as you would love all beings in view of their capacities for happiness and pain. The heart that wishes well to each and all—that desires to see all happy who can be happy; will of course be full of kind wishes when it is placed in the family circle and beholds objects of interest in such near relations.

So strongly should this feeling be cherished that there should be a constant and positive joy in making each other happy and in doing each other good. There should be an eager appetite for seeing the welfare of our fellow-beings promoted, and a relish of it when it is as the fond palate relishes the orange, and as the sense of smell is delighted with the fragrance of the rose. A group of dependent and sensitive human beings placed together in a family have the greatest advantage to promote the happiness of all, if the desire to do so strongly prevails in each heart. Instead of imagining scenes of fictitious interest, contemplate the mother who moves like a queen in your sight—or the sister who is conscious of a feebleness like your own, or the brother in all his ardent hopes and expectations—and endeavor to console, encourage and bless each other by taking an interest in all things by which their mutual feelings are affected.

Again I say, love each other as Christians. How sacred is the thought that you have all been redeemed by the same atoning

blood and renewed by the same spirit of grace. Is it so indeed? Do you all possess the hope that purifies and the faith that works by love? Do you all feel a supreme attachment to the Savior's name? Do you all expect to dwell in the same world of joy and glory beyond the grave? What an excellent opportunity is afforded to show the ardor of Christian love while you dwell together in one family circle! How much may you gratify and benefit each other by frequently speaking of these things which are already beloved by you all! How frequently may you show kindness to Christ himself by showing affection for each other, by denying self in order to express love and regard for one who bears the image of Christ! The more the mercy of our Divine Lord is cherished the more happy will be the family circle.

What then do I see before me? A little band of human beings, intelligent, sensitive, and immortal. A band of Christians bought with the Redeemer's blood, capable of knowing and serving him for ever. And these, all these are bound together by tender domestic relations. You have descended from the same stock, you have a similarity of aspect, a family likeness more evident to strangers than yourselves. You are continually affecting each other's temper and forming each other's character. Then love each other. Let all the general regard which you have for happiness, for any one's happiness, and all the particular regard you have for Christians, as bearing the image of Christ, be nourished and refined among these relations of your own home. Here let them intermingle and luxuriate. Here let love have its perfect work. Think of each other—look at each other, speak toward each other with love. Strive to augment your mutual pleasure, knowledge, and goodness. While you live together, live to make each other wiser, happier, and holier—when you separate you will gather strength from this warm household love, and make for yourselves other happy circles where you dwell, and thus be prepared for that world where all the power of love may be developed for ever!

The sun came down with increasing heat and the sultry noon invited to that repose which in oriental climes is so refreshing.

with a sense of mutual regard the happy company conducted their aged instructor to the retirement of the ancient mansion where the bath and the divan might administer needed refreshments for his waning strength.

N. E. J.



Original.

MATERNAL LOVE.—ITS TENDENCY.

AMONG all the strong passions of our race the love of a mother for her child is perhaps most capable by nature of rising to the noblest salutary influence. It is implanted by the author of nature for the protection of the child. What, but that strong passion, would enable her to undergo such labors and privations as during the helplessness of infancy, the days and nights of sickness and care so common to all, she is compelled to endure? What other natural principle could sustain such minute attention, such unceasing diligence without a murmur? The very strength of this affection is evidence of its vast capability of good if rightly directed. Take it in all its native force—bring it into connection with the love of God—fill the mind with correct views of duty and responsibility—let the child's true interest for time and eternity be comprehended—let the power of the gospel to rescue and bless be once fully realized, and then all this tender love for the child becomes a principle of immeasurable efficiency applied to his everlasting welfare!

This elevation of the natural affection of maternal love by the enlightenment and sanctification of the maternal mind in our country is a result most devoutly to be wished. Nothing else will so directly take hold of the foundations of society—nothing will awaken so generally the springs of real improvement as the sanctified influence of American mothers.

In carrying forward the cause of philanthropy in many of its most important principles, the great thing *wanting* is the spirit of love, the inward, urgent desire to do good—the real interest in the object of the moment. But, in laboring for the improve-

ment of the domestic circle—for the improvement of society in its earliest condition—we find the mother on the ground, and in her heart the radical energy of love intensely glowing. Let the mother resolve that she will seek the child's intellectual improvement as earnestly as she ever did his physical comfort—that she will watch for the safety of his soul as earnestly as she ever did for the preservation of his life—let her carry into all his interests, as an intelligent, immortal being, the whole bearing of this instinct, affection, and passion, and she will give a noble impulse to all the great interests of humanity.

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Original.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

THE most pleasant associations of my early childhood are connected with the remembrance of my mother; she who brought me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and from whom I received my first religious impressions. I can distinctly remember the features of my mother; there was nothing in them to strike the eye as beautiful, but an expression of mildness and love in her bright hazel eye, as she turned it upon me, whether to rebuke or approve, that made my heart yearn toward her with an affection impossible to describe. As I grew in age the influence which my mother exerted over me was increased rather than diminished, and I was prevented from doing many things which otherwise I might have done, from the dread I had of making her unhappy. But I suffered myself oftentimes to be led into sin by my companions, and was thus made to feel, not only the pangs of conscience for wounding such a mother, but the rod, which was not spared, for she knew that God has said in his word, "correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest;" therefore notwithstanding the pain it caused her to punish her child, she felt that it was for his good, and hesitated not to obey the command of Jehovah.

I gave her great reason to hope, while she lived, that her exertions and prayers had been the means of bringing me from the

power of Satan unto God. But my mother could not always be near me to watch over and correct my faults; she died; and in her death were severed the bonds which bound me to the being I loved best upon earth.

I was an only son, the sole heir to a large fortune, which, my father dying, left to me when I should be of age. But though amply provided for in the treasures of this life, I had but one relation—an uncle, in whose hands my fortune was placed. This uncle was a very worldly-minded man, who cared but little for my welfare except so far as my education and standing in society affected his reputation as a guardian. He allowed me all the money I chose to ask for, not troubling himself to ascertain in what way it was spent. Thus was I left to follow my own inclinations, exposed to the allurements of pleasure and fashion, without a mother's hand, or a mother's warning voice to point out their end. After the funeral of my mother, several of my schoolfellows, a few years older than myself, kind-hearted, but light-headed, giddy youths, came to console me, and for that purpose endeavored to persuade me to go with them to the theatre, and other places of amusement. In an evil hour I yielded to their importunities. The dazzling deceptions of the theatre, which I had never visited before, completely enchanted me, and from that hour I found no pleasure except when under its exciting influence. I continued my studies however in the mean time, until being nineteen years of age, I entered college with a good reputation as a scholar; my virtue unsullied; too proud to do a mean action, and beloved by all my friends, but wasting my time, injuring my health, squandering my property, to gratify my passions. It seemed as if the spirit of God had left me for ever; but it pleased him, in his infinite mercy, to raise up an instrument who, in his hands, should be the means of awakening my sleeping conscience, rousing me to a sense of my sin, and bringing me back into the fold from whence I had strayed so far. For my room-mate in college I had one of the most lovely Christian characters with whom I have ever met. As soon as he perceived into what state I had fallen, he kindly warned me of my danger, and pressed me to forsake my foolish course. His coun-

sels were not heard with indifference, but it seemed as if I should give up all my happiness if I did as he required. I could not bear to hurt his feelings, however, so for one night I thought I would deny myself, and go with him to the house of God, *which I had not visited for many years*. I went—and God saw fit to bless the word to my soul. The subject of the sermon was the duty of young *men* as well as children to obey the commands of their parents. The text was, “My son, keep thy father’s commandment and forsake not the law of thy mother.” The last sentence arrested my attention, and when the man of God spoke of the blessings which would attend those who obeyed the command of the text, and of the dreadful fate which awaited those who did not, I trembled; but when he exhorted those who had forsaken their parents’ counsel, and walked in ways of their own devising, to return, and mercy should be shown unto them, I thought of my mother, her counsels, her prayers, and my heart was melted; I burst into tears and wept. I returned home that night with a burden upon my conscience, and found no peace till I found it in Jesus my Saviour. Q.

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Original.

#### THE HEAVENLY IMAGE.

*Mothers*, the curse is upon *us*, as it was upon Eve, *our mother*. These care-worn, weak, agonized frames, admonish us from hour to hour, that we do indeed “bear the image of the earthly.” Pain and sorrow and sickness are *our* part of the curse, and what is worst of all, they are often our greatest seducers to sin. But praised be God who in his mercy sometimes converts the curse into a blessing, and by its influence, draws us nearer to his foot-stool. From Adam we inherit these vile bodies, with all their proneness to disease and death; from him, too, have we received that fallen nature, which continually impels us downward,—“As is the earthly, such are they also that are earthly.”

Mothers, are you often overborne by the weight of care, which

is upon you, and which your feeble frame is scarcely able to endure ? Does sin, your worst enemy, sting you deeply with his dart ? Let me tell you there is a promise for you, " We shall also bear the image of the heavenly." 1 Cor. xv. 49. It is not our Father's will to continue us here for ever ; the day of departure will shortly arrive. These bodies, now sown in weakness and dishonor, shall appear in glory and strength, no more to feel pain or sickness, or any such thing. *Now*, these bodies need their daily food, and, perhaps, you have but little to bestow upon them ; or perchance, they are diseased, and loathe even dainty meat. Do all you can, they daily wear away, and give warning that they will soon be no more. But despair not ; bear up under your allotted portion, knowing that our Heavenly Father hath done all things well. Soon you will bear the image of the Heavenly Jesus, both in soul and body. You are already "predestinated to be conformed to his image" and although not entirely so here, yet when we *see him*, " we shall be like him as he is."—Then shall we be satisfied when we awake in his likeness, and all our hungerings and thirstings shall be filled.

" Oh glorious hour ! oh blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God ;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

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Original.

REFLECTION.

" *What is this that thou hast done ?*" Solemn thought ! addressed first to our Mother Eve, and through her, to all her daughters. To her, spoken but once, by the Eternal God himself : to me, every day and hour by his living truth. Let me repeat it to myself ; and, whenever I sin, let me use it as the wisdom and power of God, to call myself to reflection and repentance.

" *What is this that thou hast done ?*" Dr. Adam Clarke remarks that from three sources, all natural and moral evil

sprung : “ *the desire of the flesh*,” “the tree was good for food ;” “ *the desire of the eye*,” it was pleasant to the sight ;” and “ *the pride of life*,” “it was a tree to be desired to make one wise.” These three lusts all laid their imperious demands upon the heart of Eve, and through them, she became the willing agent of Satan in tempting her husband. Have these desires led me astray ; and have I, through any one of them, drawn my partner into sin ? Has the *desire of the flesh* had an undue predominance in my heart, or can I say, “ whether *I eat or drink*, I do all to the glory of God ?” In regard especially to my children, have I led them by precept and example to deny themselves, and to make it their *meat and drink* to do the will of their Heavenly Father ? Do they know and believe that there is meat to eat, which the world knows not of ? Do they ever see me angry and cast down on account of some sensual disappointment ; the loss of some zest which my palate craved ; or, however plain my fare, do I with cheerful countenance and thankful heart exclaim, “ *Thou preparest my table ; my cup runneth over ?*” On the great and solemn subject of Temperance, have I boldly set my seal to the Bible, that *it is true*, and taught my dear children to “ look not upon the wine when it is red ;” to shun it as the serpent and the adder ? How stand I, in regard to the “ *desire of the eye* ?” Have I remembered that the gold and the silver are the Lord’s, and to him must we give account for them ? and while fine clothes, fine furniture and costly equipage, are all pleasant to the eyes, have I in any of them caused my beloved ones to say, “ The woman, she tempted me and I did eat ?” Have I indulged myself, and under cover of kindness led them to indulge, until self-denial has become a burden ? Then have I, indeed, laid a yoke upon them which will be hard to bear. Let *me* arise and shake off this bondage, and let me now teach my children to count all things but dross, that they may win Christ. Let me make a covenant with my eyes, as the inlets to iniquity, lest I should not only offend, myself, but become a tempter to others.

“ *The pride of life*,” how has this ruined many a soul ! Praise, honor, wealth have hung up their golden baits, and

tempted to pluck and eat. Let me here practise self-examination. Do I love the world's applause, and am I training my sons and daughters for its altar? Or, have I warned them that the love of the world is enmity with God, and that they cannot serve God and Mammon? Have I practically shown them that "a day in his courts is better than a thousand" and that "there is none upon earth that I desire beside him?" That I have found his favor to be life, and his loving-kindness better than life? Have I told them of the rewards which he has promised to them that love him here, and attracted them by the untold joys of an Eternal world? And have I been their *helper* to obtain these favors, not their *tempter* to be cast out? Lord, thou knowest my heart; thou knowest my life! "Search me and try me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

A MOTHER.

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CARE OF YOUR ROOM.

THERE are a good many young ladies to whom the following advice on order is applicable. We extract it from "Letters to a very young lady," published by the American Sunday School Union, and recommended to all our young friends.

MY DEAR MARY,—Whether you have a room all to yourself, which is very desirable, or occupy one with a sister or companion, it is proper that you should keep it in order. *A place for everything, and everything in its place.* This would be a very good inscription for your table. It is a shame for a young lady to be very careful of her person, and very negligent of her room. It looks as if she had no real love of neatness and order, but did everything to be seen of others.

Show me the inside of a lady's private apartment, and I can learn a great deal of her character. Suppose I see the table covered with books, papers, needles and thread, brushes, combs, unfinished work, and half-eaten fruit. Suppose I find half the drawers open, and chairs covered with pieces of clothing, and

the floor strewed with a dozen different articles ; a ewer on the sofa, a handbox on the bed, and a candle-stick on the window seat. I say to myself, here must be an indolent, disorderly little body. She has no love of order, no regularity of habits, no neatness. Unless she changes her ways, she will grow up to be a very disagreeable person.

You cannot begin too soon. Habits formed in childhood and youth, last a whole lifetime. An old habit is as hard to change as an old tree. Look at the oak in your father's lawn. Its largest limb has grown crooked and knotty. All the men in the country could not straighten it. But a child could have straightened it when it was a twig. "Just as the twig is bent," you know, "the tree's inclined." This is true of all habits. Take care, says a wise man, how you *set* your habits; if you set a hedge crooked, it will be crooked. Now, if you get into a habit of slovenliness about your room, your books, and your work-things, it will stick by you, and you will become a very disagreeable companion, and no one will like to visit you, or to entertain you.

The rule is good for a room, as well as for a work-shop, or any other place : *A place for everything, and everything in its place.* This will save many an hour of looking for things. Why is Miss Jane so late at family worship ?—"O," replies the maid,—“Miss Jane cannot find her collar, or her apron, or her slippers.” Why is Miss Anne so late at school ?—"She is busy looking for her Geography." Why is Miss Lucy absent from the Bible-class ?—Answer. "She has mislaid her Bible." Now, if Miss Jane, Miss Anne, and Miss Lucy had had a place for everything, and everything was in its place, they would not have lost a moment of time, and would have been in much better humor, besides. For I have observed, that nothing crosses a girl's temper more than the hurry of searching for things which have been mislaid. The indolent and careless child is ready to lay the blame on brothers, sisters, servants, or any one but herself.

If you only form the habit, it is as easy to do things right as wrong. It is as easy to lay away a dress, or a drawing, or a

map, or a piece of work, or a riband, in a neat, proper way, as to throw them altogether in a heap. Shopkeepers know this, and hence, they can pack away twice as much in a small space as you or I could do. I dare say you have often wondered at the ease with which the woman who keeps the fancy store in Smith street will hand down any one of a thousand articles. She knows where she has put every one. She never puts it anywhere else. Therefore she never has to look anywhere else to find it. And, what is more, everything in the shop looks tidy and graceful. Order and method produce convenience and beauty. Let it be so in every spot you have the care of; whether chamber, closet, cabinet, bureau, toilet, box, or basket.

The rule in farms is, *Leave things as you would find them.* That is, do not leave your rake in the hay-field, or your axe in the wood; if you do, you will have trouble in finding them. I have often wished young ladies would have some such rule. Write it down—embroider it on your reticule—print it on your mind—**LEAVE THINGS AS YOU WOULD FIND THEM.** You will then always find them easily, and find them right. How much of life is spent in such questions as these?—O! where is my dressing case? Has anybody run off with my combs? I do wonder who has thrown about my gloves in this way? Has any one seen a pencil case? Pray help me to find that bunch of keys. Do you think I shall be in time for church? I've had an hour's search for my muff!—All such loss of time and temper will be prevented, if you will observe my directions. And let your apartment be always in order, so that it may never be a surprise or a mortification to you, to hear a knock at the door. So much about the care of your room.

## THE FAMILY CONSTITUTION.

For another world, therefore, yes, for the eternal world, and with a view to it principally, does the Almighty set the solitary in families. Every family has in fact a sacred character belonging to it, which may indeed be forgotten or disdained; but the family is constituted, and ought therefore to be conducted, with the prospect of the rising generation following that which precedes it, not only to the grave, but into eternity.

This fine constitution of things, which is founded in nature, and exists, therefore, in every family, is only visible, it is true, in all its beauty, when both parents are Christians; because the mixed character of the family constitution attaches itself peculiarly to the person of its head. There are two terms employed in Scripture to describe the present character and daily obligations of the Christian, which apply with peculiar force to the Christian parent or head of a family; one borrowed from what is *civil*, and the other from what is *sacred*. These are king and priest, and to these that of a prophet might be added; but I notice at present only the two former. By his Saviour, even in this life, the Christian is made a king and a priest unto God. These high favors, once bestowed, are to be carried about with him as robes of office and obligation which he cannot lay aside. Now, in the family-circle, there is provided, by God, one of the most interesting and important fields for the exercise and display of both characters. There he may, and there he does reign as a king, in sovereign and undisputed authority; and there, too, as a priest, he is to officiate on behalf of others as well as himself. By the exercise of the former character, his veneration for God is advanced, while he remembers, that, as a "king unto God," an account must be rendered of the daily exercise of his authority: by his priestly character, compassion and sympathy are greatly promoted; since it is impossible for a man to pray often for his family, without feeling increasing tenderness for it.

This beautiful and affecting arrangement of our Creator,—the civil and sacred character, united at once in the very constitut-

of a family, and in the person of its head, gives rise to some of the most important coincidences with which we are acquainted. Here is a constitution favorable to the state, in the very highest degree, and whatever may be its form of government. In such a family it is that the child, as a child, learns to be a good subject, and that the brother or sister, as such, learns to be a good citizen; and here is a state of things equally favorable to the increase of the church, as it is to that of the state: for if this is not understood, the highest end of its existence is not understood. Here, in short, both the church and the world meet, and it is the only spot on earth where it is at once lawful and incumbent on them so to do. You will not fail, however, to observe, that this meeting is upon a very small scale, and under very peculiar circumstances. It is not that the constitution of the church is to be confounded with that of the family. Since God himself does not govern the church as he does the family, so neither must we confound them. Not that these two constitutions, in themselves considered, are in any one point at variance with each other: so far from this, for particular ends, they are in perfect harmony; but still they are so distinct, that neither can be fully understood, much less seen in all its beauty, if confounded with the other. The peculiar genius of their several constitutions can never be violated with impunity. Here, however, in the family, members of the church and of the world must actually meet; and doing so by divine appointment, how peculiar and important is the situation of a parent? Both worlds meeting, both must be kept in view; but no Christian will for a moment hesitate as to *which* world should have the pre-eminence.

Such, at least in part, seems to be the peculiar character of the little group assembled round the household fire. The family may increase; the establishment extend; but beyond the limits of a household property so called, the constitution, as to its main design, cannot extend. Yet, however small in point of number, or unpretending in point of aspect, its connection and laws, its spirit and principles, being altogether *sui generis*, well deserve, and will richly reward the most careful examination.

*Book for Parents.*



## RE-UNION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. AUSTIN DICKINSON.

If far beyond those orbs of light,  
Are brighter worlds of endless joy,  
Where ransomed ones again unite,  
In changeless love and sweet employ ;  
Who that can wing that boundless sky,  
Would be enslaved to this dark clod ?  
Who would not rather upward fly,  
To dwell with angels and with God ?

But O, how like some land unknown,  
Might seem the brightest world above,  
If 'mid the splendors of its throne,  
We ne'er could greet the friends we love !  
If kindred hearts no more entwined,  
If in those realms we ne'er shall meet,  
Could all angelic hosts combined  
E'er make our heaven of bliss complete ?

Savior of sinners ! Lamb of God !  
Teach us to live ; teach us to die ;  
Prepare us, through atoning blood,  
Thy face to meet beyond the sky.  
Then, though thy foes be wrapt in flame,  
Though all the stars from heaven shall fall,  
We'll sing for ever Jesus' name,  
Our Sun, our Shield, our Life, our all.

CARTON HOTEL, 142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE  
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1844.
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Original.

THE TRUE BASIS OF FEMALE INFLUENCE.

In the last number of the Mother's Magazine, we exhibited *the fact* of woman's influence in all the relations of society, as one of those elements of power, which contribute most decidedly to the formation of character. And, indeed, how can it be otherwise? Having the first and freest access to the heart of infancy and childhood, woman can hardly fail, from the nature of her position, to put her image and superscription on the character of each successive generation.

We now propose to exhibit the *grounds*, on which she can exert her best and most *enduring* influence. And here we are aided by the pen of the wisest man that ever wrote for the instruction of the world. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Prov. xxxi. 30. Here it is affirmed, that woman's best and abiding influence is not based on *popular favor*; for that is *deceitful*. The favor, which is gained without *personal worth* and *loveliness*, cannot endure. It is like the scaffolding, which is not sufficiently supported, and which, therefore, when tried, must fall to the ground. A woman without moral worth may indeed be, and often is, admired, for a season; she may, by the elegance of her form, and the fascination of her wit, attract much public attention; but the

favor, thus gained, is deceitful; for mere novelty cannot last. If then on this ground she expects to exert a wide and permanent influence, she is preparing the way for a bitter disappointment; for as yet she has not exhibited a single trait of character, which can wind itself strongly around the heart, and of which the heart will never tire. Popular favor on such a basis, is deceitful. It is unstable as water. It is like the morning cloud, and the early dew, which pass quickly away. It is a foundation of sand, which the floods and storms of life will sooner or later undermine and sweep away.

Nor can a woman maintain a permanent hold of society *by the present possession of beauty*. Beauty has *won* many a heart, but mere beauty never *retained* one. And besides, it is destined to a speedy decay. It cannot withstand the ravages either of disease or of time: and when it is gone, her power has gone; for beauty is not *necessarily* allied either with wisdom or goodness. Indeed, a polluted soul may be, and often is, lodged in a most beautiful body. The face may beam with loveliness, while the heart is full of deceit and vanity and pride. Such beauty is manifestly vain for all the purposes of usefulness, or of permanent confidence. It may for a season hold some spell-bound by its fascinations; but who can long take pleasure in gazing at the *whited sepulchre*? What man of sense can long be held by the charm of such a delusion; a charm which a few hours of sickness will dissolve? Favor, then, is deceitful and beauty vain, as the foundation of enduring power. Nay, more—she who relies on this ground to maintain her hold on her admirers, if she does not herself fall a victim to temptation, will soon find the place where she stands to be only the thin crust that covers the volcano. A face of beauty joined to a depraved heart is like a rose among thorns; whoever plucks it will draw back a bleeding hand and curse the flower.

What then is the basis on which she may exert a good and a lasting influence? The wise man answers—"a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised;" her influence will

endure, because it is founded on enduring principles. "*Fear-eth the Lord*"—Fear," says an apostle, "hath torment:" but not the fear with which a virtuous woman regards God; not the fear to injure the feelings of an affectionate parent, which characterizes the well-disposed child. Perfect love casteth out all slavish fear, and gives the soul its best and largest liberty. In such fear lies the secret of woman's power to make the best and most enduring impressions upon the minds that come within the sphere of her influence. For such a woman has a *loveliness of heart*, which will be increasingly attractive, even after the beauty of her face has faded, and the grace and symmetry of her form have given place to the decrepitude of age, and the ravages of disease. Entering with her whole heart into the spirit of her relations to God, she is of course prepared to meet the responsibilities of every other relation; and the heart that truly confides in God, is one in which all may safely confide. What man of real worth himself, would not rather take Mary in her tears at the feet of Jesus for his friend and wife, than Jezebel in her pollution and pride, though occupying a throne!

That a woman on this ground will gain a strong and permanent hold of those upon whom her influence ought to be felt is strikingly proved by the effects, as exhibited by Solomon. "Who can find a virtuous," or a *capable* "woman?" as the word should have been translated. "For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed in scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he prais-

eth her. Many daughters have done virtuously (well); but thou excellest them all."

Now in view of the *Fact* of woman's power, and the *grounds* on which it can be most usefully exerted, we are impelled to show some reasons, why she should give it all in favor of the religion of Christ.

One obvious reason is, *that she owes her present elevated position in society SOLELY to the influence of Christianity.* To be convinced of this, let her see what woman is, where the light of the gospel has not entered the habitations of men;—the mere drudge of the savage—the worse than toy of the Hindoo—the slave of the Mussulman; never treated as the equal of her husband, nor permitted to eat with him at the same table; regarded merely as the instrument of his pleasures, and as having less value in his eyes than the horse that he rides, or the goat that gives him milk; and, when enfeebled by disease, or the infirmities of age, dragged out into the wilderness to die by starvation, or thrown into an open grave, and buried alive, as a thing of naught; let her thus see what woman is under any other auspices than those of the religion of the gospel, and she cannot but feel that she of all others is most deeply indebted to Christ for all her peculiar privileges amidst the institutions of his religion. Owing then so much to Christianity, she ought surely to be its warmest, its most attached friend. It is as cruel to herself, as it is ungrateful to God, to disregard the religion which has elevated her to her true position in society, and fitted her to adorn the relations of mother, wife, sister, and friend.

Another reason why woman especially should give her influence in favor of the true religion, is *that it is the source of her sweetest happiness in the several relations of life.* In the relation of mother, wife, sister, she is to bear a distinguished part; and from the spirit manifested by those who come into these relations with her, she will derive the largest share of her earthly joy or sorrow. How completely she puts her happiness in the power of her husband! What if he should be a man of deep depravity, licentious, and profane:

could she confide in him, and feel, that wherever he wandered, he would be *true* to his marriage vow? And having misgivings on this point, could she be happy? Her *present* peace, therefore, is much concerned in *his* fearing the Lord and forsaking every sin. For the man who fears the Lord, will of course be faithful to the wife of his youth.

What, then, shall we say of the young woman, who permits her professed friend, during the period of courtship, to sneer at serious things, and to ridicule without reproof the earnest religion of a regenerated heart? Is she not preparing a dagger for the vitals of her future peace by encouraging him to break away from the government of God, and thus to prove faithless in all the relations of this life? Can she suppose that the enemy of God will treat her as an immortal being, or care for her spiritual interests? Can she look for steadfast affection from one, who makes sport of the divine authority, and is governed solely by the laws of self-indulgence? *Fools* only make a mock at sin; and will she allow herself to be connected with a fool, and expect to be happy in the connection?

Woman, therefore, should give her influence in favor of the universal currency of the gospel, because it will dispose man to look upon her with affection and respect. Religion in *his* heart will make him noble, generous, and affectionate, as a father, husband, brother, son; and generosity and kindness in these relations will not fail to render woman happy.

Again; she is urged to do this *for the sake of this suffering world*. The earth is full of woes, as the fruit directly of sin; and they are most unmitigated, where the influence of Christianity is least felt. Of these sufferings, woman has had her full share. We need not enumerate them, nor even allude to such as have most embittered her social life. It is enough for our purpose to say, that open sin in the husband always affects more or less the peace of his wife; that intemperance or libertinism in him is sure to draw down upon her, whom he solemnly vowed to love and protect, a fearful amount of wretchedness. Add to this the condition

of those females, who have fallen from the heights of purity into the lowest degradation, and the evidence is as clear as it is painful, that the fruits of sin are bitter, and its wages death.

Now what we seek to accomplish by these statements is to persuade woman to break off all connection with sin, and to give her whole influence in favor of redeeming men from their sufferings by destroying their attachment to crime. That she can do much for this purpose, no one can doubt, who has noticed what she *has* done. Observe the touching testimony, which Paul in his salutations at the close of his epistle to the Romans, bears to her zeal and efficiency in aiding the cause of Christianity in its infancy:—"I commend unto you Phebe our sister; for she hath been a succorer of many, and of myself also.—Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor upon us.—Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord.—Salute the beloved Persis, who laboreth much in the Lord." These were angels of mercy, whose power was successfully exerted to arrest and turn back the tide of desolation, which sin was pouring over the world.

We have said that to a consummation so desirable, as that of putting an end to the woes of sin, woman's influence should steadily and strongly tend. And "is there not a cause?" Did she not first move in the dreadful enterprise of introducing into this world "death and all our wo?" And should she not therefore do what in her lies to give efficacy to the remedial system devised by the Son of God? And so indeed she has done, when her mind has waked up from the sleep and delusions of sin to a life of holiness. The daughters of Jerusalem sympathized with the Saviour, while the multitude were treating him with neglect and derision. Woman's devotion to him did not fail amidst the trying scenes of the crucifixion, while men, panic-stricken, forsook him and fled.

"Not *she* with traitorous kiss the Saviour stung;  
Not *she* denied him with unholy tongue;  
But when Apostles shrunk did dangers brave,  
Last at the cross and *earliest* at the grave."

Original.

## VITALITY OF THE SEED OF TRUTH.

I BELIEVE there is no reason to question a statement made in England some time ago, that some seed having been found bandaged in the head of an Egyptian mummy, the experiment was made to see if it retained the vital principle and would germinate. The experiment was, as we are assured, entirely successful. It sprouted and bore vigorous fruit, after the lapse of from two to three thousand years. I thought in connection with this fact of the lines by Dr. Watts:—

“Tho’ seed lie buried long in dust  
It shan’t deceive our hope;  
The precious grain can ne’er be lost,  
For grace insures the crop.”

The operations of divine grace are at least as sure as the operations of the laws of nature, and if a wheat seed holds on to its vitality in such unfavorable circumstances, what circumstances should forbid our faith in the vitality of the seed of truth. I have been wonderfully encouraged as a parent by observing the progress of my own children. My eldest is an only daughter. She is now in the bloom of her eighteenth year, and has been nearly a year married. In infancy she was solemnly consecrated to God, as had often been promised by both her parents. Her mother is one of the fondest parents I ever knew, yet of a piety deeply serious and most rigidly exact and watchful. She bent all her thoughts to the training of this dear child, and though I say it, I am sure few children ever had such a mother. But for full sixteen years it seemed to be labor in vain. To be sure H. was an affectionate, and amiable, and obedient child; but not a trace of the mother could be seen in the daughter. She was exceedingly volatile and versatile, with an astonish-



raise the dead. What is every conversion, every recovered apostate from the faith, but a resurrection? There are worse than thou. I was worse. I renounced the form as well as the power of godliness. I was dead, almost out of the mind of Christians, but not out of the mind of Christ. And when they despaired and I despaired, he spake and I came forth alive, as I do humbly trust and believe. The lost in the Church awaken in me peculiar yearnings, for I have been the same. Perhaps, too, they interest me more because they are little cared for. There is a great deal of zeal at times to get men into the Church, but after that, they are uncared for in too many places. We greatly need in all our churches a new awakening of concern for the "lost in the Church," and a mighty effort to seek and to save them. At present few seem qualified for such a work. It demands peculiar qualifications, peculiar experience, and peculiar love and patience. The hardest thing to save is a dead Christian, but when saved, he may be worth, at this crisis of the Church, a dozen others. The peculiarities of their case, and the peculiar qualifications necessary to lead them back, cannot be discussed in this paper.

THE FOUND ONE.

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Original.

#### LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A SON.

PARENTS, who have found these lines pleasant to them in a season of deep affliction, send them to the Mother's Magazine, hoping they may be useful to others in like circumstances.

They who have knelt around the shrine of prayer,  
 At morn and eve, a fond confiding band,  
 Who had been wont, the same dear home to share,  
 And sheltered by the same parental hand,  
 Can never prize this calm, this pure delight,  
 Till one, perchance the fairest, feels a blight.

And once again, dear friend, thy soul must bleed,  
 For death has crossed thy threshold yet once more,  
 And *thou art* now but as a breaking reed,  
 Leaning on Mercy's arm—and would implore  
 In all thy grief, the Heavenly Healer's art,  
 To whisper comfort to thy bursting heart.

Thou hast been borne in sorrow o'er the wave  
 Of swift-winged time, and felt life's bitter woes;  
 Scarce have the wild flowers bloomed o'er that *dear grave*,  
 Ere thy fair boy has sought its calm repose;  
 And they who from the same loved hearth were riven,  
 Share mid the Seraph-throng, one home in Heaven.

It made my spirit sad to view the light  
 Of those bright eyes, thus early quenched in death;  
 Yet when I muse on all the change and blight  
 That must sweep o'er us ere the parting breath,  
 I deem it happy thus in youthful years,  
 To pass away from this dark vale of tears.

I stood beside his *narrow bed*, and there  
 Beheld the heavings of thy throbbing heart,  
 And from my inmost soul went forth a prayer,  
 For well I knew, it must be hard to part—  
 And when I thought how lonely thou must be,  
 Mother, I wept—'twas not for him, but *thee*.

And oh! for thee, fond sire, whose love hath twined  
 Around the noble boy to see him dead—  
 To view that form within the grave enshrined,  
 Has pierced thy soul with darts of agony;  
 Yet faith shall bear thy sinking spirit up,  
 For know, thy Saviour holds this bitter cup.

Poor stricken wanderers o'er life's stormy wave,  
 Though tempest-tossed, your bark is still secure;  
 Jesus, the mourner's friend, shall kindly lave  
 The weary brow, and help you to endure—  
 Amid the furnace of affliction tried,  
 Ye shall come forth, refined and purified.

Oh, may a Father's blessing ever rest  
 Upon your pathway, through this vale of tears,  
 His voice of Mercy soothe the troubled breast,  
 His balm of Peace allay your rising fears,  
 Till all shall meet, where ties are never riven,  
 A happy band, around the throne in Heaven.

of truth and knowledge, than of much of the matter that usually fills the columns of the daily papers.

This species of literary labor, you must perceive, will produce its own reward; not only in improving the understanding, and strengthening the judgment, but in cherishing a philanthropic spirit, and awakening an interest in the improvement of the world. In such pursuits the afflicted and sorrowing heart, and the mind cankered with ennui, without object or aim in existence, would find healthful occupation and permanent relief. Again, discouragements may, and probably will, beset you in the early stages of your career. You will contrast the ease and gaiety of the thoughtless and unoccupied, with the laborious and self-denying course of your own life. But remember that nothing of a truly useful and permanent character can be accomplished without a steadfast purpose, and untiring opposition; and that your reward—for reward will surely be yours—may extend to future ages; a reflection calculated to gratify any well-organized mind, and insure a pleasant consciousness of a useful and well-spent life.

Should the preceding suggestions incite you to accomplish something creditable to yourself, and to the age, in the way of literature, I shall feel amply repaid for the time and thought bestowed on them. In the meantime anything that I can do to forward your views, will afford me much pleasure.

With best wishes for your success,

I remain your friend, &c.,

H. P.



"If you would trace the crimes and wretchedness of any one generation to their most immediate source, you would find them in the influence of mothers, in the power of example and precept, in the neglect of restraint, discipline, and cultivation."

Original.

MATERNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ONE powerful means of influence which a true-hearted mother can wield with great success is the faculty of epistolary correspondence with her absent children. A letter of affection is always welcome. An absent son, if exposed to sickness or difficulty among strangers, often thinks of the sympathy and unwearied kindness which nursed him at home, and as he contrasts it with what he meets abroad, begins to realize the value of a mother's love. In such a moment of sadness, a letter written by the affectionate guardian of his childhood, is hailed with peculiar pleasure. The details of home are calculated to awaken a group of fond recollections, and the judicious advice kindly intermingled comes with the greater force. With the absent daughter an equal influence must be exerted by such maternal counsels, bringing to mind afresh that established intimacy of affection to which she was accustomed when at home.

So important is this means of influence, that every mother should endeavor to be prepared to use it. Where a good education has been enjoyed in youth, the natural tact and affection of the female mind will render the performance of this duty easy and delightful. The attention which has been paid of late years to female education is bringing upon the stage a race of mothers whose qualifications in this respect will surpass those of their predecessors. While we use this language, however, we do not forget the many accomplished ladies who from the earliest times in our country have been able to guide the pen with elegance and force. But we refer to the fact that as the means of improvement have increased, and institutions of female education have multiplied, the qualifications for instructive Christian correspondence have become more widely diffused and greater benefits may be expected.

After all it does not require much learning to write a good letter. A knowledge of spelling, of English grammar, and punctuation sufficient to give the means of expression, and of penmanship sufficient to give it a legible form, are all that is essential to the composition of a respectable letter, provided good strong common sense and a warm generous heart supply the thoughts; and provided, also, that they come from home, and awaken the memory of its endearments, and the sweet associations of childhood and youth.

Where, through deficiency of early care, any person has not acquired the knowledge spoken of above, that deficiency can be repaired by a little extra exertion. It is really surprising to behold the hopelessness with which many persons in the prime of life will sit down without any effort to repair the consequences of early neglect, and take it for granted that they never can write their native language with propriety.

There is one common excuse for neglect of letter-writing, which is, that we cannot find time. If this excuse has generally too much influence upon us, it is especially to be deprecated in the case of mothers. Amidst all their household cares and busy arrangements, they must not forget their absent children. Since they cannot watch over them at home, except in the closet, they must employ the arm of the Post-office to waft them their tokens of continued love. How often, also, will the conscientious parent remember the many opportunities of parental instruction which were misimproved, and think of the many things to be said when she shall behold her child again! For such reflections the letter provides relief, by bearing to the absent these suggestions of anxious love, and enabling the mother thus to redeem the time.

An affectionate letter is generally read more than once, and its instructions are treasured in the heart long after the writer sleeps in the dust.

TIMOTHY.

Original.

## VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

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Low was our time-worn cot—our tallest rose  
Peep'd at the chamber window.

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COLERIDGE

THE home of my childhood! how many pleasing associations crowd around it. It was a beautiful morning in mid-summer when I last visited it, after an absence of many years; and my heart bounded, with delight as I drew near it. But a sad disappointment awaited me. The dwelling was not there. *Time* and the cruel hand of the proprietor had destroyed every vestige of it, and all that remained to mark the place where twenty years ago it stood, was a slight dimple in the earth, the cellar not being quite filled up. The daisy and the butter-cup grew on the spot where that humble farm-house rose; they looked as fresh and flourishing as their sisters around them.

Oh, *Time*! *Time*! couldst thou have spared but that dear cottage where dwelt my father and my mother, and where I sported as joyous as the birds that caroled on these boughs, or the lambs that play in yonder green meadow—couldst thou have spared that, methinks I could have forgiven thee for all thy other misdeeds. But alas! it is gone. The old brown mansion, with its moss-covered shingles, its roof sloping almost to the ground in the rear; with its good old-fashioned chimney, and its broad fire-place—they are all gone, and my eyes may greet them no more.

Marvel not, light-hearted reader, if I weep. That dwelling, unpretending though it was, and unattractive though it might have been to the traveller as he passed by,—that dwelling was consecrated in my young affections; it was the home of my childhood. There slowly glided away life's sweetest, brightest days.

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs, and God has given my share,"

fond memory has turned to this old mansion, as the needle turns to the pole; and while my mind has flown back to the hours I spent beneath its roof, with those loved ones from whom I am now separated, I have seemed to be a child again and to act over the scenes of childhood.

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"O enviable early days,  
When dancing harmless pleasure's maze,  
To care, to guilt unknown!  
How ill exchange'd for riper times,  
To feel the follies or the crimes  
Of others or my own?"

What wonder that so dear a dwelling had become embalmed in my soul, as an object too sacred for the fingers of time to desecrate? It is gone, and I sit me down on the ground over which it stood, to muse on the associations which cluster around it.

The barn is still standing, but as if melancholy at the loss of so dear a companion, it languishes, and seems scarcely able to bear the storms of another winter. How many trees in the orchard hard by have disappeared; and their venerable neighbors, with broken limbs and hollow trunks, will soon follow them.

A solitary robin was singing on one of these trees; and, although I love the notes of this songster more than any other of the orchard, his strain seemed now sad and melancholy. It seemed a dirge over loved objects removed for ever from my vision; for memory was busy with the past, and recollections of friends, cherished friends, now in heaven, opened fountains of sorrow which had long been sealed. My mother died while I was a child. She had a deep hold of my young affections, and she bore them with her to her heavenly abode. Cease, pretty robin, cease thy warbling. Thy lay is kind and tender, but it is sad, too sad; and yet 'tis a pleasing sadness; the very melancholy I feel has in it a sweet luxury I cannot express.

But I must no longer give the rein to my truant thoughts. I will go pluck the solitary rose that blooms so beautifully

on yonder briar, and leave this cherished spot—all that remains of the home of my childhood—perhaps for ever.

How unstable, how changeful is everything beneath the skies! how does the hand of time crush and spoil the objects of our fondest love! how does it draw rude lines over the fairest pictures which delighted the eye in our early days! Oh, is it not a precious thought that this world, this changing world, is not our home; and is it not matter for the gratitude of the citizen of heaven, that ever and anon his Father breaks the cords that bind him to his earthly home?

F. C. W.

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OBITUARY NOTICE OF MRS. JERUSHA CLARK.

MRS. JERUSHA CLARK died at Utica, March 15th, aged 49. We cannot allow our dear friend, Mrs. Clark, to go down to the grave, even though as a shock of corn fully ripe, without paying at least a passing tribute to her worth. For thirty-two years she was not only a consistent Christian, but a bright and shining light in the church of which she was a member. By her walk and conversation she proclaimed to all around her that this world was not her home; she passed the time of her sojourning here in daily acts of mercy and love, and her strong faith seemed to keep constantly in her view the city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God; she ardently loved Zion's cause—rejoiced in her welfare and wept over her woes. She was deeply interested in Foreign and Domestic Missions; and by her zeal in endeavoring to interest others, her personal self-denial, and her prayers, she greatly aided the cause both at home and abroad. She loved the Maternal Association, and in June, 1824, was one of eight mothers who instituted the society known as the Utica Maternal Association, which increased and flourished for many years. Sixteen years after its formation it numbered sixty-three resident members—



twenty-seven of the first members having deceased, and seventy moved out of town or joined other associations. Mrs. Clark's interest in this institution continued to the last hour of her life; she had seen her children hopefully converted, and felt that it had been a blessing to many families. When her voice was almost hushed in death she endeavored to suggest the forming an association of young mothers, who might unitedly pray and labor for the conversion of their children. When she felt that she was about to leave this world, she set her house in order, and made every preparation, as she said, for a long journey. She said to a friend, 'I have set my face towards Heaven, and I do not wish to return; I only hope that I shall not be too impatient to go. The anticipation of being with my Saviour fills me with joy.' She had often expressed a wish to die on the Sabbath,—and He, in whose hands are the issues of life, granted her request. At mid-day on the third Sabbath in March, she was summoned to the upper sanctuary. She went not as the slave scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust, approached her grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.



Original.

#### A FEW HINTS ON EDUCATION.

WHEN the infant is laid on its mother's bosom, one of her first thoughts should be—here, within this small tenement, is contained an immortal soul, which it becomes my duty to nurture in the fear of the Lord—and this reflection should never, in its training, be lost sight of.

It is a question, not unfrequently asked, "When is the education of a child to begin?" As soon as it manifests a will to err in anything; crying, for instance, without a cause, or showing anger and resentment in any way. These may

be checked without much difficulty by confining it on the parental knee until they subside, then stroke the head gently, give it a kiss and lay it down, or let it go to play. When those dispositions are again manifested, treat it again in the same way, and a child of common natural abilities will soon perceive what it is for and yield its will; but there must be steady perseverance, not at one time do one thing and at another time another. The mother should never indulge her child in having what it cries for, and certainly she must not deceive it by false promises. The discernment of a young child is much more acute than mothers generally are aware of. To whip a child to make it leave off crying, or to put it in a dark place, is a species of cruelty that ought never to be resorted to. The minds of children should be early impressed with the love, goodness, and care of an overruling Providence—that God is always present with us, seeing all our actions, hearing all our words, and knowing even our most secret thoughts—and that kindness and love to each other, and to everything to which He has given life and breath, is always pleasing to Him.

In every part of education, to make it effectual, our own example must correspond with our precepts; we must cherish in ourselves that fear, love and reverence for the Supreme Being we wish to cultivate in our children. From this Christian course we may confidently hope that peace and comfort will abound in the domestic circle—even should many of the luxuries of life not be obtained; for where love and piety dwell, there is contentment and real pleasure, even in a lowly situation.

It is not riches, nor the applause of the world, that creates true happiness, but piety and love. It is truly pleasing, and cause for encouragement to females to observe in the public mind an increase of care and thoughtfulness respecting their suitable instruction for the stations they are designed to fill, as wives and mothers. And there can be no doubt if they are rightly qualified for those stations, and are concerned to discharge their duty faithfully in the fear of the Lord, and in

the counsel of his wisdom, that it will in due time be more effectual in putting an end to war and bloodshed than any other within the reach of human means.

Many, very many men of eminence, and those who have been particularly useful in their day, have borne testimony to the pious maternal care that was extended to them in early life, and a reverence for which is retained to the latest period of their existence.

A SUBSCRIBER.

*Westchester County, 1st mo., 1844.*

Original.

#### CHERISH THE WEAK.

THE mother of Lord Byron, we are told, in her fits of passion, would sometimes bitterly ridicule her son on account of his deformed, or club foot, which he inherited from his birth, and the effect upon his sensitive mind was eminently unhappy, engendering, no doubt, those misanthropic sentiments which were so painfully prominent in the poet's subsequent life. The unnatural conduct of the mother of Byron is not so rare as some may imagine, though to the honor of the maternal character the general effect of deformity and suffering in a child, is to endear it to its mother; and the lame, the blind, the emaciated or the feeble one, becomes the pet and the darling, and is watched over with a fondness corresponding to its weakness and its wants. And yet, alas, the unwise fondness in the latter case, is often not less fatal than the unfeeling and unnatural ridicule of the former, to the moral development and destiny of the unfortunate child.

The task of training afflicted children,—those who are deprived of one or more of the organs of sense, or those of great constitutional feebleness of body or mind, though a

very delicate and difficult, is often a very interesting one, repaying amply the most anxious care. The morbid sensitiveness common to such persons is generally accompanied with a strong sense of dependence, and when their confidence is fully won, the depth and durability of their gratitude is surprising. In a parish in New Jersey where I was acquainted, there were two brothers who were commonly regarded as idiots. The minister, a kind-hearted Christian, was accustomed to treat them with consideration and tenderness; and when he preached in their neighborhood, three miles from his residence and the town, if the night was very dark or stormy, one of the brothers, unknown to the clergyman, would follow his carriage on foot all the way home, to see that nothing amiss befell his pastor. H.

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Original.

PERSONAL INDUSTRY ESSENTIAL TO VIRTUE  
AND HAPPINESS.

THE authoritative language of God to Adam, after his first act of rebellion, was, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Was this decree wise? Is it still in force? These are questions of great practical importance, and they involve both the temporal and eternal well-being of the race. No one doubts the importance of industrious habits to the poor; they must work, and that continually. But as to the rich, the refined, and the elegant,—it requires no little courage to stand up and declare that they too must labor. Methinks I hear some of our fashionable mothers indignantly exclaim, 'What! must I teach my children to work? Are my darling boys to be sent to the plough, and my beautiful daughters to the distaff?' What are riches good for, unless we are at liberty to purchase exemption from labor? To have nothing to do, is esteemed by many as one of the

highest marks of gentility; and the task of convincing such individuals, that habits of personal industry, in some useful calling, are essential to virtue and happiness, is, it must be confessed, very nearly hopeless. Yet to parents, charged as they are with the responsibility of forming the characters of their children, this whole subject addresses itself with a force not easily resisted.

It has become quite fashionable at the present day, among certain classes, to associate manual labor with coarseness of manners and narrowness of intellect. It is thought absurd to look among the industrious for either nobility of sentiment, or delicacy of perception. Advise one of our boarding-school misses to accept the heart and hand of an intelligent and well-bred farmer, or mechanic, and you may think yourself quite fortunate if you escape with the open ridicule of the whole class. So if a rich man's son is urged to any kind of personal effort, he will appeal at once to the customs of his particular caste, as constituting a law of individual exemption. The principal object aimed at by a very large portion of the community, seems to be to acquire a position in which they can exist without labor. While a great many of our young ladies are doomed to the miserable condition of doing nothing—reading novels and drumming on the piano excepted—our sons are hurried into what are called the learned professions: constituting by themselves, very often, a class of the unlearned among the learned—or into some commercial or financial arrangements thought to be consistent with personal elegance and conventional refinement. While these loop-holes of gentility are filled to repletion, the productive arts are left to languish in the hands of those who are esteemed the low and the vulgar.

Can it be a matter of wonder, then, that in a community thus influenced, vice and crime should increase with singular rapidity? It has been said, that "an idle man's brain is the Devil's work-shop;" and the remark, notwithstanding its quaintness, embodies a most solemn truth. Personal industry elevates and purifies the heart, as well as the

mind; but indolence corrodes, and renders it selfish and exacting.

James B. was the only son of intelligent parents in moderate circumstances, and was early taught the necessity of self-reliance. At a very early age, he was deprived of the aid and counsel of his father; but in his mother, he found an able and faithful counsellor. She diligently cultivated his love of useful effort, as a means of present and future happiness; and he grew up a noble and useful boy. Arrived at manhood, he manifested the peculiarities of his youth; and, entering upon the scenes of active life, he was received into the ranks of manly citizenship by the spontaneous esteem and confidence of all that knew him. His subsequent career has, thus far, been uniformly successful; and, although his talents are not by any means brilliant, he has acquired among his numerous competitors a position of the highest eminence, both for virtue and intelligence. He is looked up to by the whole community as a man of uncommon worth, and the noble and generous affection subsisting between himself and his true-hearted mother, is not less the subject of admiration to others, than it is of unbounded gratitude to themselves. Both are eminently industrious, virtuous, and happy.

Alfred H., on the other hand, was the son of wealthy parents, whose highest apparent aim was to enjoy to their utmost, the luxuries, pleasures, and courtesies of fashionable society. He, too, was the only son of his mother; and, while yet a mere boy, he became the inheritor of a princely income. Elevated above the necessity of physical labor, he was early supplied with all the conveniences of education, and, at one time, gave flattering promise of future greatness. But, as much study is often a weariness to the flesh, he soon learned, or thought he learned rather, that in his case the influence which wealth gives, would prove as durable as that derived from intelligence and virtue. His love of acquiring knowledge gave place to the love of present enjoyments; he soon gave himself up to light reading and amusement. Everything within and around him invited to luxury and repose; and he became

at first indolent, then selfish, and exacting, and at last sensual. Before he had arrived at the age of twenty-one years, he became averse to thought, intemperate, and licentious. With him as yet all was "vanity and vexation of spirit;" and he at length resolved to seek for happiness in marriage. He soon sought and obtained the hand of a beauty and an heiress. Her education and experience were much like his own, except as to morals. She was not particularly vicious; but then she was idle, selfish, and exacting. Scarcely had the first year of their married life elapsed, before they both sank down into a state of listless apathy, from which they, neither of them, give hope of ever awaking. Possessed of everything, so far as this world is concerned, that heart could wish, they are too indolent to be either virtuous or happy; and they are regarded in the community in which they live, as nearly or quite useless both to themselves and others.

Nothing is more easy than to multiply illustrations of this kind; but we shall add only one other. In a country village in a central district of one of the most opulent of the United States, lived a family not many years ago, whose history is well calculated to read us a most impressive lesson. The neighborhood in which they lived was peculiarly quiet and moral, and was remarkably free from incentives to vice. The husband was a farmer, originally from New England, and of course economical and industrious. His most peculiar characteristic, however, consisted in his unwavering pursuit of wealth. To this object he bent all his mental and physical energies, and proved himself eminently successful in acquiring the slow but regular gains of judicious husbandry. He was himself an untiring *worker*, and all the men in his employ were expected to devote their souls and bodies to his interest with unfaltering zeal. The wife, on the other hand, though equally industrious, was less enthusiastic, and more quiet and thoughtful. In process of time they had been blessed with several children, both sons and daughters. While the children were under the exclusive direction of the mother, they were well-trained; and the daughters, as they arrived at maturity,

were distinguished for sound judgment and personal industry. Both of them were married in early life, and acquired and retained the esteem and confidence of all their acquaintances. But with the sons, the case was far otherwise. As soon as they emerged from under the supervision of the mother, they began to evince the evil effects of parental neglect. As the labor of the children was not thought, in a pecuniary sense, to be particularly profitable to the father, his love of gain induced him to turn his attention almost exclusively to those whose labor was more productive. The boys were suffered, therefore, to pursue their own chosen way without any attempt on the part of the father to control their habits either of mind or body. He had no time to instruct them even in relation to farming. It was much cheaper in his estimation, to keep them at school, and to rely for assistance in the business of his farm, upon those whose labor might prove more directly available in the great object of his pursuit. The boys were never taught the value of industry, but left to feel their way up to manhood as best they might. It is needless to say that they became indolent and vicious; they all became intemperate, and, three of them, wretched inebriates even while young in years. Two of them committed suicide—one fills a drunkard's grave—and the fourth, though less degraded than the others, still drags out a life of utter uselessness and sorrow. Such are the legitimate results of indolence, especially when fostered by parental unfaithfulness.

THETA.

*Brooklyn.*

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"Our ideas of sin are superficial and unimpressive; those of Jesus were deep and awful. He traced each outward sin to the heart, the fountain of spiritual death; and he detected sin in the heart, where no outward sign was given to man. And he showed, that it were better to lose limb and life, reputation and each dear interest of earth, than to remain a sinner; for sin is the transgression of the law, of God's holy law."

Original.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

WHO has not been witness of the sweet influence of a sister's love? Sacred as is a mother's devotion, there is something almost as winning in the tenderness of an affectionate and disinterested sister. How many an erring brother has been reclaimed through the soft persuasions of one, who has been nurtured by the same hand that guided his first childish steps, and when in after years that hand was stiff in death, the gentle touch of a sister has arrested him in the flowery paths of vice. Sweet is the memory of Ellen Howard, an only daughter and sister, but surrounded by several dearly loved brothers, of whom one was particularly dear. Gifted above the rest, both in personal and mental endowments, he was indeed one on whom affection might shed her richest treasures—and to her brother Charles, Ellen had devoted her heart's best love. Worthy he seemed of it, and promises, bright and rare, sprung up around his path and gladdened the hearts of those he loved. But in an evil hour the tempter came. Trusting and joyous, Charles listened to the pleadings of a false-hearted counsellor, and tasted of forbidden pleasures. Who would have recognized him the day succeeding the night's debauch? Haggard and disfigured, the innocence and beauty of his countenance had disappeared, and in a wretched state he reached his home. Poor Ellen, what a blow to a sister's love! Fervently did she plead with him, by the sacred memory of his departed mother, and by all that he held dear, *to sin no more*. Charles promised, and went forth but to fall again. Night after night saw the devoted Ellen listening for that brother's footstep, till long after the midnight hour tolled upon her heavy ear. Prayers and entreaties had failed, and Charles was pronounced a ruined man. Shunned and despised by all who knew him, Ellen's affections but wound yet more closely around him, and still clung to him and hope. But watchings and anxiety

had marked the devoted sister as a sure prey for the fatal stroke, and gradually the cheek paled, and the eye grew dim, until Ellen slept in death.

Charles had loved his sister deeply through all his sin, but careless as he was, he had not noticed her declining health, and none had supposed it would have had any effect upon him to speak of it. The morning succeeding that sister's death, Charles entered the house, and as the door opened, the quietness and solemnity appeared to awe him. He gazed around with a bewildered air, and then with an undefined fear and palsied step he turned towards his sister's room. With a fearful cry he sprang forward and sank beside the form of her, the loving and the loved.

No tender voice welcomed him, and the eye that had ever met his with the kindling glance of affection, was now veiled in death. Long and bitter were that brother's reflections, while all the past love and tender acts of the departed one seemed to reproach him, as they rose before him in their deep devotion.

But that hour would have recompensed Ellen for all her sorrow. Charles left his sister's coffin an altered man. That sister's love had been his salvation, in the cold hour of death, and after-years spoke volumes of all the good that can be accomplished by the pure and devoted *influence of a sister*.

H.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE IN HEAVEN.

"Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see ye not up earth's dark glade
The gate of Heaven unclosed?"

KEBLE.

SAITH the Psalmist, "God setteth the solitary in families;" and truly it is one of the most beautiful of God's dealings with the children of men. Binding them by this holy tie, he forms a link, over which death has virtually no power. Though the severing angel *seems*, at times, to have broken the rare chain, in truth, the loved still dwell among us. Too

much do we account them lost who are but "gone before," too much does sadness gather over the musing heart because the visible lineaments of parent, child, brother, sister, no longer greet the eye, nor their warm hand ours. Too much do we think of the *distant* hour of reunion. *Those precious beings are still in our midst*, rejoicing in our joy, consoling in our sorrow, strengthening in our trial. To my own heart it is anything but a fancy, a visionary idea, a mere opinion, that the angels are hovering round my pathway. I *know* it. I feel the light touch of their wings in hours when the world is naught, and my own lonely, spiritual existence everything. I feel their promptings apart from those of God and my own conscience. I need no more revelations from heaven to assure me that the Word is true. "They are all ministering spirits!"

If God had made the earthly family circle, with all its mingling of harmony and discord, smiles and tears, so dear, so beautiful, how perfect in beauty must be that home above over which He presides, who is infinitely wise, and eternally unchangeable! How delightful to know, amid all the phases of feeling and action in mortal beings around us, that we are seen to be only under His influence, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning!" What a joy to dwell in that family where no one speaks in other than a tone of gentleness, where no altered look meets the returned messenger, no bidden guest receives a cold welcome, no peculiar emphasis suddenly chills the warm feeling of the heart, making them retreat to inner caves, and oftentimes dooming them to early death! What joy to walk in the steady, unvarying light of the one bright and morning star, where the glad smile of recognition may never be dimmed by any mist of prejudice or twice-told tale! We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast made so fair a home for thy unworthy children, and pray thine aid that, at the last, we may not fail to enter into the glorious rest!

I love to think of those who will be my dear companions there; it makes, oftentimes, my pleasantest musing in soli-

tary hours. The good, who, by careful improvement of natural talents, made to themselves a conspicuous niche in the temple of earthly fame, are now dwellers in that bright family; here, they might have been lauded for genius rather than holiness; there, their holiness, rather than their genius, found them ready admittance. But

“How beautiful is genius when combined
With holiness! O how divinely sweet
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched
By the soft hand of piety, and hung
Upon religion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music in the ear of God!”

Not a few shall I mingle with, who were never known to “the world” in any way; who lived the life of God in the spirit, in the humblest seclusion; who in

“The trivial round, the common task,”

denied themselves, did good to others, served their Father, and so laid up for themselves a treasure to be enjoyed for ever. Feeling that sufficient unto the day were the evils thereof, they envied not those who spent their nights in anxious vigil, and their days in yet more anxious toil and restlessness, but content with the few good things falling to their lot here, dwelt with the more peculiar satisfaction on their inheritance hereafter. There is something beautiful in the thought of the poor and lowly on earth, crowned in heaven with glory, made equal to the minstrel-king, the once weeping but now rejoicing prophet, the glorious Isaiah, and the sainted Paul, when they were not meet for the presence of a rich man on earth! “Not many wise men, not many mighty, not many noble; but the poor of this world, rich in faith, hath he chosen to be heirs of the kingdom.” O! who would not rather trust the things which are unseen, than those which stand in the world's brightest blaze? Who would not inscribe over the doorway of home and heart, truth's motto?—

“Invisibilia non decipiunt.”

Selected.

"I LOVE TO LOOK ABROAD."

[Composed expressly for the "Mother's Magazine," by THOMAS HASTINGS, Esq.]

I love to look a - broad Up - on the ris - ing

day To view the "han-di-work" of God in beau-te - ous ar-

ray; in beau - te - ous ar - ray.

The meadow and the grove,
The mountain and the vale,
The plain where lights and shadows move,
While fragrance fills the gale.

The lowing of the herds,
The murmuring of the rill,
The changeful melody of birds,
My soul with music fill.

The landscape frith a white
With livelier tints will glow,
And all creation wear a smile,
While thoughts of rapture flow.

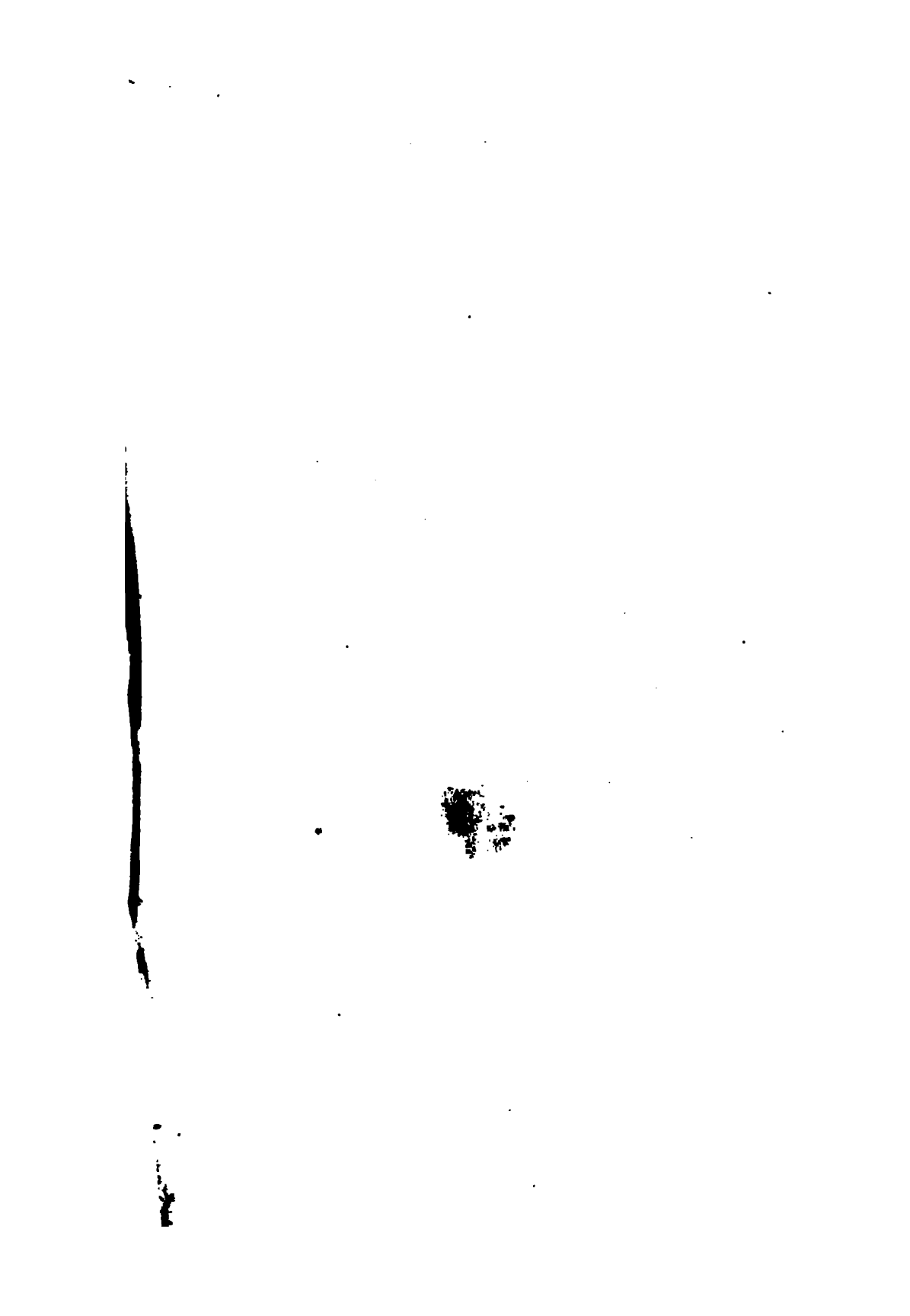
I praise the bounteous Lord,
His wisdom I adore,
His goodness and his grace record,
And celebrate his power.

R.



Fig. 10. 17

Fig. 11. 17





THE
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1844.

Original.

A BROKEN COVENANT.

It was a time of deep anguish with my friend in reference to the conduct of his son. The latter, from early childhood, had been too little benefited by parental restraint, and had been, perhaps, the subject of unconscious partiality. Though nurtured within the bosom of a pious household, he had been indulged in many things trivial in themselves, and seemingly innocent, which served to foster pride and selfishness, as well as to promote a love of personal independence, that was inconsistent with filial obedience. Through the influence of unsuitable associates he became gradually alienated from the family. He grew stubborn and obstinate, and seemed wanting in susceptibility. The rustic society of the neighborhood had more attractions for him than the refined enjoyments of the paternal mansion. He had an ear for the petty jealousies which were entertained against the family, and even the suggestions of envy would secure his sympathy at the expense of family attachment. He thus became the favorite of the humbler class of villagers, and this, under the influence of indulgence at home, was leading him onward in the paths of ruin.

The evil was at length discovered, but not in season to arrest its progress by the ordinary methods of management. Always restive under discipline, he had become impatient

of restraint, dead to affection, deaf to entreaty, and, in short, wholly unmanageable, except through the ministrations of flattery to his overweening self-esteem. He became passionate, vain and deceitful. He, however, despised *gross* immoralities. At times he was religiously disposed—would imagine himself a convert, and become for a little season a public exhorter among a neighboring class of worshippers. Then he would relapse, and again seem to be converted, and thus impose upon all around him except his relatives, who could easily detect the symptoms of ungodliness, if not the false guise of intentional hypocrisy. At length he broke over all the barriers of parental restraint—fled from the family circle to live in concealment in a distant part of the country, his residence known only to a few of his cherished associates, who upheld him in his recklessness. Through the agency of the latter, he at length returned, and again withdrew, and yet again returned. And by this time his ill-nature and deceit had become past endurance. He was as a petty tyrant in the family circle. No hold could be gained upon his affections; and little dependence was to be placed upon his most solemn asseverations; still there was a hold upon his pride, and a situation was procured for him as clerk in a small establishment, with the hope that love of character would prevent him from dishonesty, and finally arrest his progress in moral deterioration. That expectation was soon disappointed. Some minor misdemeanors were proved against him, which led to a full disclosure of his character. He lost the confidence of his employers, and was dismissed from his place; and thus the last earthly hope of his anxious and agonized parents was annihilated.

It was at this juncture that the father entered our dwelling with a bleeding heart, and addressing himself to me and a younger brother, exclaimed—"I am in great distress—brethren, let us go into the upper chamber and pray for my ungodly son!" We knew his sorrows, and deeply commiserating him, we readily obeyed the summons. But on kneeling before the mercy-seat, how were we surprised at

the first words of such a father—"O Lord, we have come before thee to plead a *broken covenant*!" "How can this be?" I was ready to ask, and so was the brother who knelt by my side. We knew intimately the circumstances of the case. The failings of the parents and the consequent depravity of the child, rose up before us almost as an insuperable barrier against hope. The blessed covenant was not without its specified conditions, and these, it was but too plain, had been violated. Where was there any farther ground for faith or expectation?

But the parent was of different spirit. He proceeded to pour forth, in our presence, before the throne of grace, the most heart-rending confessions of delinquency. He kept nothing back, but spread out the case, with its circumstances and aggravations, his own mismanagement and unfaithfulness, and the deep ungodliness of his son, beyond the bounds of all human probability of reclaim. But, there was help in God; there was strength in the uncreated arm. The covenant had indeed been *broken* by *him*: but was one which had been made by the self-moving love and mercy of the unchanging God. It was God's covenant—the offspring of free, unmerited grace—a covenant which had been made by the infinite Jehovah, in condescension to human weakness and worthlessness, which could never for a moment be trusted. Abraham was an imperfect man, yet the covenant was established. David had not always been faithful to his family. He had broken covenant, yet God had forgiven him and blessed him. "And now," said the suppliant, "it is *thy* covenant, though thy servant has so broken it. It is a *good* covenant, and we *must* plead it; we *must* plead it, for we can do nothing else. *Save, we beseech thee*, this ungodly son, and the honor and glory shall be thine for ever."

In such a strain as this he proceeded, till it seemed as if the heavens were bending over us with a smile of acceptance. Ere he had half finished, I felt, and so did my brother, that such wrestlings must prevail. And they *did* prevail

From that day to the present, so far as I know, not a word has been exchanged with the suppliant with regard to the incident; but we have watched the result from year to year with increasing satisfaction. The parent seemed no longer so *deeply* distressed. The son, without any *visible* cause, was becoming less reckless, and in a year or two he gave evidence of that repentance which is unto life, and confessed his sins with becoming humility; and he has since adorned his profession of godliness by his Christian walk and conversation.

Such was the character of an incident which must be forever engraved in my recollection. It gave me larger views of the extent and preciousness of the covenant than I had been wont to entertain. I do not, indeed, propose to draw any *new theory* from the successful pleadings of my friend; yet I felt and still feel, that God supplied him with arguments, helped him to plead, and allowed him to prevail; and I would urge every parent who is similarly circumstanced, to learn a lesson, if need be, from so important an example. The covenant, the gracious covenant! How our hearts should open and enlarge as we meditate upon its immeasurable privileges!



Original.

THE BIBLE IN GOVERNING CHILDREN.

THE Word of God is the only *perfect* standard of right and wrong. Its truths are simple and plain; it is not like human laws, *fallible*: "the law of the Lord is *perfect*." There have arisen doubts in the minds of many whether it should be used at all in governing our children, lest it might lead them to disrelish its holy principles, as they appeared when brought in collision with their own sins. It *may* be used injudiciously, when it is produced to reprove every childish waywardness; but this I think the less dangerous.

Where *one* parent errs in this way, *many* err in neglecting to inculcate its precepts, and to show to their children that their *sin* is against God, in direct violation of *His* commands. With those who have arrived at years of understanding, it often has a most salutary effect. An incident which occurred a short time since in my own family, strengthened me in the belief of its utility.

Matilda, a girl of fourteen, was placed under my care, with the request that I would, whenever it seemed necessary, exercise my authority over her. Naturally of an affectionate disposition, I found no difficulty in controlling her until she had been some months in our house, when she began to evince an unwillingness to restraint, which at length amounted to "a will of her own which *would not* yield," without much trouble. A portion of the week had been assigned her to prepare her clothing for the Sabbath. Though often requested to attend to it, the day came on this week without the required preparation. She was very anxious to attend church; but I had weighed the matter well, and desired her to remain at home, at the same time reminding her of her carelessness, and disregard of my wishes. At this her heart rose in rebellion, and she showed much anger, weeping immoderately. I called her to my rooms; she was determined to go, notwithstanding my commands, and threw herself on the floor, exclaiming, "I cannot stay at home." Her will astonished me; I knew not what course to pursue. It tried me the more, because it had been but a short time since she professed to have given her heart to the Saviour. My silent but fervent supplications went up to God, that *He* would aid me in the faithful discharge of duty.

Matilda had appeared fond of studying the Bible, and was in the habit of committing some portion of Scripture to memory on the Sabbath. After talking with her, and pointing out the *sin* of giving way to such a passionate spirit, she promised me her attention while I should read a chapter from *her Testament*, which was procured, and I read to her the third chapter of James, and gave her these verses to learn:

"For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above, is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." She soon dried up her tears; and in the afternoon, when she came to my bed-side to recite them, I explained their meaning—made her comprehend how vastly different that "wisdom" was, described in the text, from the feelings she had evinced; urging upon her to seek it, as the only sure road to happiness.

The study of this passage had not been in vain; she seemed humbled, confessed her wrong, and for the remainder of the time she was with us, was pleasant and agreeable in her behavior.

Mothers! our work is a great and *arduous* one; but let us not faint or be weary. We have the promise of aid from above: "To us are committed the oracles of God," "which are profitable for doctrine, *for reproof, for correction*, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, *thoroughly furnished unto all good works.*" This we know was written by an inspired pen many hundred years ago, to one who from "a child had known the Scriptures." How had he become acquainted with them thus early in life? The same writer tells us, he had learned of his *grandmother* Lois, and his *mother* Eunice. Shall we ever be disheartened when ours is a "Mother's Agency?" Let us gird on the whole *Gospel armor*.

Western Pennsylvania, April, 1844.



Original.

OUR RELATION TO THE FUTURE.

WE are links of a vast chain. The generation immediately preceding us had a powerful grasp upon us by its moral influence. We have a hold, in the same manner, on the generation that shall follow us. The rising race around us we know. They gladden our eyes with their happy smiles, and our ears with their childish gaiety; they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

But beyond them is a generation we do not know. That link in the great chain is out of sight. We have no personal relation to them, yet can we reach them as those who have gone before us and knew us not, have reached us. The generation immediately preceding us were the channel of influence to us from their predecessors. And the loved ones that prattle about our firesides can be our messengers to that unknown generation, following them on the theatre of life. And most certainly they will communicate from us to them good or evil. We cannot help influencing, favorably or otherwise, their everlasting well-being. We hold a relation of vast importance to them. We hold most precious interests of theirs in our hands. Our present habits of life—our moral and religious principles—and, above all, the religious influence we are throwing over the young under our care and about us, are powerful agents of action upon that now unknown generation.

And the signs of the times indicate that that generation will be familiar with scenes of momentous interest. The state of the world is becoming every day more interesting. The kingdom of God is advancing. Many of the strongest holds of Satan in this world are now assailed. In the four quarters of the world there is aggression upon his kingdom, and the lines are drawing in reference to a still bolder inroad and a still fiercer conflict. The trumpet waxes louder and louder that calls the people of God into the battle. Holiness

is becoming more and more the grand distinction of the saints, and the more manifest and determined antagonist of sin. Christian missions have, within a few years, boldly bearded the lion in his den. They have brought the broad glare of gospel light upon the grand superstitions of the earth. Popery, Mahomedanism and Paganism, are finding the soldiers of the cross at their very gates, and ready to burst them in. The powers of darkness have yet, however, resources that make them formidable. In our day there are, indeed, the loud notes of preparation and the glistening of the arms of Christian warriors; but our children, and children's children, shall hear the thunders of battle.

Upon a generation, then, upon whom God seems about to lay the vast responsibilities of the great conflict, we ought to act by every agency that shall nerve their hands and invigorate their hearts. We owe it to them and the great cause they shall seek to advance, to do what we can to cause them to wax valiant in the fight and to overcome the armies of the aliens. If Paul could say he was "*a debtor* to the Greeks and barbarians" to carry them the gospel—men he never saw, so are we debtors to the generation we have not seen, but who are, nevertheless, to be our successors on the great theatre of life.

But in no better way can we pay that debt than by exerting the best possible influence upon the youthful minds about us. Whatever of high religious sentiment, whatever of clear and comprehensive views of the gospel, whatever of deep and tender love for the cause of Christ, whatever of "the strength to suffer and the will to serve" we can impart to them, so much we shall have effectually done for their successors. Giving them, as under God we may, the power of holiness, they will make those following them feel its power.

Thus may we contribute to form the future heroes of the cross. We may live, and fight, and triumph in the glorious conflict yet to occur, by the spiritual power we may have been the means of bestowing upon the soldiers of the great Captain of salvation.

Original.

THOUGHTS FOR PRAYERLESS MOTHERS.

BY REV. S. WOODBRIDGE.

"YOU ARE THE CAUSE OF IT!" said a dying young man to his mother; "I am just going into eternity; there is nothing before me but misery—black despair, and *you are the cause of it*. You allowed me to violate the Sabbath with the gun and angling rod, and thus was I introduced to that career of crime which, in ten years, has brought me to perdition." She turned from his bedside, and, with a heart-rending groan, left the room. The day of judgment will doubtless disclose many similar cases.

Without indulging children in immoral conduct, a mother may indirectly promote their everlasting ruin. Even while administering salutary advice, she may omit to supplicate a Divine blessing on their souls; and if she do not "ask," how can she expect to "receive?" Of what avail are her exhortations to prayer, so long as she neglects to pray? Does not example preach louder than precept? "God is not mocked." TO EVERY PRAYERLESS MOTHER, might not a dying impenitent child, while he gasps forth "to hell I must go," add the awful question, "*Are not you the cause of it?*"

The maternal nature in rational beings was intended by the Creator not only to secure provision for the body, but to operate, also, as a constant incitement for promoting the permanent and spiritual interests of children. Alas! that an instinct so hallowed should ever be perverted and desecrated to work mischief and ruin upon the object of partiality—that the sunbeams of parental affection, instead of quickening into moral vitality and vigor the beloved form on which they rest, should convert it into a putrescent mass, diffusing pestilence and death! Parents, who, from false tenderness, permit their children to *sin*, resemble those animals which are said in the ardor of maternal feeling to eat their own young. Poor things! destroyed by ill-directed love!

To a mother, as to their nearest and dearest friend, children naturally look for protection and guidance. In her wisdom and integrity they implicitly confide. From the discipline of the nursery, their progress through this world and their eternal destiny in the next, receive a direction. Doubtless the children of the prayerless and irreligious may be converted, but more commonly those whom Christ receives, embraces and blesses, are brought to him in arms of parental faith—children who have been reared up “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” Where prayerful Christian culture is neglected, the probability of eternal salvation (to say nothing of temporal advantages) is greatly diminished. For refusing to own their infants and withholding from them the sustenance nature has provided, the Countess of Macclesfield and some other anomalous mothers have been transmitted, branded with infamy, to succeeding generations. What, then, is her criminality, who, by overlooking the spiritual wants of her offspring, exposes them to endless thirst and starvation?—to sufferings inexpressible, inconceivable, and admitting no alleviation for ever?

For remaining in impenitence, the child of such a mother is, without doubt, amenable to God; still might he not plead, with apparent plausibility, in extenuation of his guilt, the untoward circumstances of his early existence? “Ignorant and inexperienced (might he not say?) “I was thrown upon the world amidst its snares and dangerous mazes, and my leading star proved to be a meteor which has ‘lured me to my doom.’ My soul was left to famish. My mother never visited the fountains of immortal life, and dipped the cup to raise to my parched lips the waters of salvation. She put me off with tinsel for gold, with pebbles for diamonds. Why was I launched for eternity with such a pilot? Better had all others proved traitors, than that the bosom which was my pillow, and the voice which was my accredited oracle, should soothe me into the slumbers of moral death!” Are not such doleful wailings heard in the prison of the universe?

When Sarah, the wife of the patriarch Abraham, caressed Isaac, she foreknew (for God had said it) that his posterity should become numerous as the stars of heaven. A similar possibility exists with regard to every child a mother is called to rear. Not only may he be a patron or a pest to the age in which he lives, but an influence either salutary or injurious may be communicated through him to the generations of his descendants. Upon the instructions, the example and the prayers of a mother may hang the destinies of unknown thousands. The temporal circumstances of her posterity may vary in different ages, but the moral leprosy, if she be unfaithful, will be likely to adhere to their souls, her memorial to the end of time. Rarely, indeed, is religion trampled under foot and excluded from the dwellings of such as are favored with a pious ancestry; on the other hand, God visits the iniquity of parents upon their children's children.

A bad example, moreover, is contagious. By one prayerless mother, other mothers, her associates, are poisoned; other groups of children are neglected, and other sluices are opened to inundate hereafter the world with irreligion. Ask yourself, prayerless mother, "*Am I not planting thorns in thousands of dying pillows?*"

She is, besides, accountable to God for the *neglected good* in her power to accomplish. Instead of rendering her family and her descendants worse than useless on earth, she might be instrumental in preparing them to become an honor to herself and blessings to the world—sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty—polished and enduring gems of beauty in the perfected crown of Emanuel. Look, prayerless mother! upon your children, and ask, "*For what purpose did God commit them to my care?*"

Before the troubled vision of the prayerless mother, what a lengthening procession will pass in review in a future world—outcasts from heaven and tenants of hell through her unfaithfulness—a multitude to join in the chorus, "*You are our destroyer—we are undone, and you are the cause of it.*"

The mother of a rising family was visited by her pastor:

which you now rejoice is soon to give place to care, to conflict, to languor, disease, death. God has created you with a delicacy of mind, which is peculiarly susceptible of these truths. You have more hours of silence and solitude, more hours for reflection than the other sex. And you have fewer external temptations to neglect religion than your brothers encounter. Man is abroad in the stormy world. His mind is ever engrossed with the bustle of life, and harassed by its perplexities. But you are to live at home, and many are the hours in which you will sit in solitude at your fireside, or perform the never-ending toil of the household, with no companion but your thoughts. And you must often pass through hours and days of darkness and of gloom, if you have not the bright perspective of a heavenly home. It *seems* far more unnatural for a woman to be destitute of piety than a man. Ingratitude, prayerlessness, neglect of God, seem peculiarly repulsive in the female character. To the eye of God, perhaps, the sin may be the same in both cases. But hard-heartedness, stubborn rebellion against infinite love, rejection of the Saviour, and resistance of the Holy Spirit, are traits which invest woman's heart with the deepest deformity. If you desire to enjoy a peaceful frame of mind while you live, become a Christian. If you desire solace in the hours of sickness, loneliness and pain, become a Christian. If you would be comforted in disappointment, and sustained in bereavement and mourning, become a Christian. If in the awful hour of death—that hour which soon must come, and which may be far nearer than you now apprehend—you would be cheered by the hope of a joyful resurrection from the grave, become a Christian.

The morning of the resurrection is soon to dawn upon you. The appalling voice of the archangel's trumpet you are soon to hear. The fearful scenes of the final judgment are soon to open upon your eye. Are you prepared for these events? If you would with a serene heart behold the dawn of that morning, and hear the summons of that trumpet, and gaze upon that judgment throne, become a Christian.

Immediately break away from the enticements of sin and from the daughters of irreligion, and go to the Saviour, with the entire surrender of yourself to him. Till you do this, you are in peril which imagination can hardly exaggerate. Till you do this, you can find no real repose, no solid happiness.

We need not here dwell upon the way in which only you can be saved. That way, through penitence and faith in an atoning Saviour, is so clearly marked out in God's word, that none need lose it, save those who are willingly blind. Go to your heavenly Father, sincerely hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and you certainly will be filled.

2. Having become a disciple of Jesus Christ, ever remember that you have duties to perform which are peculiar to your sex. Carefully cultivate that feminine delicacy and refinement which God designed for woman's ornament and influence. It is a great and ruinous mistake to endeavor to blend together the departments of labor of the two sexes. God made man to be man in his masculine mind and character and efforts. And he made woman to be woman in her mental characteristics, and opened before her a sphere of labor adapted to her feminine constitution. We do not wish to see woman ploughing in the fields; it is man's work. We do not wish to see woman navigating our ships; it is man's work. We do not wish to see woman mingling in the stormy debates of the caucus, acting as attorneys in our courts, or officiating as selectmen and constables and sheriffs. These are masculine duties, which demand the masculine frame and the manly mind.

Woman's power is a great power. Her influence when wisely exerted is equal, at least, if not superior, to that of man. Man's strength lies in his bold mind, in his indomitable purpose, in his strong arm, in his masculine vigor, fearing neither the aspect of danger, nor the face of man. Woman's power lies in her gentleness, in her soft and affectionate voice, in her retiring delicacy, in her unobtrusive readiness to administer to suffering wherever found. And so long

as woman retains this character, she commands the homage and the affection of every manly mind. Brutal and vulgar coarseness will stand abashed in her presence. Society in all its branches will feel her refining influence. And man will regard it as his pleasure and his honor to treat her with deference and profound respect. Her weakness is her strength. Her power of attraction her almost omnipotent power.

But woman cannot contend with man in the masculine traits of character, any more than man can contend with woman in the feminine and the lovely. And the moment she attempts it, she ceases to be a woman. She lays aside her peculiar attractions, her invincible shield of dependence, her gentle, persuasive, winning influence, and becomes comparatively powerless. This distinction between man's influence and woman's influence, which nature teaches, is also carefully sustained in the Bible. Our Saviour appointed no female apostles. He appointed no retiring maidens as preachers of the gospel, to speak with the thundering eloquence of Boanerges in the tumultuary assemblies of the heathen. And yet there were none whose services he more highly prized, than those of the devout and honorable women, who stood weeping around his cross and were first at his grave.

And in that province of labor which is peculiarly your own, there is full scope for all of woman's energy, for all of woman's self-denial and heroism. You should search out suffering. You should penetrate the abodes of poverty and want. You should go as ministering angels to the beds of sickness and pain. You should carry your offering of sympathy to the mourner who is weeping over the graves of the departed. You should plead in tones of humility and love, with your relatives and friends, in the privacy of the fireside, or of the evening walk, or of the sick chamber, that they may turn to God. You should be ever diligent to win your young acquaintances to the evening lecture, and to the hearing of the preached gospel. You should be industrious and practise self-denial, that you may contribute liberally to

sustain the great objects of benevolence. You should be ready, as temperance committees, to go from house to house on embassies of mercy. As collectors, you should be ready to take up the cross to solicit aid for the funds of Zion. If God has given you the requisite talent you should be ready, in the choir, to contribute to the interest of the services of the sanctuary. And you should rejoice in the opportunity in the Sabbath school of guiding children to the Saviour.

Oh, it is a wide field which God has opened for woman's occupancy. And many have gone from the faithful improvement of these opportunities to join the assembly of the saints on high. And no one who is acquainted with the present condition of the Church, or who is familiar with its past history, will hesitate to say that the sisters have done, and are now doing, at least as much to promote its prosperity as the brethren. And they have accomplished this great good, by cultivating that wide field which God has assigned to the mother, the sister and the daughter. The more you cultivate delicacy of mind and manners, a modest and unobtrusive deportment, the more powerful is your influence over every man's mind. And you cannot more effectually disarm yourself of woman's power, than by abandoning your own peculiar and expansive field of labor, and entering the more exposed and conspicuous field appropriated to man.

Original.

A BAD TEMPER.

ONE of the worst traits of character a person can possess, which occasions himself and others much inconvenience and unhappiness in the present life, is a *bad temper*. This may arise, to some extent, from the original physical constitution. Much depends, however, upon the treatment to which the temper is subjected in infancy and childhood. If its first developments are properly checked—if during the forming period of life it is restrained from violent outbreaks, its

strength will be greatly diminished. But let the temper be unsubdued—let no effectual restraints be put upon it, and it will increase with the increase of years, until it has acquired a giant's strength and a giant's courage. The ungoverned passion of the child will make a slave of the man. He can never know when he will be his own master. Parents, then, have an important duty to discharge, in this respect, towards their children. They must endeavor properly to mould the temper by avoiding all unnecessary excitement, if possible, and by controlling it in every stage and degree of its development. In this way they may save both themselves and their children from a great amount of evil that must otherwise be experienced.



Original.

NURSERY LESSONS.

WE, as mothers, are often apt to speak of our children, especially in the early stages of their lives, as "very troublesome"—"very tiresome"—"great charges," &c. This, it cannot be denied, is very often, if not always true, occasionally; perhaps more so with some children than others. But we must expect this, and when we do, we shall prepare to meet these circumstances as we do other events of our lives, which, though they may *seem* greater, are to us not more important.

A mother's home is her empire; there she reigns for the greater part of her time without rival, her children being her lawful and willing subjects. To them she must be, not only a queen to reign over them, but a judge to decide all their disputes; a counsellor, to assist them with her advice, and plead on their behalf; a governess, frequently, for many years of their lives; a physician and nurse in sickness and weakness, and a spiritual instructor and director at all times. And who, we may ask, who is sufficient for these things?

Not one, I would say, unassisted from above; it is there we must look for help. But we shall not be disappointed, for to them that have no might he increaseth strength—and though we may be conscious of our total inability to perform duties so arduous, so complicated, yet with Christ strengthening us, we can do all things. I have lately thought, that while looking for this teaching from above, and endeavoring to impart it to the circle that are daily gathered around us, they, in their turn, may become our sweet and lovely instructors. This may not at first be apparent; but if we watch for those lessons, they will daily be presented to us. And can they fail to benefit? coming from such a source, returned back to us with a fourfold blessing, so that while endeavoring to cultivate and train up those little plants for the paradise above, we shall ourselves, through their instrumentality, be watered from on high.

As I may not be quite understood without entering more into detail, I shall mention a few of those lessons, as they have been from time to time presented to myself, in order that mothers may understand me when I say, that when they visit their nurseries, or when their little ones are permitted to visit them, they may often obtain, as well as impart instruction.

"What is in that box?" said my little daughter to me one day, as she looked up to one which had been placed out of her reach. "Nothing," I replied. "Mamma, I should like to see," said the unsatisfied little one. But, said I, "Mamma said there was nothing in it, and that ought to be enough for her little girl. Mamma always tells truth to her little daughter." This was scarcely uttered when the monitor within whispered, what a lesson is here for me! *God has said*, may be prefixed to many things applied to ourselves; but though he is a God that cannot lie, this does not satisfy us—we will not take his word for it—we must look in ourselves—we must *see* if he is speaking truly, and thus virtually imply a doubt in our belief of what he has told us, unless our eyes behold what he, perhaps, sees fit to keep out of our sight.

I punished my little daughter this morning for holding something more firmly in her grasp when I reached my hand for it. This I believe I felt to be a duty, but what a lesson did I see for myself in this circumstance! How often do we hold with a firm grasp whatever we see our heavenly Father reach forth his hand, as it were, to remove from us, lest we should injure ourselves, or were making an improper use of it. We must become as little children ought to be, before we are fit to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Arbitrary parents, are we to expect more from our children in their unrenewed state, than we, who profess to be the children of God, show towards him?

"I have got a knot on my thread," said a little girl to her mamma, after she had long tried, in vain, to remove it herself, which only made the task more difficult. "Come to me at once, the next time, before you give yourself so much trouble," said her mamma, as she gave her back her sewing, after having put all to rights. Here, I thought, is a lesson for me. A knot came on my thread lately, from reading a work in which dangerous and erroneous doctrines were introduced, which appeared to coincide with some isolated texts of Scripture. I could not untie it myself, and was made unhappy; but I brought it to Him who can make "crooked things straight," and he soon removed the difficulty, untied the cunning perplexity, and gave me light to see, which I should in vain have looked for without such assistance.

"You shall not have anything you cry for," said I a few days since to one of my little ones. When I had uttered the words they seemed to be echoed in my own heart, and I paused to listen to the lesson I was to learn from it there. I thought of my last parting from my angelic mother. I thought of the last kiss I impressed on her sweet lips, and the look she then gave me. I thought of my long and dreary voyage from my home and from my country; but worst of all, from my idolized mother. I recalled the time when night after night I watered my pillow with my tears, while "my mother's last kiss" seemed ever sounding like a death-

knell upon my heart. I remembered that when I would try to say that sweet and lovely name, grief would choke my voice and refuse to give it utterance. I pined like a weaned child, and my heart-strings seemed as if breaking by this afflictive separation. Instead of meditating on the God who gave her to me, in the silent night-watches, I mourned and *sinfully* repined for being separated from her, allowed pettish and angry feelings to take possession of my heart, and neglected to look for submission under this trying bereavement.

I feel that I deserve the chastisement under which I am now suffering. It was "my mother's last kiss"—I shall never see her more in this world. I long hoped that I might have returned to my father's home before she was gathered to her people, but it seemed as if the Lord had said, "Let it suffice thee, speak to me no more of that." I heard of her triumphant departure, but was not permitted to see it.

"My trembling spirit owns it just,
But clings yet fondly to the dust."

A MOTHER.



Original.

THE VOICE OF THE WATCH.

My early years were full of serious joy. I was fatherless from infancy. I never knew a sister's love. But nature was parent and playmate, sister and mother to me, and my heart was an image of her unsorrowing face, far back as I can remember. Yet even nature taught me the need of grace. When I complained to her of the aching void the world could never fill, and asked for happiness, she frankly answered, "it is not in me." It was then soft and mournful music stole over me from Calvary and the cross, and drew me to the bosom of the Saviour; and I did not love nature less, but Jesus more. Many years I professed the faith of the gospel, and dwelt in the gates of Zion. Zion was my

home. Her people were my people. Her God was my God. I loved her songs; her solemn days; her sacramental feasts. My mountain stood strong—and I fell. O, thou pitying Son of God, whose weary foot, eighteen hundred years ago, paced the roads of Judea and the streets of Jerusalem, soughtest thou ever in thy farthest journey, a heart so pierced with sorrow and stained with sin as mine? Thanks to grace sovereign and unsearchable, the lost was found, and I live to sing recovering mercy.

Let me mention a little incident not without instruction. Christ made use of the crowing of a cock to awaken Peter. He employed the ticking of a watch to startle me. I sat musing without aim, amid the deep desolateness of my backsliding, in the silence of an August twilight. The only sound that fell upon my ear was the ticking of my watch; I seemed alone with it, apart with it from the universe. It ticked on solemnly, steadily, reproachfully almost. It became like a thing of life. It had been my companion for twenty years; and, from a mere senseless mechanism, it became, through the condition of my mind, a voice—a whispering spirit—a messenger from the departed Past. Its slow moving hands held my eye like the beck of a father's ghost in the imagination of Hamlet. Never man spake like this watch. What hours, months, and years, we have passed together! It had told me thousands of times the hour of prayer; it had told me of the revival meeting; of the funeral gathering; of the solemn conference; of the sacramental feast; of the moment to take the vows of God upon me; and I had obeyed it. Now it pointed to the hour of silent prayer, and I knelt not; to the meeting for conference and supplication, and I went not; it ticked on, mournfully telling off moments more precious than pearls, and I was a backslider. It became intolerable. Every tick was a stroke of doom, that came booming from some far off belfry or alarm station on the outskirts of time and the universe; and a pressure and a horror, as of an hour teeming with big fates and eternal retribution, crushed me; and every lost opportunity, every misspent hour, seemed

to come up from the dim past, look me sorrowfully in the face, and pass away for ever! It was the hour of conviction. I trust subsequent hours were those of sincere and accepted repentance.

Reader, whoever thou art! beware of abusing time. It seems to thee now, perhaps, the most noiseless of things, gliding away inaudibly as the movement of stars; but neglected too long, the faintest stroke of the time-piece falling on the dull ear of death, shall sound clear and awful as the knell of a world, and all lost hours shall meet together and shriek around thee like murdered men. Be a devoted Christian, make friends of the hours of life, and as it closes, they shall chant thee to sleep with sweet memories on the bosom of Jesus.

THE FOUND ONE.

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Original.

#### THE POOR MAN'S APPEAL.

SHALL I relate an incident which I received from the lips of my father in early childhood, and which may in part account for those peculiarly tender and delightful recollections of the covenant which a faithful God made to his ancient people, sustained through ages of unbelief and spiritual darkness, and has so gloriously fulfilled in the experience of every believing disciple? The Christian remembers it under the pressure of life's toils; the parent remembers it through hope and sorrow; in the hour when the child of prayer and of promise breaks away from the God of his youth, rushing fearlessly on, the covenant, suspended like the bow on the cloud, brings peace to his agonized heart. But it is one thing to be cheered by recollections of this gracious covenant, and another, rightly to understand its conditions, and our own obligations in reference to it.

My father was a man who would go far out of his way to obtain a single additional evidence of covenant faithfulness,

or another argument in favor of his own strong belief in the unchangeable promise of Jehovah.

*Providential Care*, the theme on which he loved to dwell in health and life, was the dying song which floated from his lips as the last strings were severed which bound him to those who were soon to be the widow and the orphans. But what a rich treasure of facts did his busy and fertile mind glean up along his earthly pilgrimage in favor of that strong covenant, and how did he love to visit the poor and the sorrowful, to gather from their humble histories the tokens of God's love! How often was he at the dying bed of the Christian, to witness the glory of that faithfulness which the Redeemer displays in the soul's utmost need. But these were not all; he had richer treasures still, laid away for his own passage through that valley. Promises full, expressive, complete—promises for himself, his children, his all, for the present and future, "exceeding great and precious;" clustering around his fainting soul, by a sweet and holy ministry, they wafted him away to endless fruition.

The story is a very simple one, taken from the annals of a poor man in the State of Maine. My father turned aside from his journey, on purpose to visit one who loved the promises of God, and had often received the reward of his faith. This poor man was frequently reduced to great necessity, with nothing to feed his hungry children. On one of these trying occasions, when no longer able to bear the grief of his family, he took his hat and went forth to the field. In a retired spot he knelt, and thus he prayed:—"Oh Lord! the God of Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob, the God of the Covenant, ordered in all things and sure. Thou didst permit me, unworthy as I am, to take hold of that covenant, and through all the years of my life thou hast never forsaken me! Always hast thou been faithful, nothing wanting. On my part I promised likewise to be faithful to thee, my God! Thou knowest I have often miserably failed, and in all come short—but I appeal to thee, oh my God, if thou hast not seen an honest endeavor to do thy will and to please thee continually,

and now I call on thee to fulfil thy part of the holy covenant, and to feed my famishing children!" At these words an eagle flew over the head of this confiding, but bold disciple who had ventured so near the throne, and at his feet dropped a fish, sufficiently large to satisfy present wants. He took it up and went home.

Now, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that he who has said, "*Command ye me*," should have answered the prayer of this poor man; nor was it, that he should plead earnestly for his suffering family. But to say, "Thou knowest that I have heartily and continually endeavored to please thee;"—this was the point of the story which so deeply influenced my youthful mind. How many of us can make such an appeal?

How many of us have trained our children for God as we promised to do? Let us examine this question, and inquire if, in the integrity of our heart, we have continually led them away, as we promised, from the maxims, and follies, and customs of an evil world; if we have faithfully endeavored to fulfil our part of the Holy Covenant?

*Rochester, Mass.*

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Original.

LETTER TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

EVER since our last sad meeting in Newark, my very dear friend, I have thought much of you in your loneliness, and have longed to express to you my deep sympathy in your sorrow. The hand of our Father in heaven has indeed been laid heavily upon you, in thus writing your house and your heart desolate. I have remembered you frequently before that "blood-bought Mercy Seat," where thoughts are most effectual; and have asked that, in this time "of need" you might find God "a very present help." "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is

safe." My dear friend, permit me to ask, have you ever learned by your own experience that—

"He who hath made his refuge God,
Hath found a most secure abode."

Have you learned the sweetness of the assurance recorded in Psalm xxvii. 5? "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock." Have you made the language of the sweet Psalmist of Israel your own? "Be merciful unto me, oh God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast" (Psalms lvii. 1). I would fain hope that it is so. I greatly desire that it may be. Oh, that I may so write and pray as to bear some humble part in helping forward this most desirable, this most needful result.

I need not speak to you of the uncertainty or the insufficiency of earthly good; nor yet of the necessity of that *new birth* without which, as our Saviour assures us, we cannot see the kingdom of God. I need not commend to you the Bible as a revelation from heaven, nor the outward privileges of the sanctuary, with which you have been from your childhood familiar. But I *may* speak to you of the *claims of Christ*. *We* are of the number to whom it is said, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price;" "not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ" (1 Pet. i. 18, 19). *We* are they who ought to be able to exclaim with the Apostle: "For the love of Christ constraineth us; *because we thus judge*, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live *should not henceforth live unto themselves*, but unto him which died for them, and rose again" (2 Cor. v. 14, 15). And what is it *to live for Christ*? You, dear sir, know what it is "to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows;" to plan, to labor for the comfort of a beloved wife;—so to identify her happiness with your own, as to render it impossible for you to rejoice unless she shared

your joy ; or for her to weep without filling your heart with anguish. *You lived for her.* And now what is it to live *for Christ* ? It is to identify our interests with his. It is ever to have a heart to say, "I prosper when the Kingdom of Christ prospers." It is to ask ourselves, day by day, "What can I do to please and honor my Saviour ? How can I best prove my gratitude for his dying love, his living intercession, his Spirit, his Word, his providential mercies ?—What part can I bear in helping forward the chariot-wheels of the "Prince of Salvation," as he goes forth to conquer and to bless the world ? How can I help him to "see of the travail of his soul," the only reward that he seeks for the redemption of a race ruined by sin ?" Such are the inquiries that will be made by one who, like Paul, determines "to know nothing but Christ and him crucified," and counts "all things but loss," if he may but "win Christ and be found in him." And when the answer comes back ; when the path of duty is marked out ; whether it be through joy or sorrow, through poverty or competence, through "evil" or through "good report," through self-denial or through death ;—such an one, his eyes fixed on the heavens and his hands grasping everlasting strength, will march boldly on, praying as he goes, "that IF BY ANY MEANS," he "might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."

This it is to be a follower of Christ ; and I know not how one *can* follow him by any other path. As my sainted father often reminded us, "*There are a thousand ways to get wrong, and only one to get right.*"

And now let us inquire for the *ruling motive*—the *principle* of action. It is supreme LOVE TO CHRIST. From a deliberate conviction of his infinite excellence, and his entire claims, we must enthrone him in our hearts ; saying, with the deepest self-condemnation, "Other lords, besides thee, *have* had dominion over us, but now we give ourselves *to thee* : body, soul, spirit, time, intellect, influence, affections, property, friends ; to be used *for* thee, to be resigned *to* thee, when, and as thou pleasest. We esteem thy favor as life, and thy

loving kindness as better than life. We seek *first* the kingdom of God, and renounce *everything* that comes in competition with this." My friend, permit me to ask, have *you* thus enthroned Christ in your affections? Have you asked *him* to fill the aching void where once, perchance, an idol stood enshrined? *Does* Christ thus dwell within you, "*the hope of glory*?" The "almond-tree" blossoms on your head. Every apartment in your desolate home rings with the echo, "This is not your rest." Turn your weeping eye away from scenes that were made to perish, and from friends that were born to die; and *without delay*, I entreat you, secure to yourself "an inheritance among them that are sanctified, through the blood of the Everlasting Covenant."

F. L. S.

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Original.

PRACTICAL REMARKS UPON THE EARLY CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

WHAT are we to expect from the promises of God with regard to the early conversion of children? The language of Scripture is, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Again, "I love them that love me: they that seek me early *shall* find me." I might select other passages with reference to this subject; but I think that these two are sufficient to prove that God has not left a mere peradventure to encourage us: and we know that his promises are yea, and amen to all who believe. Hence the language of the Christian mother, in the words of God's ancient servant, is, "how shall we order the child, or how shall we do unto him?" Again I reply, in the language of Scripture, "Thou shalt teach these things diligently unto thy children; thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Endeavor to make every incident which has power to arrest the attention, productive of everlasting benefit to the soul. Thus, in the death of a familiar friend or playmate, they may be

made to reflect upon the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. Appropriate remarks upon a flower, shell, or anything beautiful in nature, with which the mind is most familiar, may lead them to reflect upon the wonderful *creative* power of God. How beautifully may his providential care be illustrated in the variety produced by the seasons, and the works of his love in the whole history of man ; especially in the gift of the Holy Scriptures, the Throne of Grace, the Immaculate Son of his love. How various are the ways by which we may make the study of the Word of God a pleasing recreation to the young mind ! The air, the earth, and the sea, are replete with themes of praise. How numberless are the creatures, created by his word and depending on his care ! Says the Psalmist, " The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season : thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." But while we give line upon line, and precept upon precept, perhaps there is nothing that will so forcibly awaken the attention to the solemnities of a dying hour, as to weep over them with humble, fervent prayer and supplication at the Throne of Grace. The unbidden tear which steals from the mother's eye, and courses down her cheek, as she pleads in agony of spirit, to the God of her fathers, with and for her children, that God, for his Son's sake, would enable them to yield their hearts in sweet submission at the feet of Jesus, and devote their youthful days to his service, is not lost upon those little ones. They feel that the subject which weighs so heavily upon a mother's heart, must be a subject of deep importance. Consequently they listen more readily to the voice of instruction—will be more disposed to inquire and reflect upon the revealed will of God, which concerns the eternal destiny of the soul.

Children are quick observers; and if the mother's example be not in strict accordance with the principles and precepts she strives to inculcate, she will have labored in vain as it regards her personal influence, and have spent her strength for naught. Said a mother, who wished to illustrate the

effect of example upon children, "after I had permitted my little daughters to attend the female prayer-meeting with me for several successive days, during a revival, our house was literally the house of prayer. Almost every hour in the day, might be heard the voice of infant supplication; and with a solemnity of manner, and propriety of speech, that excited astonishment, as well as pleasing emotions of gratitude. If that mother, at the same time, instead of attending the house of prayer, had spent much time before her mirror, twining a graceful knot of ribbon to adorn her cap, or torturing a stray lock into fashionable subjection, that she may make her *entrée* into an evening circle with becoming grace, she would, undoubtedly, have found her children engaged in the same unprofitable occupation.

Adorning their dolls with mimic grace,  
And wondering when they shall have a place  
Among the gay and festive throng,  
Where pleasure blends with mirth and song.

The early subjection of the will is another source by which a mother may labor for the Lord in promoting the eternal welfare of her children. But so much has been said upon this subject by the wise and good, by able and celebrated writers, that I shall confine the few remarks I wish to make, to the result of experience and observation. I have often observed that ladies, who strive to perform the duties incumbent upon the Christian mother, often err in a kind of careless government. For example—a mother receives a call from a familiar friend, one in whom she is much interested, and with her knitting in her hand, seats herself to hold social converse. Presently her ball rolls on to the carpet, and her child, who is playing about the room, is requested to hand it to her. The boy looks archly at his mother in a half laughing, half earnest manner, which seems to express—

I've half a mind to disobey,  
Just to see what mother will say;  
He stands for a moment—she heeds him not—  
And then returns to spin his top.

The conversation is continued, and is every moment increasing in interest. Again the boy is requested to hand the ball, but now he is fully armed for the contest, and pays but little or no attention to the command. Once more the mother is reminded of her ball by the yarn tightening around her finger, and she reaches forth her hand, draws it to her by the yarn, and restores it to its accustomed place of security. The triumphant look of the boy proclaims his victory won. The ascendancy of the will once obtained, and he proceeds boldly, step by step, until some open daring act of rebellion alarms the mother, and she wonders at the depravity of her child,—forgetful, if indeed she was ever conscious, that the germ of rebellion had been fostered by her own carelessness and neglect. None but the omniscient eye of God can remove the veil from the future, and fully appreciate the sinfulness of the delinquent mother. M. A.

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THE MOTHER.

HEAVEN has imprinted on the mother's face something which claims kindred with the skies. The waking, watchful eye, which keeps its tireless vigils over her slumbering child; the tender look and angelic smile, are objects which neither the pencil nor chisel can reach, and poetry fails in attempting to portray. Upon the eulogies of the most eloquent tongue we should find Tekel written. It is the sympathies of the heart alone where lives the lovely picture, and the eye may look abroad in vain for its counterpart in the works of art!

A mother's love! O what joy is in the sound. Entwined around our very souls in our earliest years, we cling to it in manhood, almost worship at its shrine in old age. To use the language of a celebrated writer, we say that he who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking "of such is the kingdom of heaven," or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.—*Standard.*

# YOUTH'S PRAYER.

BY PEDRO A. ANDREU.

*Andantino Espressivo.*

With hum-ble heart and tongue, My God, to thee, I pray: Oh!

bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the liv-ing way; Make an un-guard-ed

youth, the ob-ject of thy care; Help me to choose the

way of truth, And fly from eve-ry snare.

My heart to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine;  
Unite it to thyself alone,  
And make me wholly thine;

Oh! let thy word of grace  
My warmest thoughts employ;  
Be this through all my following days  
My treasure and my joy.

THE  
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

~~~~~  
AUGUST, 1844.
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Original.

PARENTAL SOLICITUDE.

BY REV. CHARLES B. BOYINGTON.

THE inquiry, "What manner of child shall this be?" was made by the friends and acquaintances of Zacharias and Elizabeth in reference to their infant. The strange circumstances connected with his birth had given rise to the expectation that his future career would be distinguished by remarkable events.

The report of what had happened to his parents had travelled round Judea; and, as men treasured these things in their minds, and pondered upon their import, they inquired, one of another, "What manner of child shall this be?"—What goal will he reach who has commenced the race under such unwonted circumstances?

Although the unusual character of the events, linked with the infancy of John, elicited this inquiry, yet, would we seriously consider, we should discover abundant reason, in looking upon the face of any child, for the anxious question, "What manner of child shall this be?" We are not to regard this interrogatory as confined to the period of childhood. The idea is this: What manner of person shall this child be? What will be the character of his own destiny—and what his influence upon the world?



We propose to offer some reasons why we should feel such deep anxiety in reference to the infant child. We may well feel solicitude concerning the future character of a child, because it is next to infinite in its capacities.

We look upon it in its weakness and helplessness, in its utter dependence for life here upon the kindness and watchfulness of those around; we feel touched by its plaintive tones, and interested in the expression of its beseeching eye; and the heart of the parent leaps up when that eye gathers intelligence, and the soul comes out on the laughing lip, and the tongue attempts the formation of articulate sounds. But it is regarded more as an object of affectionate interest, than as a creature of incalculable importance, even in the eye of God himself. The infant, insignificant though it may appear to all but the parent's heart, is still a germ, within whose undeveloped leaves are hidden the secrets both of time and of eternity.

We may pluck from our garden the simple, unattractive bud, unlovely in form and hue; yet folded within by the hand of God are the graceful petals of the gorgeous flower, and shower and sunbeam shall yet develope and color them with matchless dyes. So may we observe an acorn or the fruit of the pine, and find it difficult to interest ourselves in the unlovely germ, yet it conceals within the rudiments of the giant tree, whose branches shall be tossed perhaps by the storms of a hundred winters. After this reflection, it is not uninteresting to inquire, what manner of tree shall this become? What field shall it shelter with its branches—or, round what mountain crest shall its strong roots be thrown? To what purpose shall the huge trunk be finally devoted? Ages hence, shall it form a part of the poor man's home, or the noble's palace, or shall it float in earth's future navies? So the infant, though a simple bud, is invested with unutterable importance, when we meditate upon its future expandings. 'Tis a creature, whose being and developments are co-extensive with eternity; too near the infinite even in capacity to be measured.

When an infant is born, a new actor appears in the great drama of being, who in all eternity shall never disappear from the stage.

It sinks, to be sure, from human view for a short period at death; but still it exists behind the scenes to re-appear at the appointed time, to gather to itself new powers, which shall be exerted upon a sphere of action for ever enlarging, to suit the expanding soul.

We might, then, properly regard an infant with feelings of awe. We stand hushed and solemn before many objects of the natural world, which possess far less of real sublimity than the helpless child.

We regard with fear the rising of the black summer cloud, for we know that it bears within the voice of the thunder and the bolt of the lightning, and perhaps, the hurricane's breath; and we are awed on the sea shore, where, for many a league, the earth trembles beneath the giant strokes of the surge. Men find it a fearful thing to mark the array of opposing armies just at the point when the pause and the dead silence precedes the shock, when the batteries, silent and motionless, are frowning on each other, and the swords are out and the bayonets are levelled for the charge. In such a moment man is awed, for he knows the terrific power which that enginery can wield; but, in gazing upon the weakest infant, we ought to be stirred with an intenser emotion: for, beneath that gentle brow, and that peaceful bosom, and those tiny hands, are hidden energies far more terrible than the lightning's bolt, or the voice of the storm, or the thunder of waves, or the shock of battle. The storm may desolate, but it passes away—the waves strive in vain to overleap the bounds that God hath set—the roar and the shriek will die away on the battle-field, and blood will disappear—even the bones will moulder at last, and a verdure deeper than before will hide the pollution—but every thought of that young infant's soul shall endure for ever. A single suggestion of that mind may have power to affect the fate of millions for ever, and change all the present relations of society.

The passage of a generation will wipe away the remembrance of a Waterloo, and time rear new cities over the ruins of the old, but the thoughts which may blaze forth from the mind dwelling in the infant form we gaze on, may scorch and desolate age after age, down to the last generation of men, may even stretch its influences beyond the grave so far away into eternity, that no intelligence but that of God can trace the ultimate result. The infidel suggestions of Porphyry, and Celsus, and Julian, have helped to lead down to destruction a portion of every generation, which has arisen since the period in which they lived, and such men as Voltaire and Paine breathe even from their graves a moral pestilence which cannot be stayed except by the hand of God.

An infant, then, is an object of deepest interest, because its existence is co-extensive with eternity, and because it will for ever exert an accumulating influence upon the universe of God. Mother, the little creature that nestles and slumbers in your bosom, shall outlive the period when the hand of the Almighty shall fold these heavens together. What manner of creature shall it be through all the unimaginable changes of time and of eternity? Where will it be? What will be its character—and what its condition amid the terrible events of earth's closing scenes?

With a soul capable of perpetual improvement, and with boundless duration before it in which its power and knowledge may increase, how near to the infinite will that infant approach in the measureless cycles of eternal years? Mother, what will the station and dignity of that infant be, when associated with the pure and the mighty in heaven, under the instruction of Jesus Christ himself, it shall have been for unnumbered ages in a course of rapid development passing from "strength to strength, and from glory to glory." You may well look then, upon your now helpless charge with feelings of awe, for within that little bosom is the mysterious germ of an eternal life with all its unknown events and interests and relations.

Again, an infant is a creature of deep and melancholy interest, because it is the offspring of a fallen race, and comes into being, not only loaded with all the responsibilities that bind an intelligent being to the bar of God, but from the first moment of existence it comes within the influence of a current that is sweeping it to destruction. The soul bears from the first that seed of iniquity which will sprout forth with the first gleam of intelligence. What an awful idea does it afford of the original corruption of human nature that we cannot regard even the fairest and loveliest infant as fitted for the heavenly world without being sprinkled with blood, the most precious blood of the universe!

It is a most humiliating consideration that the child of our love is as certain, if unregenerated, to become a sinner, as the acorn, when it puts forth, is to produce an oak.

How terrible does sin appear, when it compels us to regard the beautiful infant, cradled in the arms of its mother, as by nature an heir of wrath; a creature, whose nature is so far perverted, that its first moral action will be in opposition to the will and law of God.

As one of a doomed and ruined race, of which no individual can be rescued, except by the means of God's appointment which so many reject, it becomes a question of most solemn interest in reference to every child—"What manner of child shall this be?"

Mothers, we wish you to remember that the almighty energies of God alone excepted, there is no power in all the universe so measureless in its influence, so far-reaching in its results, as that of an immortal mind, such as the little forms of your infants hold. You would think it much to have charge of the lightning's bolt, to mark out its path in heaven, to select the object that its touch should wither. You do have control of a far more terrific power—the lightnings of the mind—that flashing on all sides from their burning centre, blaze and scorch from generation to generation. You would shrink from the trust, if God should commit to the guidance of your wisdom the strength of the earthquakes

and the volcano—but this would be nothing, compared with the charge of the intelligent soul. The one has a termination, definite bounds have been set to its influence, it is confined to a definite space in the dominions of God. The other power, the mind, with its sleepless energies, overleaps all bounds of space or duration, and sweeps on with an influence that accumulates at each step of its unending course.

We pray you to think of the eternity that is before your infant, mother; and remember, that every hour you are helping to color all this future, to settle and shape the character of events that shall attend your child through all the life to come.

Is it well to slumber over such amazing responsibilities? Mothers, if you have never given your child to God, never bestowed religious training by precept or example, never taught it to admire the beauties and glories of redemption, never brought it to the family altar, never breathed with it or for it a prayer, and have thus removed it from God, and thrust it away from the kingdom and multiplied the chances against its conversion—are you prepared for the hour when you shall meet your child at the bar of Christ, ruined for eternity? And that destruction shall be revealed to every eye as your own handiwork, and it shall be clearly perceived that from day to day on earth you gave the influences that shaped the soul for hell.

If all the elements of woe on earth, all that the body can endure, and that the soul can know of agony, could be concocted by some infernal spell into one cup of bitterness, and you be compelled to drink it, light and trivial would it be, compared with the horrors of that hour, when a watchful and avenging God shall make inquisition for blood, and in the light of the judgment-day, your own hands shall be seen reeking with the blood of your children.

In being blessed with children you have been made stewards of the crown-jewels of Jehovah, and in their daily training remember that the hour is coming when they will be wanted for the Saviour's crown. What will be your answer

if it shall be found there that you have bound them in a covenant with hell?

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## Original.

## A SOLEMN REFLECTION.

ADDISON, in one of his admirable essays, compares the human mind to the unhewn block of marble which, chipped and dressed by the statuary's chisel, finally emerges an almost breathing image of life and beauty, of symmetry and grace. It were well to consider, however, that the process of developing the human mind is conducted by multiform, miscellaneous, and often conflicting agencies. From the rude, elemental mass, every passer-by snatches a chip, or impresses upon it a lineament. Parents may work upon it—teachers may work upon it. But they work not alone. Friends touch the emerging form—foes touch it—the novelist imparts a feature—the servant in the kitchen shapes a part—the fleeci-est cloud of heaven gives it a shade or a line—all things work upon it, and trifles light as air contribute to its form and complexion.

It is painfully interesting to observe how the whole tenor and temper of an individual's history is modified by slight events, as the whole expression of a beautiful portrait may be changed by one false touch of the pencil. An unkind act or word may curdle or turn away for life the sensibilities of some quick, generous nature. An impure tale or novel may be read, flung aside, and its very name forgotten; yet, as the small flower absorbs something of nutriment from the casual dew-drop and the shortest breeze, so may the soul unconsciously drink in from its most trivial and most accidental associations with books and men that which shall make or mar its happiness through the longest life. A single seed lodged in favorable soil produces the oak that may battle with the blasts of a century; and a single thought

or feeling once generated in the human bosom may cope with all the influence which time shall bring to bear against it.

What a solemn trust is influence, even the smallest degree of it, when its vast possible results are contemplated; and, oh! how unutterably fearful the abuse of such a measure of it, as is commonly wielded by the mothers of our land! As we send out from month to month our *Mother's Magazine*, laden with our most earnest and anxious counsels on the subject of maternal responsibility, we sometimes fear we shall be thought extravagant in our estimate of that responsibility; or, that a theme so often urged will at length come to be considered as trite and tiresome. Alas for the parent that shall think so! The more we reflect on the subject, the more we feel that both we and our readers need a most thorough re-awakening to a sense of our duty. Pray, oh, pray, that we and all to whom our monthly monitions come, may have our eyes opened by the Spirit of God to a clear view of the solemnity of living amidst priceless souls, that are every day blessed or cursed by influences that appear to us trivial and evanescent.

PATER.

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### THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL

Faintly flow, thou falling river,  
Like a dream that dies away;  
Down the ocean gliding ever,  
Keep thy calm unruffled way!  
Time with such a silent motion  
Floats along on wings of air,  
To eternity's dark ocean,  
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;  
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;  
Shapes of light are wafted hither—  
Then, like visions hurry by;  
Quick as clouds at evening driven  
O'er the many-colored west,  
Years are bearing us to heaven,  
Home of happiness and rest.

## Original.

## WALKING BY FAITH.

It is characteristic of Christians that they walk by faith, not by sight, and they are in fact Christians only so far as they thus live and walk. And yet this is a mystery and stumbling-block to many. But are we not all in the constant practice of living by faith in each other? Is it not admitted to be reasonable that we should do so. Indeed, how could we live at all if we did not live by faith—there could be no intercourse, no friendship, no business, no pleasure on earth, if man had no faith in man. All the bonds of human society would become mere chains of sand—the fellowship of human bosoms would cease, and each would retire within himself to pine and die in lonely and loathsome selfishness.

By faith the merchant freights his vessel for distant lands. How does he know there is such a country as that to which she is destined? He has heard of it, but he never saw it. And suppose there is such a country, how does he know the captain and crew of his vessel are capable or trustworthy? And if they are, how does he know the cargo can be sold? And if it can, how does he know the proceeds will ever be returned to him, considering the dangers of the sea, and the possible dishonesty of those through whose hands they may pass?

By faith the farmer breaks up the ground, and sows his seed. How does he know the fowls of heaven will not destroy it? And if they do not, how does he know that it will germinate, or that the rain and sunbeams will descend to quicken it? How can he know a thousand contingencies, upon every one of which his harvest may depend? He cannot walk by sight, he must and does walk by faith.

If we are sick and send for a physician, we are continually called to the exercise of faith in his integrity and skill. By faith we take his medicines, since, for aught we see or know,



they are poisons, and he is our deadly enemy. If we go on a journey, how many persons we never saw before require us to confide in them, in order that we may be comfortably and pleasantly conveyed to our desired place? In short, as has been already said, we must daily walk by faith in each other, or the business and pleasures of life are at an end. And, as a matter of fact, we do daily confide in all sorts of men. This is admitted to be reasonable. Now, we inquire, must it not be much more reasonable to walk by faith in God? What, though he be invisible? We trust other invisible objects—objects, too, that never afforded us proofs of their existence, as God does continually. What, though we never saw or heard him? We trust others whom we never heard or saw. All men, by their every day conduct, decide that walking by faith is reasonable, so far as men are concerned; and the real question at issue between sinners and the Bible is not the reasonableness of faith, but the reasonableness of extending it to God as well as to men. Oh, strange infatuation—dreadful blindness! Is it surprising that the Scriptures denounce in such strong and unsparing terms the spirit of unbelief as a spirit which makes God a liar, and denies him the confidence which we freely accord to the most unworthy of our fellow-men?

And, oh! how much reason have the best Christians to reprove themselves for this sin. Lord, increase our faith, is the prayer we most need to urge importunately, even after all our experience of the divine faithfulness. Christian parents! are we not specially in danger of this sin, as we see the hopes we had formed concerning our children deferred from year to year, notwithstanding all the blessed and sure promises of our heavenly Father regarding our dear offspring.

Oh! for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what the Almighty saith,

especially while engaged in the arduous process of educating those committed to our trust, that we might cast in the seed, confident of the harvest.

HANNAH.

Original.

## ENCOURAGEMENT FOR PRAYER.

St. John, v. 1-9.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

BENEATH Bethesda's shady grove,  
 A beauteous pool serenely lay;  
 Unmoved, save by the breath of love,  
 And calm as summer's opening day.  
 Around its waters clear and deep,  
 The wretched and the suffering haste,  
 Hoping to take the favored leap,  
 And of its healing virtues taste.

Upon a cloud, with wings outspread,  
 An angel form delighted flies;  
 Enters the pool with noiseless tread,  
 And then ascends his native skies.  
 His annual visit thus he pays  
 And lightly moves the limpid pool;  
 Who in it, first, his body lays,  
 Of every malady is whole.

Unto its brink from year to year  
 A suffering cripple weeping came;  
 Helpless he lay, 'mid hope and fear,  
 Wretched, forsaken, friendless, lame!  
 Desponding lest no aid he find  
 To help him to the troubled pool;  
 Despairing, till in accents kind,  
 Jesus inquires, "Wilt thou be whole?"

"Be whole!" what bliss the words conveyed—  
 "Be whole!" what transport filled his breast!  
 He rose! he leaped! and undismayed,  
 Through the astonished crowd he pressed.  
 Mothers, rejoice! the Saviour lives!  
 Go to the pool from day to day;  
 His Spirit still he freely gives,  
 Rejoice, fond mothers, watch and pray.

SAG HARBOR, L. I.

## LETTERS TO YOUNG WOMEN.—NO. II.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

A FEW days after the publication of the first Letter to Young Women, I received a note from a young friend, requesting information respecting the martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas, to whom reference was made in that letter. As the information may be interesting to others also, I give a brief account of their sufferings.

Perpetua and Felicitas were two youthful females who suffered martyrdom in the third century, under the reign of the Emperor Geta. The tragic scene, as described by ancient historians, is one of the most affecting recitals on record, of cruel sufferings and tranquil sublimity.

The father of Felicitas was a pagan, a venerable man of grey hairs. He loved his daughter to adoration, and kissing her hands and bathing her neck with tears, implored her to renounce Christ. "O, my daughter!" entreated the unhappy old man, "have compassion on my grey hairs. Have compassion on thy father, if he is worthy of the name of father. Think of thy mother! thy brother! how can we live without thee? O spare us this disgrace. Do not destroy us all."

"What the Lord wills," replies the weeping maiden, "will take place. We are not in our own power, but in that of God."

The procurator then, with the utmost refinement of barbarian cruelty, ordered her father to be scourged before her eyes, hoping, through the agony of her struggling parent, to compel the daughter to deny her Saviour. And as she heard her father's shriek, and saw the lash cutting its crimson gashes through his quivering flesh, God supported her, and she was sustained through the terrible ordeal.

She was then brought into the vast amphitheatre, crowded with its countless multitude to witness her death. She was there divested of all her clothing that the pangs of wounded

modesty might be added to the physical sufferings through which she had to pass. She was suspended, in the centre of the amphitheatre, in a strong cord net, reaching nearly to the ground, and which, by the application of a slight force, would swing freely to and fro in the spacious arena, encircled by innumerable eyes eager for the sacrifice.

The door of a den was then opened, and a furious bull, previously tortured into rage, with uplifted tail and loud bellowing came bounding into the enclosure. Fiercely pawing the dust into the air, and with eyeballs of fire, he glares around upon the spectators elevated above his reach, until the form of the maiden, suspended before him, arrests his view. The sight redoubles his fury. With head prone to the ground, and filling the arena with his bellowings, he plunges upon her, buries his horn in her side, and tosses her high in the air. Whatever shrieks pain and terror may extort from her lips, are drowned in the exulting shouts of the surrounding idolators. As helpless in the net, she is swung to and fro in the arena, through the violence of the blow, the bull again turns upon her, frantic with rage, and with his hard horns mangles her body and crushes her bones. Thus is she torn and lacerated by the infuriated beast, affording merriment to the still more savage men, till a gladiator enters, and passing a sword through her heart, terminates her sufferings. Her torn and dishonored body is then dragged through the sands of the arena and cast away.

Perpetua was compelled to witness these sufferings of her friend Felicitas, as she waited her turn to pass through the same terrible scene of exposure and of torture. She, however, by the grace of God sustained her calmness, her faith, her firmness. She also was enclosed in the net. She was also suspended in the arena. The horns of the bull, dripping with the blood of her companion, were soon buried in her side, and her mangled, quivering form, was driven hither and thither before his reiterated assaults, until the sword pierced her heart also, and her lifeless body was dragged to its dishonored grave.

Such was the martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas. They are now doubtless in heaven, among the brightest and the happiest of the heavenly throng. Their sorrows were but for a moment—their joys will be eternal. But, reader! how will you feel when, in the day of judgment, you stand by the side of these your sisters? You, perhaps, are rejecting Christ, when a Christian father pleads with tears that you should love him; when Christian friends surround you with their encouragement and their prayers, and when not a finger of opposition is raised. If God requires acknowledgment, even among the bloody scenes of a pagan amphitheatre, what excuse can those render who are now rejecting him? This question merits your most serious attention.

*From the New York Evangelist.*



#### A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Nothing can lay the foundation for permanent happiness in married life unless it be consistent religious principles. Two hearts, sanctified by divine grace, may unite and flow on through life harmoniously together with nothing to disturb their peace. Two kindred streams which unite and flow on together, mingling their waters, and becoming inseparably *one*, gliding gently and peaceably on toward the ocean, is one of the most beautiful objects in *nature*. But two hearts, united in genuine affection, and sanctified by the grace of God, flowing on in the same channel of holy affection, and unitedly seeking the same exalted objects—the glory of God, and the happiness of his creatures—is one of the most beautiful things in the *universe*.

GOOD SAYINGS AND SHORT MAXIMS.

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG MOTHERS.

Rise so early in the morning that you may be able to secure at least half an hour for reading the Scriptures and prayer before your domestic concerns require your attention. You will find this exercise admirably adapted to prepare and strengthen you to encounter, with a becoming temper and spirit, the trials and vexations of the day.

Accustom your children to make prayers and praise to God, the giver and preserver of life, the first employment in the morning and the last at night. Remember that the duties of a mother are untransferable; therefore, except in cases of unavoidable necessity, never suffer the devotional exercise of your children to be superintended by another.

See that your daughters rise early, and that they employ themselves about such domestic affairs as are suited to their years and capacities.

Never suffer your children to require services from others which they can perform for themselves. A strict observance of this rule will be of incalculable advantage to them through every period of life.

Let all the young members of your family be regularly washed and combed before breakfast; never permit them to treat you with so much disrespect as to appear at your table in a slovenly condition. It should ever be remembered that the highest respect which a child can pay is due to its parent. This respect may be insured by forming correct habits in youth.

"Resist in time—all medicine is but play,  
When the disease has strengthened by delay."

Never overload either the plates or the stomachs of your children; give them sufficient and suitable food. Recollect "milk is for babes," and "strong meat for men."

Watch against the practice of leaving portions of food on the plates or throwing them about, which begets a habit of

wastefulness highly pernicious. "Waste not, want not," is a good proverb, and should be kept in mind.

Be yourself the judge, both of the quantity and quality of food your children should eat. There are many things which may appear, to the eye of a child, "pleasant and good for food," which nevertheless contain the seed of disease and death. Entirely refuse them sweet and rich cake.

SELECTED.

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Original.

ADELIA.

"Fare thee well, round thy name, which long, long shall endure,  
While the lily and myrtle we twine,  
We will pray that our hearts may be ever as pure,  
And our lives ever lovely as thine."

IN one of those sequestered spots, so often met with in central New York, surrounded by hills, and shut out from the gaze of a busy world, stands the cottage which was once the home of Adelia. There is an air of loveliness about the place, and one would think that here happiness might be found without alloy. The vine that once was taught by her fairy hand to wind itself in graceful wreaths about the door, and the flowers that bordered the little path that leads up to it, hang drooping now, and seem to mourn the loss of one so kind. She was an only child. The fond hopes of parents clustered about her path, and their smiles lit up every dark shadow that chanced to come across her brow. I saw her in all the loveliness of sweet sixteen, the flush of health sat blushing upon her cheek, and her eye was lighted up by the fire of love that burned within.

She was one of those happy beings which make the moments pass sweetly by, and weeks seem but days while blest with their presence. And, as we look back o'er the track of life, we can see many bright spots through the dark

shadows of the past, made so by those joyous beings who have come, like the sweet flowers of spring, to delight us with their beauty, "stay one short month, and are gone."

She had a praying father and loving mother, and many were the prayers that went up to the throne of God in behalf of their dear child. They were answered—Adelia became the subject of divine grace, she sought pardon, and received by the Saviour a full forgiveness of her sins. \* \* \* I saw her again. It was on one of those calm, sweet days when the sun shines forth in all his beauty, and the forest bird gladdens the hour with his song.

I approached her cottage by a road which winds round a little hill, affording a prospect of a delightful valley that was clothed in all the verdure of early summer.

The little brook that passes near seemed to add a charm to this retired spot. Its gentle murmurings as it rippled by, reminded me of the little stream that had cheered and gladdened my heart so often in childhood; and, as I gazed upon its waters, the forms of those I loved in youth came flitting by, and with the eye of imagination I could see faces that oft had cheered me with a smile.

As I approached the door, there was a stillness pervading the scene which told God was there, and I felt that I was treading on holy ground. I was welcomed by a sweet smile from the lips of Adelia; and, oh! how changed the scene from that when I last met her at her home.

Long shall I remember the hour I passed in that holy place. The blighting hand of death was visible in her pallid countenance; her form had wasted, and her sunken eye told that she must soon bid adieu to all she held dear on earth.

"Sweet is the scene where Christians die,  
Where holy souls retire to rest."

I trust that in that calm and solemn hour I dedicated myself anew to God. I felt it a "privileged place" to stand at the bedside of one so happy even in death. She seemed ready to go, and only waited her Saviour's bidding. The soft air



of mid-day moved gently the curtain's fold at the window as if ready to bear her spirit to the skies. Her mother sat beside her couch; tears of grief were streaming down her cheek, which showed her cup of sorrow was full.

Shall I attempt to describe a father's emotion when he stands at the bedside of his dying child? No! no human hand can pen the anguish of his soul. Years have passed away since then, and I have learned to feel deeply for those who are amid the 'waters of affliction.' Death has plucked a flower from mine own bosom, which has caused me to endure the anguish of such a parting scene. She told us how much she loved the Saviour, and spoke of the happiness of those who had gone to dwell with him in glory. As we poured forth our voices in a song of praise to our Creator, she seemed like an angel before us; her eyes were raised to heaven as if to catch some faint glimpse of the joys above.

\* \* \* \* \* A few short hours and Adelia was no more. And as I listened to the soft mellow tones of the village bell, as it tolled slowly away the few short years she had been with us, I felt that another bright spirit had gone to its rest.

"And thus, oh! how often, the ones we love best,  
Drop away from our sides like the roses of June—  
But, why should we weep? since they pass to their rest,  
And, if parted a while, we shall follow them soon."

H. T. L.

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"CHILDREN should always be made to understand distinctly what it is that we require of them, and in what way we shall be satisfied with them; for it is of great importance that their ordinary disposition should be cheerful and confiding; otherwise their understandings are clouded, and their spirits depressed; if possessed of quick feelings, they are irritated; if weak and timid, they are rendered stupid."

SELECTED.

Original.

## MOTHERS AT THE WEST.

You have daughters and sisters, relatives and friends, that are mothers at the West. Many of them were once with you in that maternal association and that sweet circle of prayer, and around the domestic altar, enjoying *all* the advantages and blessings of your eastern homes. You cannot have forgotten them.—But aside from these there are multitudes of mothers who are strangers to you all, that greatly need your prayers. Could any one of the many eastern readers of your instructive Magazine accompany me a few days as I travel over these beautiful and heaven-adorned prairies, and witness the trials, disadvantages, and discouragements under which the great mass of mothers who would train their children for God and usefulness in the great West, have to labor, it would be a more powerful appeal, and make a deeper impression than words can make. Many mothers as they read your valuable pages have been led to feel that many of the writers upon the duties of mothers, took it for granted that *all* enjoyed the privileges of themselves, or those advantages which belong only to a favored few. When the nursery, the separate room, and many and various attentions have been spoken of and urged, they have felt they were either forgotten or their true situation not known—that there was a failure to sympathize with them when most they needed that important aid. Said one good mother as she closed the reading of a valuable article in the Magazine which a kind neighbor lent her from month to month, and as the tears found their way in quick succession down her cheeks—“ I wish they better understood the situation of Mothers at the West, that they might sympathize with us, and more fully meet our wants.” This mother had six small children—a sickly infant in her arms, her own health gone by excessive toil—one little room in a log cabin was her whole house—just beginning in a new country—not able to

procure help—and not only this, but there was no maternal association, nor Sunday school—no help-meets to come to her aid. Now, where was the nursery, the separate apartment—where the place of retirement for instruction and prayer—where the time and means for the improvement of mind and heart of those young immortals? Wont you pray for such? She does what she can. When the weather is pleasant, she often retires to the grove with her children, and there implores a Father's blessing upon the objects of her love, solicitude, and care. And could you, dear reader, listen to her prayer at evening twilight, as, after the unremitting toils of the day, she retires alone with her God in that little thicket, you would not forget to sympathize with the less privileged class of mothers in the West. But you say, this is an extreme case.—True, *all* are not thus situated, yet, there are hundreds in circumstances similar in the most important respects. Most parents who feel an interest in the salvation of their children, are new settlers in the West;—for the most part, they are in moderate circumstances, if not poor. The most they have is invested in land, and a few *necessary* things to commence living. If they do not (as most do) begin with a log cabin, it will generally be but a small frame, containing one room, hoping at some time to build larger in addition. The labor of mothers is necessarily harder—they have less help—have to do with fewer conveniences, and much to great disadvantage; and during this struggle to obtain a comfortable earthly home, very many destroy their health—completely undermine their constitution. Healthy mothers in this country who removed from the east are few—at least, those who appear so. If health is not ruined, they are so dragged down with incessant toil, in things which seem (at least to them) to be necessary, that they are to a great extent unfitted for the high, solemn, and spiritual duties of a *mother*; even should they have a few leisure moments. All, who know anything of the laws of our being, and have noted their own experience, are aware, that body and soul deeply sympathize together—and when the former becomes wearied and ex-

hausted, the latter suffers by becoming stupid and inactive. And, again, the mind under the influence of poor health and constant toil is greatly in danger of impatience and fretfulness, the effect of which, upon the mother and the child, I need not dwell upon.

The Sunday school and suitable reading for the young, are not within the reach of very many, and a still less number enjoy the rich blessing and means of grace found in the maternal association; and with these privations, there is another. The children, to an alarming extent, are growing up without the ordinary restraints of the Gospel and Gospel institutions. These helps can be better prized by those who have once enjoyed them, and now suffer the loss. Such, in brief, is the situation of mothers at the West. There are exceptions. There are settlements, colonies, &c., where most of the advantages of the older States are enjoyed, but these are few when compared with the multitude. But in all these things there is a change gradually coming over the fair portion of our natural world; yes, *nature* is fair and lovely, but there is much moral deformity. Yet, a better day is dawning—these privations, we trust, will soon give way for greater blessings. Pray for mothers at the West. One other reason for this, and I close. The West is becoming, and is destined emphatically to be, the great moral battle-field of our wide land. It has its peculiarities; and none can be so well qualified for the conflict as those reared up, educated, and trained upon the soil. We want native helpers—we want the sons of these mothers, qualified and set apart by Jesus Christ to blow the silver trumpet of the Gospel over these wide-spread prairies, and beseech men to be reconciled to God, when you and I shall have gone to our long home. Again, we ask, if, when you meet together in your Associations or circles of prayer, and when alone with your God, you will not bear up before a mercy-seat, the mothers and children too, of the West, and ask that the means of Grace and the salvation of God may come to them as water to a thirsty soul, to the grace and glory of *Redeeming Love*.

L. SPENCER.

Original.

THE WIDOW AND HER MITE.

THE scrap of evangelical history respecting the poor widow and her humble offering to the treasury of the temple, conveys in a sweet and impressive manner a much needed and valuable lesson, especially to Christians of limited means and obscure station in the world. There are Christians in humble life, who, though conscious of some desires, seem to themselves and others not to have the means of usefulness; and their lives are spent in comparative inefficiency and despondency. They admire, and perhaps almost envy the opportunities and successes of the great, the wise, the rich, the men of influence in the kingdom of Christ; and are ready to believe that could they but enjoy the same advantages, they would shine as lights of the first magnitude in the moral firmament. With what liberality would they give were they rich; with what zeal would they preach were they gifted with eloquence!

There is no more common or successful device of the great adversary, than this of making a man dissatisfied and useless in the sphere which Providence has actually assigned him. On the other hand, nothing can more clearly settle it than the Bible and all experience, that the great secret of usefulness lies in doing the best we can in our actual circumstances, and nothing can be more distinct or satisfactory than the divine assurance, that doing thus, our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord.

It may be imagined as a probable case, that the poor widow in the Gospel often had similar feelings, with the obscure and desponding Christian. She was poor. She was a lonely widow. Perhaps a family depended upon her daily labor for subsistence. What good could she do in the world? She could lift her prayer to heaven after tasting her hard-carried bread, and she could hold personal intercourse with the Father of her Spirit, and commit her dependent

ones to his keeping, but what more could she do or how extend her influence? She directed her steps to the temple, the place where God had recorded his name,—the place where he reveals himself to the lowly in heart. As she passed the sacred treasury, she remembered that God had said, "Honor me with thy substance." But what could she do? She had but two mites, and the two made but a farthing,—and how contemptible an offering was that compared with the gifts which certain rich men were just then casting in! She silently dropped her mites, and hastened forward to the place of prayer. But there was one present at this scene who knew the secret workings of the heart. He had been leisurely contemplating the rich men who had been bestowing of their abundance; but as this widow passed, he called to his disciples and said, "Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." And thus the poor widow who seemed to have no means of doing any good in the world, preached to the Apostles, and through them, to multitudes of others, and is now preaching through this *Mother's Magazine* to every reader of this article; and her contemptible two mites have drawn, for aught we know, thousands of silver to the treasury of the Lord. Little as she thought of benefiting others, her unpretending act was thought worthy of a place in the sacred record; and this her memorial will yet be read throughout the world.

There is no Christian, however obscure, who may not take encouragement from this incident. Only let such Christians resolve to do, with a right spirit, what they can, and they have no reason to fear that they will be less useful than they might be in other circumstances. Nothing can be more idle than to wish to be in any other circumstances than those in which a wise Providence has actually placed us, since all that is necessary either to our acceptance, or happiness, or usefulness, is a right spirit, and a right improvement

of what we have. There are innumerable methods in which God can use our instrumentality to produce incalculable good; and if we but do our duty, long after we are dead, and in ways entirely unanticipated by us, our influence may be producing as great and as good results as the poor widow's at this day. Let us abandon the illusory and false idea, that we must be or do some *great* thing in order to serve God and bless mankind. The Saviour adopted no such method of computation. The rich men's gifts he did not stay to count, but the widow's he did count. There were two mites, amounting to just one farthing, but she put in her heart along with them. This we can all do.

"This is an offering we may bring,  
However mean our store;  
The meanest child, the greatest king,  
Can give him nothing more."

PAGE.



#### Original

#### THE CONSECRATION.

A FEW weeks since, as I was passing a Sabbath in a quiet village embosomed among the hills of our fair New England, I joined the concourse of people that were seen issuing from their white cottages, and entered with them the house of prayer. In the pulpit I observed an aged clergyman, whose lofty brow and benignant face at once awakened respect and love. Presently he rose, and the voice of prayer ascended for blessing on the youthful pair who were now to dedicate their first born to God. As he descended the stairs, the choir chanted the memorable words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," accompanied by the low full tones of the organ. As the parents approached the baptismal font, the smiling babe fixed its gaze on the face of the venerable man, and while he laid his hand on the fair brow, the tear glistened in

his eye as he looked up to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in humble consecration. The trembling accents of the reverend man, and earnest, confiding look of the youthful parents, the sudden stillness of the hushed choir, and solemn interest of the audience, altogether rendered it a scene of uncommon solemnity; and that which had often appeared a mere ceremony now seemed crowded with thrilling associations, full of happy, holy confidence, which was not in the least diminished by the pealing anthem which burst on the ear at that silent moment—"And he shall sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean." Though no baptismal water can cleanse the soul, yet, should that lovely infant be called away in early life, that simple consecration must be remembered by all who witnessed it, with grateful pleasure.

A. B.

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Original.

ONLY FOUR YEARS!

WHY is our village shrouded in sadness, and the moistened eye reveals the general sympathy, as the mothers press their little ones more closely to their bosoms? Sarah—the lovely and beautiful one—is no more! It was only the last Sabbath that we saw her with sparkling eyes and rosy cheek—her dimpled hand in her mother's—sitting with the infant children in the Sabbath school, listening with fixed attention to the address of the speaker, which she carefully remembered and repeated to her father as she sat on his knee that evening. Who would have thought, on entering that group of children, that Sarah King would be the first selected by the angel of death? That round and perfect form and nimble step, with the bright and animated expression which won more sweetly the admiration of all, than even the luxuriant ringlets which so richly graced the brow of the gifted child, spoke not of death—they gave no warning of the fear-



ful havoc so speedily made by the relentless destroyer—but of continued freshness, and vigor, and health, and life, and happiness. It was but the work of a moment—the commissioned messenger but touched the beautiful fabric and it fell in ruins. Ah! who could look upon that withered rose—on those features agonized in death, unmoved?

To-day we have laid her away in the grave by the side of her little brother—and her parents are childless. Many were the little ones who wept around the lifeless form—for all loved Sarah.

But do no beams of hope penetrate the deep desolation of that lonely dwelling? Do those parents resign themselves to despair, as they look upon the dwellings around, and behold the clusters of six, eight, or ten blooming ones, while their own arms are stripped of the *only one*, whose bird-like notes delighted their ear with her soft music? Do they murmur at that hand which has taken this bud of beauty in a moment? Is it hard to think she could stay but only a little more than four years with them?

*Four years!* a short period truly for such a blessing—but let us look at it now that the thin veil becomes more clear, and through its transparency we may see by the light of heaven what four years may be worth.

Was it an idle ceremony when that little one was placed in its mother's bosom, that upon the altar of her grateful heart she consecrated it to Jesus—an unmeaning rite, when, at the baptismal font, it was publicly committed, for life or death, to His safe keeping, relying with strong confidence on the efficacy of His atoning blood to cleanse it from all sin, to lead its heart by gentle influences to Himself? Was it a vain and useless toil to teach its young affections to cling around the name of Him who loved little children—to imbue its mind with the simple truths of the Bible, and enrich it with that knowledge it was destined so early to need—to acquaint it with God the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit, with angels and eternity? Was it lost time to lead it directly to the throne, and teach *her* how to pray, who was *so soon* to

learn the notes of praise? Are the few short hours now regretted, which were spent in mutual consultation and prayer for aid in fitting that young spirit for her dreadful conflict and final home?

In all the past brief history of these four years, that first dedication and public renewal, the morning and evening prayer, the hymn of praise, the oft-repeated instructions, like sunbeams of light, shall visit the bereaved hearts of those afflicted parents; the remembrance of her beauty and love may die away, but not the dying accents, "I go to heaven. Will you, dear mother—dear father, go with me there?" Such are the remembrances which, like golden links let down from heaven, fasten the heart more firmly to the throne of God. They cheer us who are yet in the toil and heat of the day in our work of love. *Four years* may not be allotted to us to rear the tender plants; but let us do the work of this day, this hour, this moment, with increased diligence, in memory of little Sarah.

*Rochester, Mass.*

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#### AN IMPORTANT SENTIMENT FOR PARENTS.

THE ordination of Providence, says a distinguished writer, is that HOME should form our character. The first object of parents should be to make home interesting. It is a bad sign whenever children have to wander from the parental roof for amusement. Provide pleasure for them around their own fireside, and among themselves. The excellent Leigh Richmond pursued this plan—had a museum in the house, and exerted every nerve to interest his little flock. A love of home is one of the greatest safeguards in the world to man. Do you ever see men, who delight in their own firesides, lolling about taverns and oyster-cellars! Implant this sentiment early in a child; it is a mighty preservative against vice.

## Original.

## THE BIBLE THE BEST CORRECTIVE.

THE first seven years of life are far more important than parents are aware of. In them are sown the seeds of all that is good and amiable in character, or all that is evil. The most effective corrector, even at this early period, is the Bible. While yet too young to read its blessed precepts, the child may be taught to repeat, and even to apply texts of Scripture; for the preceptive portions are easily understood. The writer is acquainted with a little girl, not quite four years old, who had been nourished, in this way, on the bread of life, and was desired by her mother to put off her new apron, and put on an old one; this she refused to do, and began to cry. A friend, who witnessed the scene, solemnly said, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick out his eyes, and the young eagles eat them." The first six words had not been repeated before she untied the apron, and quietly suffered the other to be tied on. This text she had been made to memorise, and no sooner was she reminded of it, than it had its desired effect. In many other instances the child was induced to do that which was right, and to avoid that which was sinful, by simply applying the word of God. She was never known to lie or steal, or play in church, because she had been taught those portions of the Word of God that plainly forbid those sins. I never knew a child who seemed so to fear God, or have a clearer understanding of the nature of sin. When she did wrong, it was sufficient to tell her it was sinful. This example is an illustration of the following passage in Isaiah, "Whom shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make understand doctrine? *Them* that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little."

Children are usually taught hymns—and no objections

can be made to this custom. From the hymns of Dr. Watts for children much good may be done and has been; but, as children are not deep thinkers, and may fail in applying them as a rule of practice—as far as my observation goes, I must hold to my position—the most effectual antidote is an early acquaintance with the Word of God. In appropriating preceptive texts of Scripture, there can be no failure—it will not return void. A precept from the Word of God must be more authoritative than that taught in a hymn—one is from God, the other from man. The command of God to his people Israel, relative to this subject, is imperative—“Now these are the commandments, the statutes, and the judgments which the Lord thy God commanded to teach you, that you might do them in the land, whither ye go to possess it: and *thou shalt* teach them *diligently* unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up: and it shall be our righteousness if we observe to do all these commandments before the Lord our God, as he has commanded us.” We may learn from this passage what God requires of parents, and the promises made to those who comply. The following incident is not irrelevant to the subject now presented to maternal attention.

A very faithful, but rather injudicious, mother was once conversing with her children on the subject of religion, and as usual was too lengthy. When she had concluded her lecture, one of the little girls observed to her, “Mother, you do not teach us as the Bible says.” “How so, my child?” “Why, that says, ‘*here a little, and there a little*’—but you give it us all at once.” And who would or could dispute the point with the discerning child? Yes, mothers, ’tis the Bible plan, the wisest and the best. Yes, the Word of God must be your text-book. *It is profitable* for doctrine, for *reproof*, and for *instruction*, not only in righteousness, but in knowledge, behavior, and for everything needful, for time and for eternity. *Its brevity* is the peculiar charm—and it is pre-eminently what children most love.

T. A. W.

Charleston, 1844.

Original

"MOTHER, THOU ART WEEPING."—(DUET.)

Words by J. L. CHESTER, Esq.

Music by DARIUS E. JONES.

In a smooth and gentle manner.

First Soprano.



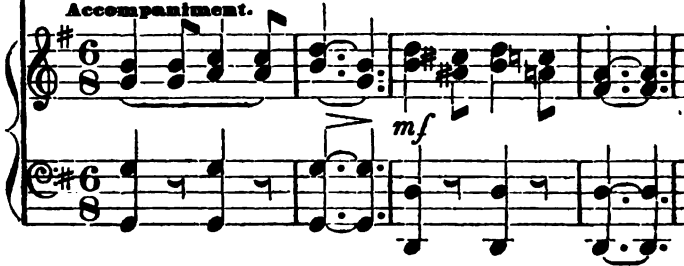
1. Moth-er, thou art weep-ing Tears of bit-ter yoe,

Second Soprano.



2. Moth-er, cease thy weep-ing, Let thy dar-ling rest;

Accompaniment.



While thy babe is sleep-ing In its bed be-low.



It is 'not dead, but sleep-ing,' On its Sa-viour's breast.



MOTHER, THOU ART WEeping.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next three lines, including a repeat sign and a final double bar line. Dynamics include *Cres.*, *Dim.*, *pp*, *p*, *Ad lib.*, *pp*, *m*, and *Cres.*. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and flowing sixteenth-note passages.

Gent-ly waves the wil-low, O'er its place of rest,—  
Hush thy pi-ous sor-row— Grieve not thus in vain :  
*Cres.* *Dim.* *pp*  
*Ad lib.*  
Soft-er is its pil-low, Than thy lov-ing breast.  
'Tis but a short to-mor-row, Ere ye meet a-gain.  
*p* *Ad lib. pp* *m* *Cres.*

3.  
When thy days are ending,  
And thy hair is grey,—  
When thou art descending,  
Where thy Saviour lay,—

Thou shalt see beside thee  
Forms of purest light,  
But *she* alone shall guide thee  
Through that fearful night.

## Original.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF SUSAN ADELINE

*"Who sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."*

SHE passed from our arms like a dream or a story,  
From the bosom of love to the mansions of glory;  
And now the full knowledge of Jesus possessing,  
She feels how his life and his death was a blessing.

Though pure as the snow on the top of a mountain,  
She drew her existence from sin's troubled fountain,  
As a daughter of Adam to death she was given,  
As the purchase of Jesus, she's with him in heaven.

And now with the children whom Herod destroyed,  
Loving Bethlehem's babe—in his service employed,  
Her harp and her voice o'er heaven's wide plain—  
Re-echoes melodious, salvation's sweet strain.

My Susan I know with the seraph is singing,  
But seraph ne'er tasted the anguish of dying,  
The hymn of redemption and pardoning grace  
In heaven is sung but by Adam's lost race.

From her fresh damask life earthly beauty has fled—  
The rose that there blossomed its sweetness has shed;  
Yet affection still clings to the beautiful clay,  
Which in glory shall rise from the dust of decay.

Charleston.

T. A. W.

~~~~~  
YESTERDAY.

PALM pilgrim of the heavens, that late didst glide
With sunbeam-staff the violet vales along,
Where fountains of fresh dew gushed up in song,
To bathe thy golden feet, and then subside—
Last wave that sparkled on Time's ebbing tide—
How are thy bright limbs laid amid the throng
Of vanished days, that drooped o'er earthly wrong,
Seeing how virtue is to vice allied,
And vanished blushing. Sad Yesterday!
Night's winding-sheet is round thee, and the eyes
That found a health—or fever—in thy ray,
And thoughtfully perused on evening skies
Thine elegy, star-lettered, now away
Turn their brief thoughts of thee, and thus men moralize.

BLANCHARD.



THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1844.

Original.

THAT MOTHER AT THE WEST.

It is a consoling thought that the difficulties and perplexities of our individual relations are well known to the Saviour, who is infinitely able to give the necessary grace. That "Mother at the West, in her log cabin, with the feeble infant in her arms, and six children depending on her daily exertions for food and clothing," is no less the peculiar care of her Covenant God, than the mother surrounded by the temptations of the city—with its daily interruptions, turning aside from duty,—its snares and allurements spread for her children in a thousand forms.

Each has our sympathy, each claims our prayers.

The wide prairie may not indeed be blest with Sabbath privileges, or maternal associations; with convenient dwellings, servants, or helpers; but the solitary grove, canopied by the blue heavens in the midst of God's beautiful creation,—*there*, the mother finds a temple meet for the worship of Him who is invisible, and with none but angels to behold her, she may claim for her little ones the promised blessings.

From the lonely wilderness, a mother returned not long since to refresh her spirit in the land of her fathers, with its exalted privileges and blessings. She entered our Christian circles and attended our meetings. She listened to our dis-

cussions, and hoped to enrich her heart with spiritual treasures. But there was sadness on her countenance. "Am I changed?" she inquired, "or is the Church of Christ changed?—From whence came this worldliness—this reaching after the perishable things of earth? Has Christ retired from His people? has the Spirit departed from New England? O let me return to the rude tribes I have left, who have yet learned nothing but Christ crucified;" and to that home in the wilderness she has returned, where the world is yet shut out, again to suffer self-denial, and toil on in her Master's cause. In long weeks of illness, though supplied with no delicacy or cordial for the parched lips, the living waters refreshed her spirit. In that lone wilderness dwelt the Saviour, the Comforter! and there, too, may be found strong and vigorous trees of righteousness, for the garden of the Lord. We will not say, "oh, that I had wings to escape thither" from the bonds of earthliness; we will not envy that sweet spirit which could find a Bethel in every spot, and a palace for angels in a log cabin; but we will inquire, if the rich privileges we enjoy, are not feeble and powerless auxiliaries without the spirit of Christ dwelling in the heart. Do the circumstances of our situation really retard the great work which is laid upon us? "*Bring them to me!*" How simple the command! Mothers of the distant prairie! In the solemn grandeur and stillness of your repose, have you not a holier and more efficient ministry to aid you in your heavenly work than can be found in mutual consultations? A thousand voices may speak in endless harmony to the willing ear, but, believe me, there will be no saving efficacy unless you live at the Fountain and abide in Christ. Then will you find every leaf in the deep forest a teaching spirit—every song of the birds a carol of praise.

Mothers in the city burdened with many cares, equally claim our sympathy and prayers. How numerous the calls upon your precious time! What duties to perform which the activities of the age impose! What necessity laid upon you to strengthen every weary heart; to minister to the poor

and afflicted, and how often do you seem to be interrupted in your simple work of "*bringing them to Christ!*" But tell me, *Are not your burdens heavier than He intended they should be? Did He hang about you those cumbrous weights which drag you down? Did He open that wide entrance for the world to rush into your dwellings with its forms and fashions, its withering influence and deadly blight?*

You have our sympathy, but come with me to a refreshing spot where you shall find consolation for many a lonely hour. It is to the dying pillow of that mother in Israel whom I have just visited. She has numbered four-score years; and with no aid from Maternal Associations or Sabbath schools, she brought her children all to Jesus. Humble, patient, trusting, believing, she went on from year to year in her simple work; and now that she has arrived at the blissful end, does she speak of labors or tears or toils? Listen to those strains! She speaks of her blessed Redeemer—her fulness of blessing—of the glorious vision just opening before her—the friends to meet—the loved ones to leave—her heart swelling with unutterable joy as the accents die upon her lips. What glory encircles that death-bed! It was but yesterday that I beheld all this; and I thought what are labors, and watchings, and prayers—what are loneliness and solitude—what the conflicts of life—whether in the world or the wilderness, *with such a God!—Such a Redeemer!* Oh to be so taken over that Jordan of death, so borne through in a chariot of love! Those withered hands and furrowed cheeks, in contrast with the glowing spirit almost invested with youthful immortality! It was a glorious scene. Such was the close of a faithful mother. Mother of the prairie! cheer up. Be faithful to your trust, "*for this God is your God, He will be your guide even until death.*" Mothers in our happy land, whether in the city or cottage, let us refresh our spirits as often as possible, with scenes like this. These openings of heaven which occasionally occur, as a worn-out disciple drops the earthly tabernacle, are worth infinitely more than meetings, or consultations, or books, or human

wisdom. They teach with spirit voices the emptiness of the world—the faithfulness of the Redeemer, as He comes like a conqueror, to bear away the beloved one from the grasp of death. Oh, mother, in the deep solitude, “be thou faithful unto death,”—wipe away your tears—be grateful for the seclusion which preserves your children strangers to the seducing forms and changing fashions of life. Drink refreshingly at the Fountain, and from your rich experiences show us the treasures that are hidden for the faithful mother.

Rochester, Mass.

E. R.

Original.

THOUGHTS FOR CHILDREN.

Who has not seen and felt the omnipotence of a mother's love? It commences with the very existence of the object of it, and it flows on, an increasing stream, till death dries up its waters. I have watched the child, nurtured on the bosom of a kind and indulgent mother, as he grew up to boyhood; I have seen him leave the path of innocence and virtue, and pierce that mother's heart through with sorrows. I have known him cast off her gentle restraint, and treat her admonitions and counsels with neglect, and even with ridicule. I have witnessed the tears of that mother, while she dwelt on the condition of the darling of her heart. That son I have seen go down to the grave of the drunkard; and then the fond mother refused to be comforted. I have seen the big drops of grief flow down her face, haggard with her spirit's woe, as she exclaimed, “Oh, my son! would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!”

I have visited the Penitentiary, and proclaimed the glad news of salvation to its hardened inmates. There I have spoken to an assembly of mothers and daughters—fallen mothers, fallen daughters. I have portrayed the terrors of the law and the sweet doctrines of the gospel. I have spoken

to those victims of crime, of the love of Christ; of his sympathy with the woes of humanity; of his agony in the garden, and his death on the cross. Those mothers have listened unmoved to the tales of Gethsemane and Calvary; but when they were reminded of sorrowing daughters, perhaps at that moment interceding at the throne of grace for a wayward parent, their eyes filled with tears, and their souls told plainly, that though guilt might have effaced many of the finer sensibilities of their nature, it had left unharmed the gushing springs of a mother's love.

There is a sentiment in one of England's sweetest bards, that I often recall when my memory dwells upon the love of my own mother now in heaven. I know not which most to admire, its truthfulness, or the beauty of the drapery in which it is clothed:

"There is none,

In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well! And this is love!
This is *man's* love! What marvel? you ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath. You ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim, weary eye; not yours the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and daily as heaven's light
Was there to greet his wakening. You ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to his
When fever parched it; crushed his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-weaned love,
No! these are woman's tasks. In these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked!"

294 "WHAT FRUIT HAD YE IN THOSE THINGS?"

Such, young reader, is the love of a mother for her child—such the love thy mother bears to thee. Grieve not that mother, then. Lighten her burdens, rather than add to them. Learn from her unwearied care and tender sympathy, a lesson of filial affection. Her devotion to you is not less marked and valuable, because so unobtrusive, so silent, and so seldom the theme of the poet's song.

"Stilltest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing."

Appreciate that mother's efforts for your well-being. If her discipline seems severe, it is dictated by her love. Exhibit no fretfulness and peevishness, when you are crossed in your inclinations. Prefer a mother's experience and judgment to your own. Enter into all her plans for your education and improvement; and, above all, give heed to her spiritual instructions and admonitions. By these methods you will best repay a mother's love, and show that you appreciate it.

THEOPHILUS.

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Original.

"WHAT FRUIT HAD YE IN THOSE THINGS?"

LORD CHESTERFIELD, the celebrated worldling, has borne as emphatic a testimony to the vanity of this world as we remember to have read. Says he, "I have run the silly round of business and pleasure, and I have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas, those who have not experienced them, always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare. But I have been behind the scenes; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes, which move

and exhibit the gaudy machinery. I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant multitude. When I reflect upon what I have seen, and what I have heard and done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry, and bustle, and pleasure of the world, had any reality; but I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means wish to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream."

Lord Byron declared, that, upon the most careful recollection of his experience of life, of joy and sorrow from childhood onward, he could not recall but eleven days in which he enjoyed himself, and which he could wish to live over again. There can be no doubt of the entire sincerity of these declarations of Byron and Chesterfield, and as little reason to doubt their truth. When, then, we reflect upon the eminent opportunities of these witnesses to make the most of this world, and enjoy it to their heart's content, we must see the overwhelming force of their conclusion, that the world, taken as a portion, is very vanity and delusion.

It is a very observable fact, that they mourn the most about the delusiveness of the world who have gone deepest into it, and had the largest share of it. Not your beggar with his bone and rags, but your Byrons, Chesterfields, and Solomons, who have from infancy had every temporal good to satiety. These are they who in the bitterest spirit cry out "vanity of vanities."

Equally true and worthy of reflection is it, that those who seek but little here below, find much. We suspect there have been very few lively Christians who have found the world so barren as Byron found it. They have found this world to answer a very good purpose, and yield them many enjoyments. But the secret of this has been that they sought the kingdom of God first, and the world last, in its proper place and for its legitimate uses.

O. P.



Original.

• SOLEMN THOUGHTS FOR PARENTS.

God has constituted us all educators. We influence and decide the character and destiny of others; and they perform the same work on us. As religious, moral, and intellectual operators, we are working on the materials of immortal minds, and stereotyping character for two worlds. This workmanship is invested with fearful responsibilities, and fraught with imperishable results. Nothing in the wide universe can be more full of interest and solemnity than the fact, that, in the fields of our various influences we live not unto ourselves, but for others. We are not isolated beings, drifted out on the wide ocean of life, to move on solitary and alone. We come in social contact with others. Our currents of influence meet counter influences, and these combined, make up the sum total of human happiness for time and eternity.

Society is woven together by continuous social ligaments and fibres, which form it, in a certain sense, into a seamless robe. We cannot weave in a thread or pull out a fibre, without sensibly affecting the texture and beauty and form of the whole. In the diversified circles of life we identify ourselves with the character and happiness of other, and many, immortal minds. No one of the human family can escape, either the presence or responsibility of this solemn and universal law, that governs and sweeps through the whole universe of intelligent and social beings, and binds all of God's creatures into a common brotherhood, to act and react, reciprocally, on each other. We never did, and never can do an act, or start a wave of influence, without tracing and burning a corresponding impression on the deathless spirits of others. This power of active influence, too, is seen and felt proportionate to the relative social distance we stand to others. Our influence may be feeble on remote points, but

distinct, weighty, and immediate, on the circle of personal friendship and family relations.

This great law of reflected influence, and deciding the solemn destiny of character of souls, invests all social and moral relations with unwonted interest and solemnity, and pre-eminently clothes parental relations with responsibilities as fearful and solemn as they could possibly be made. Parents, interests and results of infinite magnitude cluster around your pathway, and twine themselves into every act and relation of the family circle. You may not, you do not realize this solemn fact as you ought. But, as if in the presence of God and encircled by your children, I affectionately and earnestly remind you of your unchanging responsibilities to realize the thrilling solemnity of your parental position. The well-being of your country,—the purity and safety of society,—the peace and comfort of your homes and hearts,—the future increase and prosperity of the Church of Christ,—the honor, and usefulness, and eternal destiny of your precious children, *all, all* invoke, with more than an angel's eloquence, that you should take care how you educate and fix in types of unchanging colors, the moral elements which will decide the character and destiny of your children.

To aid you in surveying and realizing your tremendous and perilous responsibilities, consider,

1. The lasting and indelible impressions of childhood and youth.

In this budding season of life, the unformed character of your children may be aptly likened to a tablet of softened wax. You can take any given object, and by impression trace, in perfect distinctness, the lineaments, proportion, and form of the object. This impression, by time and atmospheric influence, will indurate and fix itself into a durable and permanent form. Precisely thus, in regard to the susceptibility of your children, in receiving and retaining impressions on the tablet of their hearts. In the genial season of childhood,—in the bright and impressible period of youth, *you* are capable of imprinting impressions never to be obli-

terated. Then the soil of the heart is mellow, and the softened furrows are upturned to receive, kindly, the planting of the seed, which, in coming time, will continue to bear a moral harvest corresponding to the nature of the seed.

Childhood has been compared to a mirror catching the impression of every passing scene, or principle, or influence, and then radiating the same kind of influence and impression upon others: or, to a certain ink, which when put on paper, is scarcely discernible, but in a short time it becomes perceptible, and so permanent, that you may burn the paper on coals of fire, and the writing will be seen on the cinders. Such is the fixedness and durability of moral and religious impressions in childhood. Faint, or even imperceptible, at first, yet as durable as brass, as lasting as the mind itself. This result of the impressions of childhood is undoubted. The history of the world, the nature of moral principles and causes, and the pliable texture of childhood and youth, all attest the results of this great law, in mind, morals, and religion.

No, parents! You may trace on the sandy beach impressions distinct and multiform, but the next rolling wave will wash them out. The spots and stains of your earthly robes may be removed. The ravages of a storm that strips nature of its beauty and glory may be repaired. Time and culture may reclothe it with its former fertility and beauty;—but, oh, remember, and may it be written with a diamond impression on your soul, that the impressions of childhood, the principles which you trace and chisel down into the heart of your children, will, like letters graven on a rock, remain for ever. If they are in types of vice, nothing short of omnipotent divine grace can bleach them out. If, in the beauteous forms of virtue and piety, they will brighten and beautify in the sunlight of a heavenly eternal day. Well has Mrs. Sigourney said, every trace that you grave upon your child, will stand forth at the Judgment day, when the “books are opened.” Every waste place which you leave through ne-

glect, will frown upon you, as an abyss, when the mountains fall, and the skies shrivel like a scroll.

2. Consider your parental responsibilities, in view of the power of first principles and impressions, in giving bias to the mind, and a fixed destiny to your children.

Your children are men in miniature. A few seasons come and go, and those who are in the nursery, or in the glee of childhood, are treading the theatre of the world, and mingling in the changing and solemn drama of life's eventful scenes. As the child passes through these flying periods, you are most generally able to see the future man. In conformity to early impressions, and the bias which the mind takes, so will the forming future character of the man grow and fix itself. This great law is found in the moral government of God, and its results proclaimed in terrible language by evil parental training and government. It is utterly impossible to prevent your children from being moulded in exact conformity to the bias and impressions you give them. These will govern, they will be masters. You cannot counteract their shaping moral power. If you imprint the lovely image of virtue, and the sweeter and lovelier impress of piety in childhood, so as to give the balancing power to character, you will see the same image, bold, beautiful, distinct, in the man. If you deform the character of childhood by vicious principles, and their results, you are able to determine, even in childhood, the full-grown man, his habits fixed, his character stereotyped, his destiny decided. Such is usually the power of first principles, in giving bias and formation to the ultimate man. Washington is an eminent and lovely illustration of this great principle. In childhood, his teachings and impressions were of the right stamp, and they moulded his character and decided his destiny. And what a sublime one it was! Napoleon, the terror of all Europe, is a terrible example of the opposite result. By the power of early impressions and associations, the destiny of that great captain and warrior was decided.

Oh, who can grapple and break the iron sinews and pow-

of confirmed habits. In childhood, and youth, they may be like the attenuated fibres of the spider's web, easily broken; but let them grow into the moral constitution, and become solid by time, and like huge bars of steel, you can neither break nor bend them. You pass that little sapling by the water-course. It moves and bends by the gentlest impression of the hand. Pass it in future years, it has grown to be the giant and majestic oak, the lofty king of the forest, and stands unmoved by the beatings of the fiercest storm. So, of evil confirmed habits. They strike their roots deep into the soul, and mould, by their power, the future destiny of the man. Well might the Prophet say, Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil. Jer. xiii. 23. Or the Christian poet Cowper,

"Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive  
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.  
Called to the temple of impure delight,  
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.  
Some dream that they can silence when they will  
The storms of passion, and say *peace*, be still.  
But thus far and no farther, when addressed  
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,  
Implies authority that never can,  
That never ought to be the lot of man."

Parents! in view of this undeniable result, between first impressions, in giving bias and power to character, in forming the future solid mason-work of the man, I appeal by motives of intense power, if your duty is not imperative, your responsibility weighty and solemn. If on you the result mainly depends, whether your children shall come up to manhood, clothed with the attractive vestments of virtue and piety, or covered with the polluted garments of vice; if on you hangs the fearful question, whether your children shall be the Washingtons, the La Fayettees, the Howards, the Wealeys, the Martyns—or the Napoleons, the Robespierres, the Voltaires, the Tom Paines, or Joe Smiths of

future ages; how solemn the charge committed to your trust, and how faithful should you be to instil into their minds, and engrave on their hearts, the lessons of virtue, the high truths of our holy religion! See to it, that the genius of divine truth, the teachings of a philosophy, baptized into the pure waters of Christianity, engrave their heavenly power upon the opening and impressible character of our children.

3. Consider your responsibility as parents, in view of the part your children are to act in the great changes just before us in the world and the church.

It cannot be doubted, that our world is on the eve of a vast, thorough, and interesting change. The signs are too many, and too significant and luminous for us to be mistaken. Old systems are waning and giving way, before the omnipotent power of Christian truth and right principles. The social elements are in ferment. The political world is heaving its mighty waves of commotion. The eternal and immutable principles of freedom and justice are shaking iron-ribbed systems of oppression, with more than volcanic power. The religious world is agitated by the earthquake storm. Ecclesiastical frame-works, and formal Christianity, are being lifted by Bible principles, and under the mighty power of a spiritual religion, all formalism as such, must fall. Pure Christianity, in the power, and form, and organization of a missionary enterprise, is making here powerful aggressive movements on the world, and guided by Zion's king, must, and soon will, redeem the earth, and proclaim the universal triumphs of the Gospel. These facts prove that an intellectual, moral, political, and religious revolution is hastening on, radical, thorough, universal. The elements will be harmonized. Society will become purer under the coming transformation. All governments will be modelled by the directing genius of free principles. A pure, universal, all-pervading, all-transforming, spiritual religion, the religion of Jesus, in its spiritual dress, will shed its heavenly influence and radiant light on a renovated and redeemed world. This joyful and long- prayed-for prophetic period is speedily

coming on, yea, even at the door. You, as parents, may not live to see the sublime consummation. But your children will. Some of them will be eye-witnesses, and actors, in this great moral and religious drama, soon to be ushered in. They must mingle in the strife, and be influential in creating and directing currents of influence, and in giving strength, order, and beauty, or the opposite, to the elements now in commotion. You can, by proper training, make your children important and influential auxiliaries in this great and interesting work. If your children are to be co-workers in the coming changes, I ask, O, I ask it with earnestness and solemnity, what augmented responsibilities are rolled upon you to make them active, proper co-builders, in rearing up this temple of divine truth, which soon will rise and fill the earth. What a privilege heaven has granted you, to live and act by your children, in this new creation! What a sublime and interesting position you occupy. If you meet your responsibilities—if you wisely and well train your children to work for the world's highest good; for its moral, political, and religious redemption; you will have lived to some noble purpose, and coming ages will feel the virtuous influence of your example and teachings, through your children.

In view of all these weighty and thrilling motives, parents of Christian America, are not your responsibilities fearfully solemn? The obligations you owe to God; the duties which you owe to the church; the calls of a pure patriotism, due your country; the condition of a world yet to be filled with Christian light and knowledge, and the future happiness of your children, in whom you will act in future generations, are motives for parental fidelity, to educate and drill your children in the school of piety and virtue. Dare you betray the immortal interests of your children, as well as of the church and the world? It is to be feared, that parents generally have no proper anxiety, or responsibility, for their children. Family government is too inefficient. Children, as a consequence, are training for future mischief-makers on society. O, I would rather be anything else than a faithless

parent. Heaven grant that in the Judgment day, your garments may not drip with the blood of the souls of your children! If you do your duty, God will be faithful to His promises.

*Rising Sun, Ia., August, 1844.*

B. F. M.



Original.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

THERE are times when almost every Christian adopts as his own the sentiment of the venerable patriarch—times when long life seems undesirable—and when he could wish he had wings like a dove and fly away and be at rest. One reason of this state of mind, which some might deem melancholy and moody, may be that a life greatly prolonged detains the Christian from the selectest society in the universe, and often from his own dearest, personal friends. Even heaven is rendered more attractive by the presence of those whose hearts were here intertwined with ours; and by the fact that there the noble and good of every age and clime are assembled and assembling. There is an attractiveness in the spot where the bodies, the perished part of good men repose, sleeping in death amid the dust of centuries. The devout traveller has often felt and understood this, amid the tender associations of the Holy Land, as he stands upon the Mount of Olives, or visits Gethsemane, or walks in paths and streets that were trodden ages ago by holy men, and pressed by the weary feet of the Saviour; or kneels in prayer on spots once vocal with the songs of David, or wet with the tears of Jeremiah, or stained with the blood of the Redeemer! As he strays where the bones of prophets and patriarchs were laid, a sacred enthusiasm stirs and kindles in his bosom, and he is chained to the spot by a mysterious power. But, reader, if our hearts are attracted to the places which contain only the



dust of good men, why should we not much more be drawn to the place which contains their living and rejoicing spirits? If the earthly Jerusalem interests us because it was in ages gone the abode of eminently good men, far higher must be the charm of the Jerusalem above; for there are gathered those same holy men; and while we write, they are walking its golden streets and filling its air with everlasting songs. Heaven is the true Holy Land of the Universe, and into the gates of its Jerusalem, through the uplifted and everlasting door of its temple, the Abels and Enochs, the Abrahams and Isaiahs, and the long line of faithful men, whose goodness has illumed and gladdened the past, have entered; the redeemed of every nation are flowing in and pressing round the throne of God, and when the Christian looks upon that glorious convention of elect minds, he may rationally pant to join them, to wonder and worship in such a world and in such society.

And this motive is, we hope, not without weight upon the hearts of many of our readers. Few, if any of them, who have reached the meridian of life, or even maturity, but have had friends and relatives precede them to the world of spirits and the land of the blessed. Some of them may have more near and dear friends in heaven than on earth. In some instances, the wife is gone, and the husband remains in the sad loneliness and desolation of his fire-side; or the husband has left the wife amid the weeds of widowhood. In some cases, venerable parents, whose voices and thin locks we still remember, have taken their staff and gone over the river of death; and in other families, the little, laughing, sunny-face child, has sickened and gone away. We believe they are in heaven. And is this belief to exert no influence upon our conduct and feelings? Should it not in reason draw us heavenward, and prompt the desire not to live always? What (we borrow the thought from Dr. Chalmers, and wish we could quote his words) if we could discern the glorified forms of those who once dwelt with us, floating by on some island of the blessed, and what, if with looks unutterably tender,

they should speak and welcome us to step from our abode to theirs, and share their society once more? What heart would not respond in bursts of joy?

But there is one thought without which we must not close. There is a meetness for heaven, a preparation through the renewing and sanctifying of the Holy Ghost, which is never dispensed with. It is quite possible for the self-deceived to say, "I would not live away," and feel it, too, but a willingness to die is no passport to the skies. "Without holiness, no man can see the Lord."



Original.

#### NIP VICE IN THE BUD.

It is much easier destroying noxious weeds and poisonous shrubs by taking them when they first appear above ground, than after they have had time to strike their roots deep into the soil and to grow to strength and maturity. So also it is much easier subduing and training a wild, or a ferocious animal, by commencing with it young. In like manner, those vices, of which human beings are liable to be guilty, are much more easily overcome and destroyed, if we attack them in their infancy, than if they be allowed to acquire growth and strength. Where vice is indulged, it rapidly acquires strength, and becomes more and more unmanageable, until it assumes the attitude of a fixed habit, and is as natural as the motion of the lungs. Then it is about as difficult to cure, or destroy it, as for the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots. An indulged unholy desire, if unrebuked and unchecked, will be clamorous for gratification; and, once gratified, will seek it yet again, until lust conceived, has brought forth sin, and sin finished, has brought forth death. How noble was it in the little boy, George Washington, when tempted to deny having cut his

ward was standing on the stairs looking very much disconcerted; the Cologne bottle had been precipitated to the bottom, broken in pieces, and the contents spilled on the floor.

"Mamma, it was an accident," said the frightened little boy.

"Yes, I am sure it was," said his mother, "and you know I never punish for accidents; but let me see, have you got anything in your hand?"

The color rose to poor Edward's cheeks as he held out his hands, in one of which was his top, and his lash firmly grasped in the other.

Edward had been often told to lay aside his play-toys when he was sent of a message, and he was quite conscious that this accident had been caused by his neglecting to do so; but as he seemed sorry, Mamma forgave him.

Edward was not the only person who felt sorry and humbled by this little circumstance. Alas, how many times have we to reproach ourselves for negligence far more deplorable! How frequently do we make what concerns the glory of God subservient to our own childish cares and engagements! An occasion presents itself for doing something for our Heavenly Master—a visit of charity—a message of mercy to be conveyed to a dying fellow-sinner; we obey, but our hands are so full, our thoughts are pre-occupied, we have not *laid aside* our worldly cares and anxieties before entering upon duties which ought to have our whole thoughts—our undivided attention; and as might be expected, we fail, not only in communicating benefit to others, but in receiving it ourselves.

One of my little boys came to my room one day where I was confined by illness, in an unusual state of excitement. He stood before me with his tiny hand stretched out in the attitude of an orator, but for some time seemed incapable of giving utterance to what he was most anxious to communicate. I felt alarmed, and begged he would tell me what had happened; at length, with cheeks glowing with holy indignation, he told me of an attempt having been made by some

person to draw a picture of Jesus. His nurse had sent him a book in which this picture was, and had told him who it was intended to represent.

I was not surprised at the impression made upon the mind of my child, as this had been the first time he had ever seen one of those profane pictures; they had hitherto been carefully excluded from our nursery, as I had always held such things in much abhorrence.

We tell our children, as soon as they are able to understand us, of that Saviour, Jesus—with whom we endeavor to associate in their minds everything that is lovely, everything that is engaging, everything that would call forth their tenderest regard and highest admiration; and shall we suffer those early impressions to be effaced by placing before them such gross misrepresentations as are constantly to be seen in books which are expressly intended for their perusal?

The finest portrait that the art of man could produce must fail to give us any just idea of the “fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely”—even the attempt to do so I have always considered as presumptuous, if not sinful.

The pictures that the youthful imagination forms are always pleasing. With them, worth and excellence are associated with beauty and loveliness; and could we expect it to be otherwise? I once showed to one of my children a likeness of a dear friend of whom he had often heard me speak in the most exalted terms. I evidently saw he was much disappointed; after remaining for some time silent, he said, “Mamma, I thought ——— was prettier.” I was sorry I had shown it to him; but the effect it produced assisted to establish me in the opinion I had already formed.

I would humbly suggest this subject to mothers as one not unworthy of their attention. They can recollect the erroneous impressions made upon their own minds by the Bible pictures of ignorant and unskilful artists—and shall they allow their children to suffer from an evil which it is in their power to remedy?

Two dear little boys were once told by their mamma that

"He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." They heard this for the first time with much surprise and pleasure. They had each a penny, and their mamma reminded them that on the following Sunday they would have an opportunity of giving, them if they were so disposed, for a very useful object. The dear children both took out their pennies and with that beautiful simplicity so frequently manifested in young children, began to brighten them with much ardor, frequently appealing to their mamma, "If they were bright enough to give to God." God loveth a *cheerful* giver. We have, in this little story, a beautiful exemplification of it. Even when we give of our abundance are our offerings made in this way?

A MOTHER.

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Original.

THE MAD DOGS.

"It is time to go to school," said a mother to her only son, a little lad of about ten years of age. But he remained sitting, until she *again* observed, "Eight o'clock, my child, and you have not started;" and domestic cares, as before, engaged her attention. Some time had elapsed, and she had not noticed that her child was yet at home; when she saw that he *still remained*, and at the same time detected anxious care marked upon his brow, "Alexander," said she, "why is it that you seem to hesitate about going, this fine morning, so delightful and pleasant? What can be the *occasion* of such delay?" The boy then explained the mystery by saying, "Mother, the scholars tell of so many mad dogs being in the place that I am afraid to go."

And now, in turn, the *mother* sat with deep and anxious thoughts respecting the apparent danger. The subject was soon considered, however, and she observed to her attentive auditor that such reports were often, if not always, much

exaggerated; and that if there *had been* mad dogs in the place they usually did not remain; and even if they were so disposed, they would have been *pursued and killed*.

"I have heard uncle H——," she proceeds, "say that his brother-in-law was playing around the hearth, amidst the family circle, when his little pet dog came running into the room, and he, in the act of caressing his favorite, was bitten. His father soon discovered that the dog was mad; and in a short time their awful apprehensions were realized by seeing the poor sufferer expire in all the agonies of hydrophobia. Now I think that such a case as this should teach us that without the protecting care of Providence we are not safe in *any place*; and that if we try to learn and to do His will, who made us, and put our trust in Him, as He is everywhere present, we may feel as safe when walking the turn-pike road to school as sitting by our fireside."

After hearing this, the countenance of the boy assumed its wonted cheerfulness, and rising up he took his hat, and having bade his mother an affectionate good morning, in his usual manner, walked away to school.

And there was not a word heard concerning the mad dogs for many years. The boy had become an adult and nearly obtained his profession, so that he was looking abroad in the wide world for a location in which to settle himself. Addressing his sister upon this subject, several places were named, to all of which there appeared to be many objections; at length said he, "Perhaps a situation in one of the Southern States would afford an opportunity to become useful and happy. Mr. F., my classmate, is there, and has an extensive practice; he is highly approved and is doing well."

The mother, in the next room, heard the discourse with comparative indifference until mention was made of the "Southern States." She then entered the room, and with all the eloquence that a mother's heart could dictate, she spoke of the impropriety of leaving "grand-papa and sisters," who *all* leaned on him for company, comfort and counsel. "Besides," she said, "if you go to the South by land, the Dismal

Swamp must be passed through; if you go by water the passage is equally dangerous; and even if you could perform the journey at all, I think that in your delicate state of health, the change of climate would soon bring you prostrate."

He paid silent attention to all her arguments; then, turning with an arch smile, said, "Mother, do you recollect the *mad dogs*? In the protecting care of an overshadowing Providence should I not be perfectly safe travelling by land or water, or living in any climate?"

And now can be imagined only the mute astonishment of the mother, to find that all the vicissitudes of ten or twelve years had not effaced that early impression; but that it had grown with her boy's growth and strengthened with his strength.

S. H.

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From the Christian Watchman.

MOTHER.

"Of all the words in language, there's no other  
 Equal in gentle influence to *Mother*;  
 It is the first name that we learn to love,  
 It is the first star shining from above,  
 It is a light that has a softer ray  
 Than aught we find in evening or day;  
 Mother!—it back to childhood brings the man,  
 And forth to womanhood it leads the maiden.  
 Mother!—'tis with the name all things began  
 That are with love and sympathy full laden.  
 O! 'tis the fairest thing in nature's plan,  
 That all life's cares may not affection smother,  
 While lives within the yearning heart of man,  
 Melting remembrance of a gentle mother."

*Southern paper.*

THE importance of mothers being usefully and thoroughly educated, is a subject on which there ought to be "line upon line and precept upon precept." I am fully aware that there is much said and written on the *influence* of mothers; after all, there is no more safe and sure guide than the blessed volume of inspiration.

A beautiful young mother, who had received every advantage which our country, and especially our own happy New England at the present day so abundantly affords, observed that she often thought of being prepared for the glorious rest that remains for the people of God; but never until she witnessed the workings and developments in the mind of her young son, now three years old, had she found need of being in the school of the Great Teacher. The immense charge and responsibility committed to her in training young immortals for eternity, so troubled her spirit that she found no peace until becoming a sincere believer in the great doctrines of truth. Would that *all* mothers might become Christians from similar convictions! How needful that mothers be able to judge of the extent of their influence, and see that it be a *moral* influence!

After this foundation is reared, let mothers be elegant women, let them enjoy all the aids that are so abundant at the present moment. There is a beautifully written small volume entitled "Woman's Mission," by an English lady, into which she has translated some very glowing and excellent passages from the celebrated work of Aimé Martin. Then every American mother ought to be in possession of the ably conducted periodicals, or mother's journals, which abound with hints and facts that would help in carrying out the principles of so many that are desirous of honoring their lofty calling, viz., that of fitting our sons and daughters for every good work. What models have our own country produced, almost without the help of schools! Did the mother of our venerable Adams make him, as he asserts, what he is? Hear the testimony of Judge Story, how glowingly he has described female influence! It would be impossible to name in a brief space the very many who are at the present moment doing honor to our country. May our mothers be reading and thinking ones! A wise Providence has marked the lovely sphere in which they were designed to move.

A MOTHER.



## THE MOTHER'S POWER.

NEARLY all who advert to this subject have largely dwelt on the depth, and strength, and warmth of a mother's affection. The most unquenchable of all earthly love is that of a mother to her child, insomuch that God has singled out this passion as the emblem of his own affection to his covenant-people in Christ, saying, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'—(Isa. lxiv. 13.) This principle of attachment is as much a part of a mother's nature, as the heart and the blood are parts of the human frame. A child may be wayward, and the cause of much disquietude to a mother's mind; but let that child become sick or diseased, instantly all are forgotten, and sleepless nights without a grudge are spent in the sufferer's chamber; or let that child grow up to manhood,—let him even become reckless and a prodigal, still a mother's affection clings to him—her half-broken heart feels whole again, even at the hope of his being reclaimed to virtue and to God.

On the other hand, this love is in general reciprocated by the child. That affection, which many waters cannot quench in a mother's heart, is responded to by her offspring often with equal warmth. Even a long course of sin cannot extirpate that attachment; for, in some cases, guilty youth have been known to confess, that amid all their wanderings, they never could trample on, they never could even forget, the affection or the spell-like charm of their mother. It haunted them in all their ways, and from time to time it loudly protested and reclaimed against their sins.

Now, this reciprocal affection, so wisely ordained by God, is the great secret of a mother's influence in training. It arms her with tremendous power to ruin her offspring, if she be herself unconverted; but it may render her also another Lois, or another Eunice, if her heart be influenced by what the verses we have quoted call 'unfeigned faith.' Let mothers ponder well on it. In consequence of the strong tie that binds them to their children, and their children to them, such

is their influence, that, under God, they may abundantly promote their offspring's happiness, or as surely promote their misery.

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### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY H. MACNAMARA.

THERE does not exist a more perfect feature in human nature, than that affection which a mother bears towards her children. Love, in its true character, is of Divine origin, and an emanation from that Spirit, who himself "is Love," and though often degraded on earth, we yet find it pure, sublime, and lasting within the maternal breast. Man is frequently captivated by mere external graces, and he dignifies that pleasure, which all experience in the contemplation of the beautiful, by the title of love; but a mother makes no distinction; she caresses the ugly and deformed with kindness, equal to, if not surpassing, that she bestows on the more favored. Too frequently are interested motives the basis of apparent affection; but it is not so with her, who clings more fondly to her children in their poverty, their misfortunes, ay, and their disgrace. The silken chains by which we are bound one to the other, are sometimes broken with facility; a word, a look, may snap the links, never to be re-united; friendship decays or proves false in the hour of need; we almost doubt the existence of constancy—away with this doubt, while the maternal heart continues, as a temple, for the dwelling of God's holiest attribute.

She has watched her infant from the cradle; she will not desert him until separated by the grave. How anxiously she observes the budding faculties, the expansion of mind, the increasing strength of body! She lives for her child more than for herself, and so entwined has her nature become with his, that she shares in all his joys, and, alas! in all his sorrows. "Not because it is lovely," says Herder, "does the

mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore does she sympathize with his sufferings; her heart beats quicker at his joys; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him closer to her."

Say that her son falls into poverty; a bankrupt in fortune, he is shunned by former acquaintances and despised by most of his fellow-beings, but one will there be found, like a ministering angel, by his side, cheering his despondency, encouraging him to renewed exertions, and ready herself to become a slave for his sake.

Say that he is exposed to censure, whether merited or unmerited—all men rush to heap their *virtuous* indignation on his head; they have no pity for a fallen brother, they shun or they curse him. How different is the conduct of that being who gave him life! She cannot believe the charge; she will not rank herself among the foes of her child. And if at length the sad truth be established, she still feels that he has not thrown off *every* claim; and if an object of blame, he is also one of pity. Her heart may break, but it cannot cease to love him. In the moments of sickness, when stretched on the bed of pain, dying perhaps from a contagious disease, he is deserted by his professed friends, who dare not, and care not to approach him—one nurse will be seen attending him; she will not leave his precious existence to the care of hirelings, though now every instant in his presence seems an hour of agony. His groans penetrate her heart, but she will not let him hear the sad response; she weeps, but turns away, lest he should see her tears. She guards his slumbers, presses his feverish lips to hers, pours the balm of religion on his conscience, and points out to him the mercy of that Judge before whom he may shortly appear. When all is silent, she prays for his life: and if that may not be, for his happiness in the life to come.

He dies. The shock perhaps deprives her of life, or, if not, she lives as one desolate and alone, anxiously looking

forward to that world where she may meet her darling child, never to part again.

With equal simplicity and eloquence, the tender affection of Hagar for her child is expressed in the Old Testament. In a wilderness, herself parched with thirst and fainting from fatigue, she beholds her infant—her only companion—dying for want of nourishment. The water-bottle was empty. Placing her boy beneath a shrub, and moving to some distance, she cried, "Let me not see the death of my child!" "Let me not behold the severance of those ties, which nature compels me to support and cherish; let not mine eyes witness the gradual departure of that angel spirit which I had hoped would afford me comfort and consolation in my declining years." And "she lifted up her voice and wept." But she was not left childless, for "God was with the lad."

If we reflect upon the inestimable value of this parent, we can appreciate the beauty of the Psalmist's expression, when he compares himself, laboring under the extreme of grief, to one "*who mourneth for his mother.*" And was it not in accordance with the perfect character of our Saviour, that some of his last thoughts should be for the welfare of her who followed him through all his trials? When extended on the cross, pointing to the disciple whom he loved, he said to Mary, "Woman, behold thy son." And from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.

Among the greatest and best of our fellow-creatures, we shall find that they never forgot the duty owing to her from whom they not only received life, but frequently inherited superior powers of mind. We are all too apt to disregard blessings to which we have long been accustomed, and to appreciate them only when it is too late. Many of us have cause to regret the past on this account, and some would willingly begin life again, solely from a wish to serve and please those of whose worth they are now aware.

*Trifle not with a mother's love!* It is too valuable, too elevated, and, though it last to the end of life, too transitory. Like many objects of inestimable worth and power, it is yet

delicate and sensitive; then wound it not by a thoughtless word or an unkind action, but cherish its existence with feelings of the strongest admiration and respect.

Let us endeavor to share in the sentiments of the poet Kirke White, as expressed in the following lines :

" And canst thou, mother, for a moment think  
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed  
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,  
Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?—  
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink  
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,  
To pine in solitude thy life away,  
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.  
Banish the thought ! where'er our steps may roam,  
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,  
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,  
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;  
While duty bids us all our grief assuage,  
And smoothe the pillow of thy sinking age."

*Metropolitan.*

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#### DOMESTIC HARMONY.

I AM well aware, that some parents frequently dwell upon the difficulty of maintaining either order or subordination in their household ; but let them remember, at such a time, there is a reward awaiting them, if these are established, even in this life, and almost immediately : for it seems to be only in exact proportion as these are studied and maintained, that the whole household can enjoy the great and unspeakable felicity of domestic harmony and peace. In this little community, should any misunderstanding or jarring ever take place, let not the eye of parents pore over the evil itself only. They would do well to consider it but the effect of a cause, at least in many instances, and that cause one in which they themselves are almost as much involved as the parties at variance. Let them but consider the incident in this light, and it will often prove a memento to themselves.

that there has been either some deficiency in point of order on their part, or some deficiency in that subordination, which they have not sufficiently established among those who are dependent upon them.

For what though no two individuals under this roof are of the same age—of the same talents—or even of precisely the same natural temper or disposition? Collisions, of course, there may and must occur; but this disparity, in itself considered, even when it proves the occasion of such collisions, may, under the influence of order and subordination, be employed as a mighty assistant to habitual peace and harmony. The Family Constitution is one of Nature's works, and therefore, under the domestic roof, in *proportion* as order and subordination are maintained, the same analogy will be found to hold good, which we admire in the delightful field of nature,

"Where order in variety we see,  
And where, though all things differ, they agree."

It is obvious, that the daily incidents of the domestic circle are, comparatively, but of small account; and it is therefore the more to be regretted, that they should ever prove the seeds of such evil in future life, which, without doubt, they must, if not properly regarded, and brought under the guidance of well-regulated government; but, on the other hand, should they be so, instead of being matter of regret, they furnish the very means of preparing the inmates for acting their part in the free and full society of future existence. Indeed, in a well-regulated family, these same tiny events can be not only disposed of to advantage, but occasionally referred to by such parents, with their children around them, in language which may be of lasting benefit to every ear.—*Book for Parents.*



## TO A DEAD CHILD.

## TO A DEAD CHILD.

Oh ! brightest dream and fairest form  
My vision ever knew !  
Thou art melted from my sight away  
As heaven absorbs the dew.

Closed are those lips that cannot speak  
And the dull eye is dead ;  
The rose is banished from thy cheek,  
The dimpling smile is fled.

Thy little feet no more on earth  
Shall ramble midst its sweets,  
But kiss the flowers of heavenly birth,  
Or tread the golden streets.

Oh ! in yon high ethereal iales  
By ancient patriarchs trod,  
Thy brow is radiant with the smiles  
And sunshine of its God.

For thee, so destitute of sin,  
So passionless, my boy !  
The task was light to enter in,  
And claim the promised joy.

Oh ! for the spirit of a child,  
A mould of purer clay,  
To burst its bands with rapture wild,  
And rise to endless day.

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THE  
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

~~~~~  
NOVEMBER, 1844.
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Original.

A SCENE ON THE GANGES.

BY A TRAVELLER.

ON the banks of the Ganges, an Indian mother was standing, the image of grief and despair. Yielding to the power of a cruel superstition, and stifling the rising emotion of a mother's love, she has brought her first born, in the beauty of infancy, to offer it a living sacrifice to the god of the devouring flood. It nestled in her bosom and smiled sweetly as her warm tears fell on its fair cheek. She had platted a basket of flags, and with a sad heart she had fashioned it, as did the mother of Moses, to be a frail barrier against the waves. Her little one is laid within it, and the light bark, freighted with the joy of her eyes and the comfort of her soul, is pushed out into the stream. A mother's hand has done it, but the mother's heart yearns for the child of her love, whom she is about to destroy. Onward floats the bark, and the little one, pleased and thoughtless of danger, calls gaily to the weeping mother who follows with a quick step to gaze on her child while yet it sails above its grave. But terror now seizes the young voyager, as the waters ooze into its narrow boat, and it calls for help, in cries that a mother comprehends, though infant lips have no words in which to utter fear. "God help thee, mother, now. The wail of thy drowning babe breaks



on the ear of thy breaking heart; God help thee, mother." On the banks of the river near the spot where her child has sunk to rise no more, the worn and wretched mother sinks, and pours her sorrows on the balmy air.

The wife of a missionary was walking out that morning, on errands of mercy; and guided by an unseen but kind hand, she comes to the spot where this pagan mother was weeping over the loss of her loved and only child; just murdered by her own hand. Poormoo, for such was the name of the Hindoo mother, told her the tale of that morning sacrifice, and expressed the heathen confidence that the offering was well-pleasing to the river-god; but the deep wells of a mother's tenderness were stirred again, and in spite of her assurance that her sacrifice would be accepted and herself blessed, she was torn with bitter grief and knew not where to look for help in the hour of her distress. Mary W—— sat down by her side, drew her hand within her own, dropped a tear of sympathy, for who could refrain, and then spoke to her of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." She told her that the gods of the Hindoos were no gods—that the Ganges has no power to save—that the only true God delights not in such sacrifice as she had offered, but turns in horror from the scene—that if she would be happy now and in paradise when she should die, she must forsake her sins and pray to Jesus Christ who had made a sacrifice to save poor sinners like her, and the heathen around her. Mary told her that she had come across the great ocean, from the land where the sun sets, to tell the Hindoo women of Him who died for them, and that if she would cast away her idols and learn of the Saviour, she would be blest for ever. Poormoo heard the story of Jesus and his love for the poor heathen; she wondered why this delicate woman, who was now speaking with her, had left her own friends and country and come there to do good to those whom she had never seen—and the more she thought of these things, the more she felt that there was something in this story of the new religion that paganism knew not of. This morning's interview with Mary

W——, on the banks of the Ganges, was the beginning of a work of grace in her soul, that is now going on in glory. She was led to the Saviour and died in faith.

Mary W—— was a native of a New England home, and in the days of her childhood among the hills and the vales of her rural abode, she had no thought of living and dying beyond the seas. Away at school, she was led to give her young heart to Jesus, and where the heart is, all is. In the hour of her consecration, she made a full surrender of herself to Him who gave himself for her; and from that time she was the Lord's. I will not speak of the gifts which *nature* had lavished on this fair child; of the beauty that lay in loveliness on her face, and the charms that made her the pride of her companions and the source of pleasure to all who were numbered among her friends. The light of the domestic circle, and the joy of the school where her mind was in training for future power, she was early distinguished as one formed to be an ornament of society and the chief attraction of any circle in which she should move. With every prospect of earthly happiness before her, with fortune and friends and home, she brought all that she had and all that she was and laid them on the altar of her Redeemer, and resolved to live and die in his service, and in a heathen land. For she had heard of the heathen; their ignorance, their sinfulness, misery, degradation and ruin; of her own sex there crushed to the earth, dragging out lives of wretchedness here, preparing for lives of immortal wretchedness hereafter; and she had heard, too, of the love that led a Saviour from the Father's bosom to a dark world of sorrow and pain; and the love of Jesus, shed abroad in her heart, was the hallowed impulse that moved her to meditate a mission of mercy to those who had never known him whom she loved, *all earthly love above*. The sacrifice was made. No; it was not a sacrifice, if by that we mean an unwilling offering: it was the warm free-will gift of a young heart: beating with fond aspirations after happiness: and finding the highest happiness, where the angels find it, in doing the will of Him whose radiant smile is life eternal.

The way was opened, as it ever will be opened for those who seek it, and the fond desires of her heart were gratified. She went forth to the heathen, and there in walks of usefulness and self-denial, cheerful in the midst of privations, happy in spending the strength of her days in doing good, among those who knew not her worth and on whom those charms were wasted that would have won the admiration of the world at home, she passed her days. The record of her virtues, her works, her usefulness, her faith and love, has never yet been written : yes, it has been written in the book of life, and will be read at the last day to an admiring universe.

She died there. The flower of a northern clime could not bear the heat of a tropic sun, and just as she had won her way to the hearts of the heathen, and by the silent power of a woman's love was moulding the manners of the rough race that lived around her, she sickened and lingered and died.

In those few weeks of suffering how the memory of other days came thronging on the soul—those early days—those sunny days of childhood ; the hill-side near her father's house and the streamlet that flowed by the door—that school where she first learned to love Jesus and to feel for the poor heathen—her companions—her friends ; and when the fever was on her brain, her lips moved often to the mention of scenes which years and oceans had thrown far into the distance, yet not so far but they were cherished near her faithful heart. The natives would stand around her, wondering at the joy that beamed from her fading eye, at the words of rapture that fell from her lips as the glories of heaven opened on her view ; and were ready to say with other heathen at such a scene, " We never saw anything like this among our people."

She died in triumph. The angels, anxious to welcome her pure spirit to their company, rested on their wings above her dying couch, and faith, not fancy, heard them whispering :

" Sister spirit, come away."

Gently the silver cord was loosed, and she flew into the bosom of Jesus.

## Original

## MUSINGS.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

I wonder if the rich man prays—  
And how his morning prayer is said ?  
He'll ask for health and length of days—  
But does he pray for "daily bread ?"

When by his door, in posture meek,  
He sees the poor man waiting stand,  
With sombre eye and sallow cheek,  
To beg employment from his hand :

And when he tells his piteous tale  
Of sickly wife and children small,  
Of rents that rise, and crops that fail,  
And troubles that the poor befall :

I wonder if the rich man's thought  
Mounts free, as nature's hymn, to heaven,  
In gratitude that happier lot,  
By Providence, to him is given ?

And does his heart exult to know,  
He too, like heaven, hath power to give ?  
To strengthen weakness, soften wo,  
And bid Hope's dying lamp revive ?

And when around his gladsome hearth,  
A troop of friends the rich man greet,  
And songs of joy, and smiles of mirth,  
Add grace to flattery's homage sweet

I wonder if his fancy sees  
A vision of those wretched homes,  
Where want is struggling with disease,  
And scarce a ray of comfort comes.

Oh, world ! how strange thy lots are given—  
Life's aim, how rarely understood !  
And men, how far estrang'd from heaven,  
If heaven requires—a brotherhood !

## Original

## SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

THE laws of life and health in the soul and its affections, are strikingly analogous to those which control the animal economy and though we are apt to overdo analogies and press them too far, in the present case there is little danger and much utility in considering them in the culture of our own hearts and in the training of others.

One of the invariable conditions of every kind of life is, that it depends upon action for its continuance and increase. Thus it is with the animal powers, thus also with the intellectual, and not less so with the moral and spiritual affections. To maintain life in any department, the vital energies must be developed in appropriate action. Let the energies of the body be unemployed, and lassitude, disease and death are the consequence. Let the intellectual faculties lie idle, and the mind degenerates and becomes imbecile and dwarfish. And so let the affections of the heart fail to be expressed in habits of corresponding religious action, and it becomes insensible and callous. This is the secret of the injurious tendency of romances and stage representations, that awaken and excite the moral emotions without affording opportunity for corresponding action;—they place before us, in passion-moving situations, objects of pity and sympathy, which we are neither expected nor permitted to relieve. They spread out scenes of wo and want, of difficulty and danger, awakening our compassion and moving us even to tears, and then vanish, mocking the emotions they have called into existence—and thus there is a disruption of the harmony which ought to exist between the moral emotions and the conduct. As is justly remarked by Dr. Abercrombie, “in the healthy state of the moral feeling, the emotion of sympathy excited by a tale of sorrow, ought to be followed by an effort for the relief of the sufferer.” When in real life, such relations are

listened to from time to time, without any such effort, the emotions gradually become weakened, and that moral condition is produced which we call selfishness or hardness of heart. It is on the same principle that we account for the hardness of heart; as it is commonly and properly called, of persons who have once, or oftener, had deep religious impressions, and then relapsed into their former indifference. Their convictions and emotions were not followed by the effort which the truth and their situation demanded, and they soon and naturally sank into moral insensibility. All convictions of duty—all emotions excited by the truth, if not followed out by appropriate action, are worse than useless;—they desolate the heart—they paralyze the moral powers—they leave the soul a barren heath, a fearful waste. And it seems to be the fact that the subsequent apathy and hardness are in proportion to the degree of sensibility or emotion that existed and spent itself for naught.

This principle is of vital importance as affecting the formation of Christian character. Many of the common difficulties experienced by professing Christians, spring from overlooking it. How many attempt to keep up a healthy state of the affections without engaging actively in the duties of religion, and then wonder that they feel so little and enjoy so little the religion they profess, forgetting that religious feeling is valuable only as it leads to religious action, and that it cannot be long maintained without such action. Whoever would be a thriving Christian must be a working Christian. If he would feel a deep and lasting concern for the honor of God, he must exert himself to promote that honor; and so of every other desirable feeling, if he would cherish and deepen it, he must seek employment for it, must put it into action. Depravity of heart is confirmed and strengthened by depraved action; and holiness of heart must be confirmed and strengthened by holy action. The least saint, by throwing what little he has of pious feeling into appropriate religious effort, would set his graces to growing, and in due time would be found among the eminently pious. The mul-

titudes who do otherwise never come to anything honorable or useful. Spiritual dyspeptics, lean, languid and wo-begone, they live to no purpose.

But the chief use to which I wish to put this subject at present is in its application to parents and Sunday school teachers. I have known a great many of both, who, if they could only get the children excited and make them cry, thought they had done great things. But if this is all they have attempted, they have done mischief. These little cryings and excitements, if not carried out into the surrender of their hearts to the Saviour, will harden them in the end into adamant. If you have succeeded in rousing some emotion in these children, great is your responsibility to see that matters do not stop there, nor anywhere short of a sound conversion. Better not disturb the child's feelings, if you are not prepared to struggle with him and with God, with all your heart, to secure the renewal of his nature. I am afraid of those teachers and children, who have their frequent crying spells and never get any farther.

VISITER.

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Original.

BE FAITHFUL TO YOUR CHILDREN,

For you may live to be old. Their sympathies for you, then, will depend much on your fidelity to them now. It will be consoling then to see them walking in the ways of virtue and piety. How it will cheer the otherwise melancholy evening of your life! Oh! who can estimate the comfort to an aged pious parent, which arises from the practice of religion by his child, now grown to manhood, and engaged in the active duties of life? On the other hand, should he, in consequence of your unfaithfulness, become irreligious and immoral, how will it sadden your last days. A recollection of his unfaithfulness, connected with a report of its results upon his wicked sons, caused the death of the ancient

prophet Eli. How many, when they seek support in the counsel and sympathy of their children, lean upon a broken reed, and go down unsustained and with sorrow to the grave!

Be faithful to your children, for *they may be taken from you*. You may have but a little time in which to benefit them spiritually, ere they go to the spirit land. They may be removed from your tuition, young. As you stand by their dying bed, will it not be comforting to remember that you did what you could, to lead them to the Saviour? Would you not treasure it up as a precious memento, could you then hear them say in the words of a dying child, "Millions of worlds would be nothing in comparison with my hope in him! His dying blood, how precious! It is all, all to me now." And as you drop a tear upon their fresh grave, would it not soothe the rising agitation of your bosom, could you say, "What I could I did to prepare them for heavenly mansions." What parent would not feel, as he surrenders his child to death,—it was my Saviour's call, "Suffer him to come unto me." I suffered him, and he has gone before, to make the pure society of heaven dearer to me. O be faithful to your children, for *you may be taken from them*. What legacy would you prefer to leave them? Treasured instruction in the ways of wisdom and the impressions of your consistent life and ardent prayers, would be worth more to them there, than a princely fortune. So instruct them, that should your eyes fade in death, as, in childhood or youth, they wept by your dying couch, you might leave them fortified against the world's temptations, and with a prospect of meeting them in a kindlier clime. Be faithful to them, for *you will meet them at the judgment*. That child will stand with you, at the same bar. It will then be seen, how great are parental influence and responsibility. It will there be known whether you have been faithful. God and angels will know it. And you may be cheered by the voice of the Judge, pronouncing, "Well done, good and faithful," or terrified and saddened by words of condemnation. O be faithful to your children, for *you will dwell with them eternally, or be separated from*



*them for ever.* The consuming fires of the last conflagration, and the rolling of the heavens together as a scroll, affect not your existence or theirs. Parent and child are immortal. Whether you, Christian parent, shall dwell with your children, in the bright world above, eternally; or be separated from them through uncounted ages, depends much on you. Connected with fidelity to your children are many precious promises. What parent will not labor and pray, while prayer and labor may avail for those, who shall shine resplendently and eternally, in the moral firmament of heaven, or be merged for ever in the darkness of hell?

*Havana, N.Y.*

M. H.

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Original.

### NURSERY LESSONS.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 310.)

A SWEET little girl was one night asked by her mamma to repeat a text and verse of a hymn, as she was in the habit of doing, before going to sleep. The verse suggested by her mother was, that beginning with

"I lay my body down to sleep,"

when she came to the second line,

"May angels guard my bed,"

she hesitated, and seemed unwilling to proceed; her mother inquired the cause, and she replied, "Mamma, I would rather ask God to take care of me than the little angels." Her mother asked her reason, and her reply was—"because God has power to do everything." The line was immediately altered to

"May Jesus guard my bed,"

with which she appeared much pleased.

A few days afterwards, this little girl heard her mamma singing Dr. Watts's hymn, beginning,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed ;"

she immediately said, "not holy angels,—mamma should not have forgotten so soon." But since then, she has tried to remember to alter it, as she did the one before mentioned.

The agency of angels is a delightful subject, and the ministrations they have been entrusted with towards mankind, even from the beginning of the world, cannot be doubted; but whether a child should be taught to *seek* for protection from them instead of from God, appears to me very questionable. These little incidents may convey a useful hint to mothers, in choosing hymns and texts for their children to commit to memory; and may remind them, that it will be sometimes necessary even to anticipate the doubts and difficulties that may arise in the mind of a thinking child.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said a delighted little one, who had just been put in possession of a gift far beyond her expectation. "May I keep it for my own self, for *ever*?"

This expression seems common to all children. Anything merely lent to them they seldom prize. It must be their own; and they must have permission to keep it always, or it will soon cease to give pleasure.

What a delightful subject is thus forced upon the attention of a reflecting mother! Those dear little immortals to whom *eternity* is an unknown word, thus unconsciously add an additional proof of its existence; even the infant mind cannot be satisfied with present enjoyment; it looks forward to something future—something that knows no end. But while the mother listens to her little one talking a language unknown to itself, she is reminded of an *everlasting* home, of an inheritance *that fadeth not away*; of those who shall be pillars in the temple of the Lord, *to go no more out*; and of a time when those who have finished their course, and kept the faith, shall be *ever* with the Lord.

Nothing, I would suppose, requires more patience, forbearance, and command of temper, than the education of children. Those mothers who have undertaken the arduous employment, will find incessant opportunities for the exercise of every Christian grace, and will have daily tests by which they may prove whether the corruptions of their heart are gaining greater or less ascendancy. When we consider the benefit likely to arise to a child from the instruction of his Christian mother; when we consider how frequently the toil of elementary tuition is rewarded by seeing the young intellect expand—by watching the impression made by what is for the first time communicated to the anxious listener—by hearing questions proposed which are proofs of the first exercise of their reasoning powers; when we listen to the simple and often beautiful observations—the native thoughts that flow from the wondering mind of the infant pupil; when we see the undoubting credence with which our communications are received, and the eagerness with which an increase of knowledge is sought for; shall we shrink from the sometimes delightful task, and commit to other hands, at least for the first few years of their lives, the important charge with which God has entrusted us?

The lessons of humiliation which are daily presented in this way, are too obvious to require being pointed out; but may, if those duties are prayerfully entered upon and continued, become the means of much spiritual advancement. A habit of watchfulness over ourselves may be thus obtained, and benefit must follow, in proportion to the use we make of those valuable opportunities.

Every reproof given is equally applicable to the instructor and pupil; our negligences, our omissions, our slowness, our forgetfulness, are thus forcibly presented to our minds: and with our own deficiencies thus in view, we shall soon learn to feel compassion, rather than impatience, with the frailties of our little ones.

**A MOTHER.**

Original.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

My mother! though thy spirit soars away from earth so high,  
 Canst thou not hear thy daughter when she calls thee from the sky?  
 I'm all alone, my mother, since they laid thee in the tomb;  
 O might I feel that thou wert near, 'twould cheer me in my gloom.  
 I will not think upon thy grave, for I know thou art not there;  
 Thy home is in the sky, where saints and holy angels are.  
 I have watched the clouds at sunset, till the glory in the west  
 Has burst on my young spirit like a vision of the blest.  
 I see thee there, dear mother, looking kindly on thy child—  
 Art thou not singing to me now, I hear that music wild,  
 And it makes me very glad to think my mother loves me still.  
 Oh is it not thy voice, so like the music of a rill?  
 I'm very sad and lonely here, I weep when none can see—  
 There are no tears in heaven, and I fain would go to thee.  
 I know 'tis wrong to wish it, yet I sometimes long to die—  
 To die, if I might meet my angel mother in the sky.  
 My soul is stained with sin, yet thou wilt bow before the throne,  
 And humbly ask the sinner's Friend to make my heart his own;  
 And pray, my own sweet mother, that my life may be like thine,  
 My spirit be as gentle and thy peaceful end be mine.  
 'Tis sad to wait, dear mother, in a darksome world like this,  
 Till God shall bid thee welcome me in yonder home of bliss;  
 But I will bless my Father that so oft I hear that strain,  
 For I know by that low music thou wilt come to me again.

LANTHE.

ETERNAL LIFE THE FRUITS OF EARLY CHRISTIAN  
 EDUCATION.

BY REV. CARLOS WILCOX.

To the child himself it must be a thing of infinite importance, that his life should be spent in such a manner as to be followed by a blessed eternity. Every affectionate parent must feel an earnest desire that the life of his child may be so spent; and every benevolent acquaintance must feel something of the same desire. It becomes then a question of deep interest, whether anything in the circumstances of the child,

within the reach of human agency, can render it highly probable that such will be his future course, and what can render it most probable. It cannot be rendered very probable, merely by such circumstances as wealth or poverty, exalted rank or humble, secular learning or the want of it. Concerning the degree of probability that may be inferred from an education strictly religious, there is a difference of opinion among men of different moral principles and feelings. By such an education I mean not one conducted with unkind and unreasonable rigidity, but one conducted faithfully and affectionately upon principles purely Christian, in distinction from that education, which is sometimes called religious because it is received in a religious community, and under the general influence of the institutions of the Gospel. The infidels who have attempted to sunder all the ties of moral obligation that bind man to his fellow and to Heaven, and thus restore the human family to what they call the innocent simplicity and happy freedom of a state of nature, are quite consistent in calling it blind and hard-hearted bigotry to instruct a child in any religion as true, before he is capable of weighing for himself the arguments for and against it. They are altogether consistent in representing it as unjust to the child himself, and to the community of which he is to be a member, not to permit him to grow up with his mind free from all bias in favor of any religion, that when he comes to maturity, he may choose his own, or reject all, according to the decisions of his unfettered reason. They would fain represent it as impossible for a man to believe sincerely, or to know that he believes upon evidence, what he has been taught from childhood to regard as unquestionable truth. And they venture to affirm, that to be instructed in the doctrines and duties of Christianity in childhood, furnishes no more ground to hope that the future life will be virtuous and happy, than not to be thus instructed. In proof of this assertion they adduce instances, in which the children of Christian parents have broken through all the restraints of a religious education, and rushed onward to the rank of leaders in the way of iniquity

and death. It cannot be denied that such instances may be found. It must even be granted that when men become openly vicious in such circumstances, they may sometimes go faster and farther in their career, in consequence of the restraints through which they have broken. But are not such instances comparatively few? Are they not mere exceptions to the general course of things?—exceptions that only exhibit the natural strength of human depravity? Besides, they are far from being in any degree the proper effects of a religious education itself, though they may now and then be rendered worse by circumstances sometimes attending it, such as severity or irritability in the temper of parents, or want of consistency and uniformity in their government. It remains after all a general truth, that children educated on Christian principles are more likely than others to be truly virtuous and happy in after life. This cannot be denied without denying the connection between cause and effect, and leaving us entirely in doubt respecting the path of duty. It cannot be denied, without turning back the natural course of things in the moral world, almost as much as to turn backward the descending streams. It can be denied only by taking the ground, that the great doctrines, and moral precepts, and pervading spirit of Christianity, are not eminently fitted in their nature, to purify and elevate the character. But this ground is never taken by an enlightened infidel. The ground commonly taken is, that a course of particular instruction in these doctrines and precepts in childhood; while the tastes and passions are not under the direction of reason, is calculated to produce opposition or disgust toward them; and this opinion is embraced by some professed believers in revelation, whose views of natural depravity afford them no adequate cause for such opposition or disgust, whenever it is manifested. In every other subject but religion, and in every kind of religion but the true one, the influence of early education and habit is acknowledged to be great and lasting.

"This education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."

This sentiment is universally adopted and acted upon, in the various departments of secular learning and employment. And it must be universally acknowledged that the children of Hindoo parents and those of Mohammedan parents, uniformly become in the natural course of things, by the influence of early instruction and habit, the confirmed disciples of their respective religions. And must early instruction and habit go for nothing in Christianity? It is true that they are less likely to be successful, upon natural principles alone, because the doctrines of the Christian system do not, like those of other religious systems, leave the motives and affections of the heart untouched, or only fall in with the natural course of our evil propensities. But is there not some other ground, on which a Christian education might become equally successful? Though men are never made Christians in heart, merely by a course of early instruction and discipline, independently of the special influences of the Holy Spirit, are they not frequently made so by such a course in connection with these influences? And would they not uniformly be if the instruction and discipline in question were not more or less neglected? Is there not fulness and firmness enough in the promise of God, to furnish ground for such an opinion? Can anything be plainer than the language, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it?" Has not God promised to bless the means of grace, when they are faithfully used? Has he not by a particular covenant given such a promise to faithful parents in relation to their children? May they not plead that covenant with success before the mercy-seat, whenever they perform all their parental duties? And when they are unsuccessful in their plea, is it not because they have broken their part of this covenant, by not performing their whole duty? True it is, that no parent does in fact perform without the least failure his whole duty to his children, and therefore God never bestows the blessings of this covenant on account of any claim founded on such performance. Here is always room, and room enough, for the mercy of God; but this mercy is exer-

cised with so much regard to the terms of his covenant, as to be generally granted in proportion to the various degrees of parental faithfulness. The question respecting the general result of early instruction in religion, will bear to be examined by a reference to facts. In one of the towns in a neighboring State, there were admitted into the church, in the course of forty years, five hundred persons, on their giving evidence of being Christians. Of this whole number, more than four hundred and fifty were the children of pious parents; they were dedicated to God in infancy, and were brought up under the influence of Christian instruction. A multitude of similar facts might be collected from those towns, in which parents and ministers and churches are most faithful in discharging their duty to the rising generation. But enough has already been said, to furnish an answer to the question respecting the probability, that by anything within the reach of human agency, the future course of a child may be rendered one of true virtue and happiness. After making all proper allowance for peculiar circumstances, we may rest in the conclusion that a good degree of faithfulness in the Christian instruction of a child will render it highly probable that such will be his future course. In other words, an education strictly Christian in childhood, affords the best ground to hope for the fruits of piety in after life.

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Original.

THE MOTHER'S GIFT.

"PLACE this in your trunk, my son," said a pious mother to her boy, handing him a Bible, as he was about leaving home for College; "place this in your trunk, and when away from the paternal roof read it, and deem it precious; it is *the* book; your mother has *tried* it, and what she has found good to her own soul, she would have her Francis also know, in his own blessed experience."

So spake the mother to her first-born, who, the following morning, was to leave his parents, and the quiet home of his childhood, for other society and other scenes. The Bible was the book upon whose pages that mother had most delighted to dwell! She knew its truth, not from examining the *external evidences* to its truth, but because she had *felt* its truth; because of the benefits which had come into her soul from embracing it; because it had met her wants as a sinner, and filled her desires as an immortal being. O, it is the grand peculiarity of the Gospel that it does this; that it depends not upon proof from without, that it is from God, but carries this proof within itself. It says, take me and try me. I ask no more. Believe my doctrines, obey my precepts, yield thy heart to my influence, and the veracity of God is pledged that you shall be changed; you shall have a sense of pardoned sin unknown before; a peace of conscience to which before you were a stranger; new hopes, joys, and fears, and a new relish for things spiritual and divine. It purports to be a remedy from heaven for a certain disease,—a disease which no creature can cure, and stakes the proof of its celestial descent, in the life and health which it restores. Thus the Bible submits its claims to the experience of man. Coming from Him who “made man and knew what was in man,” it is adapted to man, and shows its origin in that adaptation; and he who by tasting it, trusting it, feels that adaptation, has the seal of heaven set upon his heart, that he is a believer, a believer in “the glorious gospel of the blessed God.”

The mother of Francis well knew this; she needed not that any should testify to the truth of the sacred records, for these records had performed their work upon her own soul. And what they had done for her, she knew they could do for others—do for her darling boy;—and this, having given him a copy of the Scriptures, she retired and prayed *might* be done;—that having been the occasion of bringing into the world an accountable, immortal being, God’s word, as respects that being, might not return void—but that the “bone

of her bone, and flesh of her flesh," might choose the Bible as his heritage for ever.

It was a pleasant morning in October, when Francis bade his parents farewell, and the stage-coach called him away from under their roof. Few had left home for collegiate life with more religious instruction than he had received; religious principles had been faithfully instilled into his mind; he had been taught to pray and love his Creator. As yet, however, he loved him not; and though amiable in temper and correct in deportment, had "no part in the great salvation."

His history, for nearly three years, is the history of many. There was no neglect in his studies, there was tone and strength in his intellectual powers, and his progress in literature and science was highly gratifying to his friends; but God was excluded from his view. As in the case of thousands in our seminaries of learning, his Saviour was crucified between the languages and mathematics; and absorbed in study, flushed with the pride of scholarship, his Redeemer was not in all his thoughts. Once, and once only, during this period, did he seem to care for his soul. It was on a *Saturday evening*. He had been invited to meet a number of his fellow-students on a party of pleasure, and complied with the request. He went to the house where they had assembled, to spend the evening before the Sabbath, in joviality and merriment. He entered, and there the group were, the table spread—with the cards, cigars, and decanters upon it. He sat for a few moments, and his thoughts reverted to his home. He thought of the time and of the manner in which it was being passed by his parents, and how they had taught him to pass it. "The chainless spirit of his mind" flying to his home, he could see his father and mother reading the book of God—his brothers and sisters learning their Sabbath-school lessons—all attuning their hearts for the sacred services of the coming day—but he, what was he about? This question of conscience entered, like a dagger, his soul. The contrast between the scene of carousal before

him, and the scenes of home, was too great to be endured. The clock struck nine, and then he knew the family group were at prayer. He abruptly rose and left the place of festivity. Another time, on another *evening*, he could be with them, but not then. He returned to his room, and for a few moments suffered his thoughts to make excursions to the eternal world; but though the conviction of his mind was, that he must attend to religion before he died, he decided not to do so then; and dismissing the unwelcome subject, retired to rest.

During the last term of his Junior year, the College was blessed with a visit from the Spirit of the Lord. None but those who have been within the walls of a College on such an occasion, know the effects of such a visit from the Holy One. If it enlivens the graces of those there who are Christians, makes them more prayerful and more faithful, it also rouses up the passions of the impenitent, and gives new force to their propensities for evil. Such was the effect at this time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. In anticipation of the coming of some pious student, to hold conversation with them on the subject of religion, a company of reckless scoffing ones had collected together in a chamber, and the more effectually to deceive the man of God, had brought their Bibles and hymn books with them, as if really in a serious inquiring frame of mind. They wished, before him, to seem intensely interested in the work of grace which was going on; and then, in his absence, to fortify themselves against its power, by turning the whole affair into ridicule. Much to their disappointment, no Christian came, and they broke up in chagrin. There was *one* Bible, however, in the room, which bore the charm of a mother's gift, and was clothed with the energy of a mother's prayer. It belonged to Francis P——. He—yes, even he, was among this vile band. He, a child of many prayers, could meet with others to strengthen himself against those blessed influences which would save him. But the time had come when these prayers were to be answered, and this Bible, like the fire and the

hammer, was to break in pieces his strong heart. Ill at ease, he thought of his mother, and her gift. That gift was as bright and fresh as when first presented to him, for it had lain in his trunk unused. Its very unworn appearance convicted him of guilt. He took it, and with a trembling hand, turned to the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy and the 1st chapter of Proverbs. All was what he needed; but the 35th verse of the former, and the 25th of the latter, entered like the iron into his soul. They brought him upon his knees a suppliant for mercy. He rose, read further, and those passages presented themselves—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." These words of inspiration, with no Christian friend directing him, he put to the test. In the solitude of retirement, he rested upon these declarations as true. He believed; the witness was given him; his burden was gone, and he "caught the beams and breezes, and blessed visions of heaven."

Thus the faith of this godly mother, in the inherent virtue of the Word of God, was not in vain. She believed the Word of God, brought in contact with the mind of her son, would *prove* the Word of God. Nor was she mistaken. God blessed her faith, and honored his truth. There is no presumption at taking God at his word. He says that it is "quick and powerful; a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart;" and any one left alone with the everlasting gospel, may by means of this only, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, become a new creature in Christ Jesus, and get a thorough knowledge of the great doctrines of salvation. Let him but believe that Christ came into the world to save sinners; admit that he himself is a sinner, and that Christ therefore came to save *him*, and accordingly in the exercise of penitence and faith trust Christ, and the scales shall fall from his eyes, and the veil be taken from his heart, and the favor which Jehovah beareth to his own people, shall be his.

This is no idle tale, but fact. That mother saw her Francis a minister of the gospel; and though he has been called into

eternity before her, she lives in expectation of meeting him in the realms of light.

N. E.



Original.

DEATH OF EARLY FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS.

HERODOTUS reckons it among the calamitous consequences of war, that then parents bury their children, while in peace children bury their parents. In the absence of violence and mutually inflicted suffering, and in the prevalence of the ordinary course of Providence, it is usual for the aged to precede the young, for the parent to go down to the grave before the child. And yet the great number of exceptions, as every one must have noticed, almost annihilates our faith in the rule. Many of us, on looking at the faces of living acquaintances, miss but few of those whom we considered our elders in childhood; while the ranks of our playmates and early acquaintances, thinned out every season, present but few with whom we shared the visions of hope and the cup of joy in the commencement of life's eventful journey. They were here—they have vanished—

Like snow-flakes on the foaming river,
A moment seen, then gone for ever.

This appearance of things is of course illusory in the main; the succession of generations in regular order being incapable of inversion without the destruction of the race. To us, our contemporaries and companions are the most important portion of society, and we note every change in the circle with a troubled eye, and find it difficult to fill the chasm created by their departure.

There are several considerations which render these separations by death of companions, affecting and solemn beyond ordinary separations. One of these is that the mutual and

reciprocal influence of the parties has been great and probably decisive. They have moulded each other. They have shaped each other's destiny. That companion of my youth who died last week, gave the first bias to my mind in the choice of a trade or profession, and how many other things hung upon that. I see another step into the grave who influenced my first inclinations after knowledge, and gave me my first introduction to books. There is the early acquaintance who first awakened in me serious thoughts respecting my soul, or led me to the conference meeting where my heart found repose and spiritual joy. Or if my life has been wrongly determined, there are they who aided in its misdirection, and upon whom my influence has in turn been exerted. We are parting at the grave after having, in all probability, woven each for the other the web of his destiny. It is to the great influence of companionship that the Bible attributes the formation of character, so much so that the companion of fools shall be destroyed. And we all know the proverb that a man is known by the company he keeps, which is based upon the ease and readiness with which the feelings, views, and practices of habitual companions are interchanged. Those much beyond or much behind us in years are not the persons from whom we derive our tastes and habits, but those who are in our own period of life and have had the same or similar experience and observation of the world.

Another consideration is, that in the ordinary course of Providence death will not long separate those who have been contemporaries and companions in life. When we find that death has begun to call our generation, we may constantly expect to have our name called next. Generally we die with those we lived with. If we have been a blessing to our friends, we shall go with them to witness their felicity and receive our own. If we have done only evil in our day and generation, we shall go with our generation to the bar of retribution, and hear the reproaches of those whom our influence has blasted. We shall not have forgotten each other in the interval between our separation and our meeting.

Thoughtful reader, turn thy footsteps in imagination to yonder cemetery, and draw nigh to those recent graves. Consider whose they are. The young, the mature are there. Last week beheld them "full of lusty life," and now the race is run. That one was thy mate at the village school; often you played yourselves tired together on the green. He is taken and thou art left. See a whole line of tombs, of persons of thine own age, and among them thou findest beneath almost every alternate mound some one to whom thou hast been related in pleasure or business, and with whom thou hast made the journey of life. They have finished, but art thou far behind? And think, too, that perhaps every one of these whose graves we are contemplating, is in some respects different in character and destiny from what he would have been had he not known thee. Perhaps thou, in some thoughtless moment, or in some freak of wanton wickedness, utterdest the word or sentiment that, lodging like the plague virus in his heart, corrupted and blasted it for ever. O weep for the dead, for thou gavest death his sting; and weep for thyself, if peradventure God may cleanse thee from thy blood-guiltiness.

KARL.

A MOTHER AND HER SON AT THE JUDGMENT.

On yonder platform, in full view of a crowded audience, is seated, "the observed of all observers," a man of rare powers and attainments, by the long-continued exhibition of which, in various departments of action, he has won for himself a distinguished reputation. When in early childhood, he gave indications, not only of a gifted intellect, but of an inordinately proud heart, his pious but misguided mother and other relatives, instead of striving to suppress the incipient risings of proud ambition, and to give his mind a different bias, pursued, though unwittingly perhaps, a course directly adapted to foster this wayward passion, and to make

is his governing principle of action. Such, indeed, under their approving smiles and caresses, it actually became. As childhood ripened into youth, and youth into manhood, it became manifest that popular applause was the idol of his heart: and what he idolized, God in wrath permitted him richly to enjoy. Observe now, as he rises to harangue, on some deeply interesting theme, that large, and refined, and intelligent audience, observe what a profound stillness reigns, and with what eager expectation his very first words are waited for! And as the harangue progresses, as it deepens in pathos and impressiveness, observe with what irresistible power he sways that entire audience, and stamps it as it were with the impress of himself; how he enlivens or depresses, stimulates or disheartens, infuriates or softens, convulses or dissolves, at his pleasure; now holding that crowd wrapped and breathless, as he pours forth a fresh torrent of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and now pausing, mayhap, to regale his spirit with the nectar of that deafening applause! O, who that contemplates a cradled infant, would imagine that it could ever arrive at such a pitch of intellectual expansion as this—such a far-reaching and mighty grasp of thought—such acuteness of perception—such depth of sensibility—and, withal, such a control over the minds of its less gifted compeers? And who can gaze at such a scene as the one just described, and not be deeply impressed with the amazing majesty, even in its ruins, of immortal mind?

But what terrific scene is this that is now bursting on our bewildered vision? What means that long, loud, thrilling blast, as though it were a trumpet? What mean these yawning graves, these unearthly sights, this universal commotion? Be comforted, all ye that love Christ; this is none other than the resurrection morning, and this is the long-expected judgment day! Ah, brethren! and here, blessed be God, here we stand, with all his ransomed ones, on the right hand of the Judge; while yonder on his left, just as the Scripture forewarned them, are gathered all those who on earth "knew not God, and obeyed not the gospel" of his Son. But what

unhappy spirit is that, who, while all around him are supremely wretched, is yet far more beautiful than they, and whose countenance seems the very personification of unutterable anguish—remorse—despair! In that haggard face, however, may be discerned the workings of a gigantic mind; and it is his pre-eminence in intellect, evidently, that renders him pre-eminent in wretchedness. To see an immortal mind in ruins, *any* mind—is a sight replete with unutterable horror. But the ruin of *such* a mind—so far-reaching, so refined, so keenly susceptible—O, how beyond conception dreadful! How keen are his torments! What a world of agonizing thought is discernible in that once noble, but now fiend-like countenance! Ah! this man, be it remembered, is none other than that distinguished civilian and orator, to whose eloquent harangue we not long since listened. But who is this on the right hand, at whom he ever and anon darts such a beseeching, yet indignant and revengeful look? Ah, this—this—is his MOTHER! Ah, as he gazes on that placid face, and on that form arrayed already in the habiliments of heaven, see how the intense anguish of his spirit waxes yet more intense, and hear him thunder in her ear—but no: much as he longs to make her hear his malediction, the Judge frowns him into silence, and now he gnaws his tongue with disappointed rage. Had he been permitted to speak, methinks these would have been some of his words. “Woman! gaze on this haggard face—this blasted form, the habitation of a spirit still more blighted—this wreck of your own darling and distinguished son. Oh, that word *distinguished*! What an infatuated wretch was I, to barter away an immortal birthright for that worthless ‘morsel of meat’—popular applause—the being distinguished! See now what inexpressible wretchedness I am at this moment enduring, and then remember that what I am now enduring is less than an atom in the wide universe of matter, compared with what I am yet to endure. Remember, that as eternal ages roll on, I shall one day have reached a point, when, in a single moment, I shall be experiencing a greater

amount of anguish than what is now experienced by this vast throng of damned spirits, supremely wretched as they now are. Gaze on me, I say, and learn the amazing worth of an undying soul! O, woman, *but for you*—but for you, I might have this moment been standing at your side, a ransomed spirit—a candidate for a blessed immortality!"

But see, while I have been speaking, the books have been opened, and the awful process has been completed of assigning to every creature of Adam's race, according to what was written in these truth-telling records, his everlasting award. Against the name of that distinguished wretch, was found this simple record: "One who loved the praise of men, more than the praise of God." And now, "keep silence, all created things," for the Judge is about to pronounce the joyous "come, ye blessed," and the terrific "depart, ye cursed!"—"Tis over! The wretched throng on the left "go away into everlasting punishment;" and as they go, methinks I hear a sepulchral voice rising hoarse above the moans and shrieks of that awful moment, and these, methinks, are its words. "Woman—no *mother*! farewell—an *eternal* farewell! But for you, I *might have been saved*."

And now I follow that mother into heaven, and lo, the Saviour assigns her one of the lowest of the "many mansions" there are in his "Father's house:"—she has not kept herself "pure from the blood" of her own son!

New York Evangelist.

T. W.

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Original.

#### WHERE IS MOTHER?

"WHERE is mother?" "Why don't she come to dress us and wash our faces and comb our hair?" "Why is not the table spread for breakfast, and why does the room look all in confusion, with only these few embers on the hearth? And father, too, where is he? I heard him going about the house all night." "Hush, little one, your mother is sick." A sud-

den messenger in the gloom of midnight has laid her low; she, the strong and vigorous, the stay of that dependant family, has laid down to suffer, it may be days, weeks or months of illness. Some stranger hand, perchance, may minister to their pressing necessities; but the comforting one, the soother of infant sorrows, the kind, healing, restoring, patient, enduring mother, who sustained all the springs of happy cheerful industry by ceaseless smiles and contented heart, is withdrawn! How often are scenes like this witnessed, and under still more adverse circumstances!

In the far-off wilderness, in that log cabin, where no kind neighbor may be found to smoothe the pillow, or gather the little ones, or nurse the infant, who may number the sighs of hopeless suffering, or weigh the burdens of the afflicted father, who by turns must assume all offices—all cares of housekeeper, nurse, physician and mother, in addition to the stern necessity of providing for the coming winter? These are no fictions, but soul-withering realities, which many an emigrant from his eastern home can too bitterly tell.

Why is it, that in the arrangements of a most kind Providence, the fresh and strong in the fulness of health do walk abroad and at leisure, with few responsibilities, living to enjoy, while the weary and worn sink down under burdens which *must* be borne?

It is well to enter the sick room. The inquiry is a useful one. We may find an answer which shall solve all doubts, and lead the soul to a deeper trust in the everlasting love of Him "who ordereth our steps;" for it is worthy of remark that if doubt or distrust enter this apartment, they are very likely to be dispelled. To the *Christian sufferer* the chastening rod is seldom wrapped in mystery; all becomes very clear and right.

"Where, then, is mother?" Perhaps she has lost her "way." What wonder if, in the mazes and intricacies of this great wilderness world, she be benighted and longs for a guide? That Guide has come to lead her out and bring her into a large place, into clear and open sunlight, where she

and her little ones may tread more safely, with fewer snares and less incumbrances.

She may have become entangled with error, or her mental eye dimmed by unbelief; she needs to be led to the "Truth." That which we really believe, often becomes powerless. We even forget that we must die; when every moment we are pressing on to the event. We forget that we may not lay up treasures on earth, and thus oblige the Saviour to come and shake out of the lap our gathered heap.

"*Ye see me!*" He said, as he left the world, and we even forget to look at Him! Perhaps that mother has lost sight of her "Life," and so He comes to take her—it may be to the back side of the desert to the mount of God—through sighing and tears it may be; but He who loves her, bears her on. Those weary nights and painful days bear her onward; the design must be accomplished, the gold purified, the eye made clear for the great and glorious sight!

Turn aside, weary sufferer, and look! Say, is it mystery that thou hast been so tried and chastened? Is it not enough to see Him once more? to take a firmer hold on the promise of such a God, like that last embrace which the spirit takes as she drops the mortal part, to enter into the depths of Divine love, gathering sweet and long-cherished memorials of the heavenly vision?

These are the green spots in life's memories. The dark and stormy morning is forgotten in the golden radiance of the twilight splendors. "*Afterward* come the peaceable fruits of affliction"—the sweetness of the bitter draught. Thus is the soul filled with deep and full content, resting peacefully as an infant on its mother's bosom. Thus is it brought so near that its softest whispers but emanate His love, its gentlest breathings are the out-gushings from the fountain within.

*Rochester, Mass.*



## Original.

## HOME DETAILS.

ONE day I sent my little boy to gather some herbs which I supposed grew on the side of the road not far from the house, adding, "do not stop to speak to any one, Charley, for the baby is sick." After a long time he slowly returned, and crept up to me with his head hung down. "Where are the herbs, Charley?" "I did not get them." "Why," said I, quickly. "Because I did not want to." This sounded strangely indeed, but without waiting further to inquire, I said, "Well, Charley, you are *a very naughty boy indeed*. Go, Ellen, and gather me the herbs as quickly as possible." Charles instantly disappeared. The herbs were soon brought, and as soon as the infant was quieted, Charles came in and drew near to my side. Lifting up his blue eyes to my face, he said, "Mother, I was afraid to gather the herbs." "Why," said I. "Because I thought it would be stealing." "*Stealing!* to get herbs from the roadside, my child?" "Oh, but they don't grow there. They were in Mr. T——'s garden, and I could not go there without leave, and you told me that I must not stop to speak to any one." *Let me not blame my child again for conscientious obedience.*

"Sarah," said aunt Mary, "don't you go near my chamber, for I have just laid the baby there, to sleep, and you must not disturb him." "No, I will not," said the little girl, as she ran briskly down stairs. Presently her mother called, "Sarah, go to your aunt Mary's room and bring me my work-basket." "I cannot, dear mother, for the baby is asleep." "I know it, but my little girl can go very softly and not disturb little cousin, as this is the only moment I shall have to sew some buttons on father's coat before he goes away." So little Sarah crept up stairs and opened the door as gently as possible, and was about to withdraw with the basket, when the little hand was raised, the clothes thrown off, and baby's voice at its highest pitch. Aunt Mary run up stairs

and pushed the little girl aside; saying, "*You naughty girl, why didn't you obey me?*" Sarah wiped away the tear, wishing she knew how to do right.



UNITY OF COUNSEL IN PARENTS.

PARENTS, it is true, have their infirmities, and do not always see eye to eye; but if each is impressed, as each ought to be, with the importance of every misunderstanding being explained and settled, *not* in the presence of their family, but when alone, they will mutually waive any expression of dissent till the proper season. Should this precaution be disregarded, children will not only range under opposite sides, but they are in imminent danger of failing in duty in this respect to that parent from whom they differ. The tranquillity of both parents, as well as the peace of all under that roof, are then and thus at an end.

On the other hand, imperfect though parents be, and though both may and will fall short, occasionally, still success, and safety, and domestic order, depend on both aiming after the right pattern. Should their mutual love be grounded on esteem, there is a secret and instituted virtue in their example, which will descend on a constitution of things divinely adapted and appointed to receive it. In every union of which God approves (and he approves of whatever he has appointed and enjoined), he intends not only the present enjoyment of two or three—he has a higher end in view; and what can that end be, in this case, if it is not to promote in all under our roof, the same mutual endeavor to make each other happy?

*Book for Parents.*

## ROMBERG, C. M.

H.

1. O Lord be - hold us at thy feet, A  
 2. 'Tis for our child - ren we would plead, The  
 3. We ask not for them wealth or fame, A -  
 4. We crave the Spir - it's quick' - ning grace, To

nee - dy, sin - ful band; As sup - pliants round thy  
 children thou hast given; Where should we go in  
 mid the world - ly strife; But in the all - pre -  
 make them pure in heart; That they may stand be -

mer - cy seat, We come at thy com - mand..  
 time of need, But to the God of heav'n?

vail - ing name, We ask e - ter - nal life.  
 fore thy face, And see thee as thou art.

THE  
MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

~~~~~  
DECEMBER, 1844.
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TO OUR READERS.

WITH the present number we close the twelfth volume of the MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, and the twelfth year of special labor in behalf of parents and offspring. We beg the attention of our readers to some reflections suggested by a review of the past and a prospect of the future.


When this periodical was commenced, there was a great dearth of interest and of information on the subject of maternal responsibility and influence. It was our privilege to lead the way with the first Magazine, devoted specifically to the great object of awakening the mothers of the land to a just appreciation of their momentous duties and the faithful discharge of their most solemn yet delightful trust. It was soon apparent that we had not misjudged in supposing that light was wanted in the direction to which our labors were directed. Immediately after we entered the field, and had called attention to the objects we had in view, books, pamphlets, newspaper articles, designed to illustrate and enforce parental obligation, and the incalculable importance of the religious training of children, were issued from the press in great number and variety, and among the many some of great merit. In the course of time a number of new Magazines, also, have been established in various parts of the country, and through all these different channels a vast amount of useful truth has



been diffused and brought to bear upon the very fountain-head of that influence which controls our future destiny.

The *Mother's Magazine* pays its monthly visits to upwards of ten thousand families, and it has faithfully endeavored to make those visits both agreeable and profitable to that most important class of persons for whose especial benefit the work was intended—the mothers of this nation, and the precious offspring committed to their training. Nor have we been left to despond and lament that our labor was in vain in the Lord. Often have we been cheered on in our enterprise by evidence on all sides, that the cause of Christian Family Education was becoming better understood in its theory and attended to in its practice, and in many instances within our own knowledge the most delightful changes have taken place in the spiritual condition and eternal prospects of beloved family circles. The family altar has been reared in many a dwelling, where hitherto the cry of the penitent had never been heard, where the voice of thanksgiving had never been lifted up, and from which the morning and evening sacrifice had never before ascended. Thousands of children who formerly never heard the name of God and of Christ except in the streets, as used in oaths, now learn the truths of religion from the lips of her who gave them birth, and see those truths illustrated in her meek and humble life, in her daily walk and conversation.

But is the work done for which this Magazine was established, and for which during the last twelve years we have been laboring? Are all the mothers of this land awake and enlightened in respect to their momentous duty to their children, and are they, in the fear of God, like CHRISTIAN in the Pilgrim's Progress, taking their children by the hand and flying with them to the celestial city? Is this so universally the case that there is no longer occasion for our monthly call upon them to be up and doing? Would that it were even so! But, alas! where is the town, or neighborhood, or parish, that does not need a thorough rousing trumpet-note to be sounded in the ears of mothers, calling their attention to



their *own* children, perishing for lack of knowledge by their *own* firesides. Not only mothers need continued and earnest counsel on this subject, but the Church is far from feeling, as it should, how much depends upon sanctified maternal influence, brought to bear directly and efficiently upon the mind of infancy and childhood. If the duties of the nursery be faithfully fulfilled, it follows as a matter of certainty, with the covenant and promise of God for its basis, that the children will be Christians. "If," says the venerable Baxter, "parents did their whole duty, the church would not have the trouble of laboring for the conversion of their children. All the church would need to care for would be their growth in grace." Some may think this strong language, but it is not stronger than the language of the Bible: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." What assurance could be more absolute than this, and yet who is authorized to qualify it? Let us, on the other hand, suppose infancy and childhood to have been neglected and misgoverned, and salvation becomes fearfully improbable. Habits have been formed, principles have been imbibed, and wicked inclinations so numerous and headstrong have been engendered, that all the power of the church, combined with all the influence of repenting parents, avails not to arrest the misused child, and his conversion is thenceforth possible only because the grace of God is sovereign and almighty, and may in mere sovereignty exert itself in his behalf.

Parents! people of the living God! pastors of the flock of Christ, charged especially and solemnly to feed his lambs! lift up your eyes and behold what a field of promise stretches itself out before you. This great and growing nation embosoms, we may estimate, some three millions and a half of families. In these family groups are embraced, say seven or eight millions of little ones; the dew of infancy and of childhood is upon them. The most helpless by their nature and constitution of all created things, they stretch forth their hands and cry for a helper and a guide. They have set foot

upon an inhospitable shore, yet they must traverse it; they must penetrate the wilderness of this world, beset by foes and laid with snares? Who shall guide them? Who shall apprise them of the path of danger, and show them the path of life? Parent, God has appointed you to that office. He has constituted you the natural guardian of your child. **MOTHER!** he has ordained you to be the ministering spirit, the good angel of your infant. For this he gave you those nicer, quicker instincts and sensibilities, and that power of patient endurance which distinguishes your sex, and the hour you became a mother, he laid in your bosom a lamb and bade you feed it and guard it till he returned for it; he deposited with you a weak and wounded, sick and perishing child of sin and death, and bade you take it oftentimes to the physician of souls and the cross of Calvary, and to the warm bosom of the Saviour, and to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, until it was healed. O pitying angels, what a charge—and O, what a crime if that charge has been neglected and forgotten!

While we desire to thank God and take courage that anything has been accomplished by our instrumentality, we feel that our work is just begun, and that Providence calls upon us to go on with increased zeal and fidelity in this arduous and responsible, yet blessed labor; and we earnestly beg of Christian parents, and especially of Christian mothers, their countenance and coöperation in extending the circulation and influence of the *Mother's Magazine*. If each of the thousands of mothers who take it themselves and welcome it every month as an old and dear friend and spiritual counselor would, upon reading this, immediately determine to obtain one new subscriber, it would greatly encourage us and double the usefulness of the work, and it would scarcely cost them an effort. Is it too much to ask this of our present subscribers? If, as we trust is the case, this Magazine embodies and circulates truths of vital importance to the families and parents of our land, then every one renders an important service to the cause of religion who increases the number of its readers.

We have another request to make of our pious readers, and that is that they will sometimes remember us at the Throne of Grace. It is not improbable that each number of this Magazine falls into the hands of from forty to fifty thousands of persons. What responsibility attends the preparation of reading matter for such a multitude, and how important that it should be prepared under Divine direction and sent out under the influence of fervent prayer!

And, finally, we urge it upon Christian parents to coöperate with us in their own beloved family circles, by laboring for the salvation of their respective households. We speak to mothers more particularly, because of their relation and facilities of early access to the family group, and because ordinarily, if there be serious failure in their department, there is little room for hope. O, labor at your own firesides with renewed fidelity. Review the year that is closing and see wherein you have been deficient, and enter upon the new year with higher and holier aspirations, and sit not down till God has crowned your hopes and ours in the salvation of your entire domestic circle. O happy day, a day worth a lifetime of tears and toils would that be, in which every heart in your dwelling should break forth in strains of redeeming love, and own you not only as their natural but their spiritual mother also!



Original

#### ADDRESS TO MOTHERS.

BY REV. J. BRACE.

THE semi-annual meeting of the New York City Maternal Association, was held in the lecture room of the Central Presbyterian Church, in this city, Nov. 6th. The children were addressed by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Secretary of the

Seaman's Friend Society, and the mothers, by Rev. J. Brace. The following imperfectly reported sketch of Mr. Brace's remarks, it is our pleasure to publish.

"There is a no more interesting spectacle," said Mr. B., "than a collection of mothers with their children. Here are young beings, and here, in a certain sense, are the authors of these beings. Had not the mothers lived, the children had not lived; and both,—all,—can never cease to live. On both, all,—immortality is impressed, and they will exist, when 'the Sun has closed his golden eye,'—exist for ever. No wonder that pious mothers are solicitous for the immortal welfare of their offspring. No wonder that they band together for this purpose, and form Maternal Associations. Parental responsibility justifies it; the worth of the soul justifies it. If one of these children, renewed by the spirit of God, and clad with the righteousness of Jesus, wears a crown of glory, and sweeps a harp of praise in heaven, that one will enjoy more happiness than the collective amount enjoyed by Adam's race from the creation until now; and if, on the other hand, one of them fails of eternal life, becomes a cast-away, a prey to unquenchable fire, he will suffer more during the slowly moving cycles of eternity, than suffering man on this footstool of God, has yet been called to endure. If President Davies could say,—as he did, 'I tremble when I think of my future self;' the faithful mother may well tremble when she thinks of the destiny of her child. 'O, that Ishmael might live before thee,' supplicated Abraham, the father of believers; and a like aspiration will rise from every parent's heart, who appreciates in any due measure the spiritual interests of those whom God hath given him, and the infinite magnitude of those interests!"

After speaking of the *encouragements* to be faithful, arising from the commands of God and his numerous and explicit promises; the affectionate and peculiar regard for the young manifested by the Lord Jesus while on the earth, and the testimony of observation to the blessed results of parental fidelity; the lasting effects of youthful impressions; he pro-

ceeded to mention four things which entered into a Christian education, and which should never be lost sight of.

1. "*Cultivate in your children a spirit of habitual obedience.* 'Order is heaven's first law.' The moral governor of the universe, to keep the universe of mind in harmony, has found it necessary to promulgate laws, and attach to them a penalty. It is because these laws are *obeyed*, that *heaven* is what it is. In that realm of light and glory, Jehovah's will is supreme; and one common chain of obedience, linking spirits of the just, angels, cherubim and seraphim, together, binds them to the throne of the Almighty. It is because those laws are *broken*, that *earth* is what it is. On this planet there is sin and misery, simply because men have 'broken God's bonds asunder, and cast away his cords from them.' What Jehovah finds necessary, the heads of families will find necessary. There is the necessity of government; the exercise of parental authority; a domestic discipline, which insures obedience. Where this discipline is, is confidence, order, love; and where it is not, 'there is confusion and evil work.' The requisitions, indeed, must not be unscriptural or unreasonable, nor the severity of punishment excessive; but laws there must be, and a spirit of obedience to these laws habitually cherished. This is imitating God, and doing to our children, what he does to his creatures, and is thus in accordance with the dictates of divine wisdom and benevolence. 'A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame,' and himself to ruin. Obedience tells happily not only upon the comfort, usefulness, and respectability of a child in the present life, but I hesitate not to say, that the obedient child is more likely to be a *converted* one. The principle of obedience within him to his parents, is more likely to make him obedient to his God. Having acknowledged *their* right to govern him, it is more easy and natural for him to acknowledge the right of *God* so to do. That command from the Lord—'my son, give me thine heart'—comes with very different force to the child taught invariably to obey, from what it does to the child whose will is ever his own.

While it meets the first, predisposed to listen, with a sense implanted within him of inferiority to a higher power, with an idea and conviction of duty, it meets the other, wayward, intractable, ready to exclaim—'Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice?' and impiously to add, with a stout rebel of old, one who was never governed, 'I *will not* obey his voice.' This is too rarely considered; *the relation of parental authority to divine authority*. Obedience maintained in the family, is a course of moral training for the kingdom of God. Your children are to be accustomed to obey you; submit to wholesome and necessary restraints; subordinate their will to yours; not only that they may be now happy, now useful, now respected, but that they may acknowledge also the right of Him who made them, and bow to His authority.

2. "*Study the mental and moral peculiarities of your children*. Though children are in many respects alike, they are in some respects essentially unlike. It must be seen wherein they agree, and wherein they differ, and they must be treated accordingly. The same course of treatment will by no means answer for all; and it is because all are usually treated in the same way, because of the want of adaptedness in education to the peculiar temperament of each one, that members of the same family have turned out so differently. To prove the truth of this remark, it would be easy to adduce examples. President Edwards, the elder, and his wife, doubtless took as much care of their son Pierpont, as of their other children. He required indeed as much care, and even more, and his peculiarities demanded *different* care. Had these peculiarities been carefully studied, and attention to him been directed accordingly, he had probably been a different man. It is the peculiar duty of mothers to discover these peculiarities of the young. They exhibit themselves early; and while incipient, in an embryo state, may be marked, calculated for, and receive a benign direction. While the mother is the first being that the child knows; and watches her eye, voice, smiles, and frowns, with intense interest; so the feelings, passions, and expressions of the little stranger, are open to

the inspection of the mother. She can look and should look, discern the man in miniature, alter this or that feature which is unamiable, watch this and that propensity, and weaken it, or strengthen it, and so give a desirable cast to the character. The mother of our Lord appears, from a single remark of inspiration, to have done this. Though nothing is said of *Joseph's* attention to the early accents of the babe of Bethlehem, 'Mary,' we are told, 'kept all his sayings, and pondered them in her heart.' And did all mothers but anxiously inquire touching each one of their offspring,—'what manner of child shall this be?' and address themselves to moulding the intellect and heart aright, great and decisive changes in humanity would be produced, and the good done, be incalculable.

3. "*Exert a vigilant superintendancy over the books which your children read, and the persons with whom they associate.*" Caution in the selection of books for the young, has been ever needful, but never so much so, as in the times on which we have fallen. Never was the press so prolific. Over the length and breadth of our land, printed truths and errors, the virtues, vices, and follies of men, all the feelings which stir the human bosom, are scattered broadcast. And if there is much that is valuable, much that is in friendly alliance with inspiration, and 'ministers grace to the reader,' there is much which is frivolous, vicious, and false. Books are issues of the mind, and what drops from the tongue in an enduring form; and if an unruly tongue 'is set on fire of hell,' and 'sets on fire the course of nature,' much of our popular literature, the light-hearted utterance of perverted minds and depraved hearts, is a mighty engine in the hands of the prince of evil to corrupt and destroy. The virtuous Nicole branded the romance writers of France in his day as '*public poisoners.*' And not without reason. And yet these romances having done their work of death in infidel and licentious France, are now with kindred tales, novels, and songs, from Italy, Germany, and Spain, brought hither, to corrupt the principles, and destroy the morals of our children. They



meet them in every fascinating form, and in almost every place. The greatest caution is necessary with respect to them. It is no trifling matter what books your children read. A single corrupt volume may work their ruin, as a simple piece of raiment may carry and communicate the plague. See to it that their reading is of a nature to furnish their minds, and to nourish those seeds of virtue and piety, which your own instruction has sown. And likewise select for them fit companions, for 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' and 'the companion of fools shall be destroyed.'


4. "*Pray with and for your children.*" They require that to be done for them, which God alone can do, and which he will be asked by you to accomplish. He may not be expected to prosper your endeavors to do them good, unless these endeavors are made in humble dependence on his grace; and if they *are* thus made, you may confidently look for his blessing. He who 'hears the young ravens when they cry,' will not turn a deaf ear to the fervent, importunate cry of the believing mother for her offspring, but will send into her soul, and into the souls of her children, his renewing spirit. Bow the knee in your retirement for them. Remember them around the family altar. Take them apart by themselves, and invoke for them the favor of heaven. Teach them to pray. You may recollect the striking reply given by a pious mother (all of whose children were gathered within the enclosures of Zion, and were active and efficient members of the church of Christ), when asked, how it happened that every one of her boys and girls had thus secured 'the good part.' It was—

"While my children were infants on my lap, as I washed them, I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that blood which cleanseth from sin. As I clothed them in the morning, I asked my Heavenly Father to clothe them with the robe of Christ's righteousness. As I provided them food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink the water of life. When I have prepared them for the house of God, I have

plead that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. When they left me for the week-day school, I followed their infant footsteps with a prayer, that their path through life might be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. And as I committed them to the rest of the night, the silent breathing of my soul has been, that their Heavenly Father would take them to his embrace, and fold them in his paternal arms.'

"This was the secret. She had power with God, and faithfully used that power. What you want, mothers, is to do the same; to have the spiritual and immortal interests of your children first in your thoughts, desires, and plans; to wrestle unceasingly with the Redeeming Angel for his blessing upon them!"

Said Mr. B. in conclusion, "Mothers, 'magnify your office.' Paul said he magnified *his* office, and so should you, *yours*. The maternal office has done, and is doing great things, and there is no danger of your estimating it too highly. You operate upon the infant and juvenile mind, and that influence is felt through the scenes of youth, the maturity of manhood, and in all the departments of life. You touch keys which may vibrate to the music of the upper temple, and swell the hallelujah chorus of ransomed beings. Who reared up for usefulness the prophet Samuel; the evangelist Timothy; that distinguished father of the church, St. Augustine, and the eminent Newton and Doddridge; and a 'cloud of witnesses,' who, having served their generation faithfully, are now with Christ above, happy in the admiration of his glory, and the enjoyment of his friendship? Mothers! Feel then the dignity of your station; the vantage ground on which you stand, and act accordingly. And may God 'pour his spirit upon your seed, and his blessing upon your offspring.'"



Original.

## THE AGED.

"You must all *grow old, or die,*" said an old gentleman to his children. How few realize this! Mankind naturally shrink from old age. The very idea is appalling! Few, indeed, live to be old; and often they who most dread this forsaken period, still look to it with hope, as the last escape from the grave.

The selfishness of our natures stands forth in bold relief, whenever and wherever the aged are neglected. No longer mingling in the busy concerns of life, they are many times looked upon as useless, as incumbrances. But what son or daughter, having a heart, can cherish such feelings? They who gave us being—who watched over our childhood—guided our youth—rejoiced over our maturity—who have forgiven all our waywardness, and poured out upon us the treasure of their wealth, and the richer treasure of their affection, surely *they* deserve from us the unwearied devotion of our lives. If they have grown infirm, in whose service has it been? How unremitting their toil! In wasting sickness, how have we been watched! Amidst trials of every name and every character, how have we been fed and clothed! How has home, dear cherished home, been made the sanctuary of our hearts! And now that the *almond tree has blossomed on their heads*, and we have come to stand in their places, among the busy haunts of men, can we set them aside in our affections, or fail to cherish them as the most honored and revered of all our household?

And age delights itself in youth. It is ever grateful for kindness and attention from those who are coming after it in the ranks of life. It never fails to appreciate them. Many years ago it was our privilege to know, and to visit with great frequency, a venerable lady, the mother of a distinguished brotherhood in this city; and her touching acknowledgments will never be forgotten. We wondered then, that she could

place such value upon our visit, honestly feeling the obligation to be all our own, and valuing above rubies, the treasures which we carried away: but twenty years' progress down the stream of time has made us realize something what old age may mean; and the foreshadowing of coming events, has read us impressive lessons upon its real import—old age! It has receded far from intimate companionship. The loved ones of youth, and even of matured life, are chiefly with the dead. The chain has been so often, and so long broken, that perhaps two connecting links can scarcely be found. Then, how soothing are kind words and affectionate attentions from another generation! How reviving to humanity! The sun shines more brightly. The feeling that there is yet something to love, and that love will be reciprocated, sends the warm life-blood back to the heart, and makes the old man young again. Oh! if we could impress upon the gay and thoughtless, this one obligation—respect, reverence and affection for the old! It is little that we sacrifice our comforts or pleasures, for they can be renewed again. Whichever way we turn, though we may have deep and sore trials, there is beauty to the eye, and music to the ear. We go and come at our own pleasure, and find enjoyment amidst changing scenes. But our aged ones—*another guideth them, and carrieth them whither they would not.* Our smiles, our gentle tones, our warm affection, must win them back to find happiness at our hands. They are our inheritance, as we have been theirs. Every cloud that we can chase from their brow—every smile that we can bring to their lip—every sorrow from which we can extract the sting, should be matter of devout thanksgiving.

And it is not enough that they should see in us a desire to let them down gently to their grave. No; this, alone, would be heartless. They must see and feel that we look upon them as a dear and honored part of ourselves; that the happiness which they share, is our greatest happiness; and that we do not consider them *too old*, to enjoy with us our high-

est pleasures, to be partakers in our dearest joys, while God continues them with us.

Children, and children's children, to the latest generation, should be thoroughly instructed on this point: our age is radically at fault. There is not a deep settled principle of reverence. We look upon ourselves as wiser than our fathers. We seek not, as we ought, the benefit of their experience; and seeing us thus "wise in our own eyes," they become daily less capable of benefiting us, and of doing justice to themselves. If the powers of youth stagnate without constant exercise, how must it be with age? We make strange exactions of the old, when we look for the continual droppings of wisdom, and sedulously shut up every avenue for its display. Give the aged their proper place, and they will ask no other. They rejoice in our relative and social positions, and are only made *exact* by privations and neglect. Let the first and last lesson of every family, having an aged member, from the oldest individual to the youngest grandchild, be the comfort and happiness of that member, and the affection of the household will be found to centre upon him. His society will be sought, his opinions revered, his counsels followed. He will renew his life in his successors, and forget that the *grasshopper has become a burden*. And to be a sharer in contributing to such results, who would not make sacrifices if sacrifices are required? If old age is repelling in our domestic circles, it is generally made so by some neglect or fault of ours. God grant that this sin lie not at our door. The hearth where age and youth meet day by day, in confiding love, seeking and finding together the blessings of a covenant God, is a sight for angels.

And not merely do we need to cultivate these feelings of reverence in our circles of relationship. We must incorporate them into our very natures. Comparatively few as the aged are upon the earth, wherever we go, we find some to represent the by-gone generation. They may have no claim upon us but this one—let this suffice—they are old! The ties of time are nearly all severed. A word, a look, a tone,

*strikes the key of reflection*, and it may be, renews their life. Not to be quite neglected—to know that they have inspired some feeling, may fire an eye long dim, and quicken a pulsation long sluggish. A lady once rose from her seat on the deck of a steamboat, and offered it to a very venerable man who stood trembling beside her, and leaning on the top of his staff.

"I accept it, madam; but not without surprise. These are not days when a lady like you would think of an old man. The old expect *now*, to be overlooked." "I have an aged and venerable father, sir," was the reply; and she will never forget the overflowings of the old man's heart from this little incident.

Let us remember that the aged stand between ourselves and eternity. What a new position shall we take when they have passed away! What a barrier shall we then have leaped! The scales will begin to fall from our eyes; the mists of darkness and obscurity begin to clear away, and we shall feel ourselves in immediate contact with the unknown of our future being. It will then be too late to mourn that we have been recreant to our high trust—too late to ward off the accumulated ills which we have been gathering around the period of our own decay. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

L. F. T.

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## THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY ROBERT B. BAIRD.

In the year 1809, in the 12th regiment of the line, then stationed at Strasburg, there was a sergeant by the name of Pierre Pitois, who was a native of that half savage, half civilized part of Burgundy, known by the name of *Morvan*, who was called by his comrades Pierre *swallow-raw*. He was a brave fellow, in every sense of the word, and his com-

rades said, a fellow hard to be cooked. Always the first on the field of battle and the last to leave it, he was supposed to care for only two things: the smell of powder and the whistling of balls. Those who had seen him on the field of battle, when with ardent eyes, distended nostrils and bristling *moustache*, he plunged into the thickest of the fight, were accustomed to say that slaughter was the pastime of Pierre *swallow-raw*.

But one fine day, our friend Pierre sent a letter to his colonel, in which he requested permission to leave for a short time, that he might go and nurse his old mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his poor father, seventy-eight years old, had received a paralytic stroke and was utterly incapable of taking care of his poor wife. He promised to return as soon as his mother's health was restored.

The colonel sent word to Pierre Pitois that he hourly expected the regiment to be ordered away, and that he could expect no furlough.

Pierre Pitois did not appeal from this decision.

About a fortnight elapsed, a second letter found its way to the colonel. Pierre announced that his mother had died of sorrow on account of not having seen him once more; she had wished, like a kind and affectionate parent, to give him her last blessing. Pierre solicited earnestly this time for leave of absence for a single month. It was a family secret. He begged his colonel not to refuse him this favor.

Pierre's second letter was not more successful than the first, only the captain said to him: "Pierre, the colonel has received your letter; he is very sorry that your poor mother is dead; but he cannot give you the furlough you have asked for; our regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow."

"Indeed! the regiment leaves Strasburg, and where is it going, if you please?"

"To Austria. We are going to Vienna, my brave Pitois. We are going to fight with the Austrians.... don't that please you? There you'll have fun, my fine fellow?"

Pierre Pitois answered nothing to all this. He seemed

plunged into deep thought. The captain took his hand and shaking it vigorously, said: "Come, wake up! are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that before a week we will have the pleasure of fighting with the Austrians, and you don't even thank me for the good news! Why, you are not listening to me!"

"Yes, captain," replied Pitois, "I have heard every word, I am much obliged to you for your news; it is very good."

"Ah! so you have recovered your senses, at last!"

"And so, captain, there is no means of obtaining that furlough?"

"Are you really mad?—furlough, indeed, on the day before a battle?"

"Oh, I was not thinking; so we are on the eve of a battle, are we?.... At such a time, of course, absence is not permitted."

"It should not even be asked for!"

"True, it should not be asked for,.... one would seem to be a coward. Besides, the one that I was requesting, I no longer want, I will do without it."

"And you will do well," replied the captain.

The following day the 12th regiment of the line entered Germany. On the same day, Pierre Pitois, surnamed *swallow-rav*, deserted. \* \* \* \* \*

Three months afterwards, while the 12th regiment, after having gathered in a full harvest of glory and honor on the field of Wagram, was making its triumphant entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged before his colonel by a brigade of gendarmes.

Ere long a council of war was assembled. Pierre Pitois was accused of having deserted just before his regiment was to have been brought to face the enemy.

This council of war presented a singular spectacle. On one side there was the accuser who was saying: "Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest soldiers of the army; you, on whose breast shines the cross of honor; you, who have never deserved either punishment or reproof from your superiors,



you could not have left your regiment, and especially have left it on the eve of a battle, without having had a powerful inducement. The council wishes to know your motive, for it desires, not to acquit you, for it neither can nor ought to; but at least to recommend you to the clemency of the emperor." On the other hand, the accused replied: "I have deserted without any motive, without any reason, but I do not regret having done so; if it was to be repeated, I would do it again. I have merited death, condemn me!" Then witnesses came forward and said: "Pierre Pitois has deserted, we know it, yet we cannot believe it." Others again: "Pierre Pitois is mad; the council cannot condemn a madman; it is not to the gallows, it is to the hospital he should be sent."

Little was wanting for this last plan to be adopted, for there was nobody in the whole council, who did not consider the desertion of "*Avalé-tout-cru*" as one of those human impossibilities which everybody acknowledges, but nobody understands. Yet the accused appeared to be so simple and logical in his perseverance in claiming the sentence of death; he proclaimed his crime with such bold frankness, repeating continually that he did not regret it; the firmness which he showed looked so much like a bravado, that clemency could not be exercised towards him. Sentence of death was pronounced. When his sentence was read to him, Pierre Pitois did not tremble. He was advised to plead for mercy—he refused.

As everybody saw plainly that beneath all this indifference was concealed some strange mystery, it was decided that the execution of Pierre Pitois should be deferred. The condemned man was led to the military prison, and was told that, by a special favor, he had four days to think on the subject and ask for pardon; he shrugged his shoulders and did not answer.

In the ——— of the night which preceded his execution, the door of his prison swung on its hinges, an officer of the imperial guard advanced to the side of the bed on which the condemned man was sleeping, and having examined him

attentively by the light of the lantern which he held in his hand, awoke him. Pierre opened his eyes, and looking around : " Ah," said he, " the hour has come at last !"

" No, Pierre," replied the officer, " the hour has not yet come, but it will come ere long."

" And what do you want with me ?"

" Pierre Pitois, you do not know me," said the officer, " but I know you ; I saw you at Austerlitz, where you acted like a brave man. From that day I have always esteemed and respected you. Arriving but yesterday in Strasburg, I have learned your crime and your condemnation. As the jailor is one of my relations, I obtained permission to come and tell you : Pierre, he who is about to die often regrets that he has not a friend to whom he can open his heart, and confide some duty to be fulfilled. Pierre, if you wish, I will be that friend . . ."

" Thank you, comrade," replied Pierre, in a dry tone.

" Have you nothing to say to me ?"

" Nothing."

" What ! not one adieu for your betrothed, or your sister ?"

" A betrothed ?—a sister ?—I never had either."

" Not for your father ?"

" My father is no more ; . . . he died in my arms two months ago."

" Not even for your mother ?"

" For my mother ?" exclaimed Pierre, whose tones suddenly altered,— " for my mother ! Ah, comrade, do not pronounce that name, for, can you believe me, I never heard it, I never said it in my heart, without being moved like a child. Even now, it seems to me, if I were to speak of her, . . ."

" Well ?"

" I would shed tears, and it is not manly to weep ! To weep," continued he with animation, " to weep when I have but a few hours to live. Ah ! I would be without courage !"

" You are too severe, comrade," said the officer. " I think I have as much courage as other men, and yet I would not be ashamed to weep when speaking of my mother."

• “Indeed!” said Pierre, seizing the officer’s hand with eagerness, “you are a soldier, and you would not be ashamed to weep?”

“When I think of my mother? no, indeed! She is so good; she loves me so much, and I love her.”

“She loves you? you love her?—O, then I will tell you everything; for my heart is full to overflowing; and, however strange may appear the thoughts which fill my mind, you will not laugh at them, I am sure. Listen, then, for as you were saying a little while ago, he who is dying, is happy to have a friend, in whose bosom he can pour out his feelings, his secrets; will you then listen to me, will you not laugh at me?”

“I am listening, Pierre—he who is about to die, can excite nothing but sympathy.”

“Well, then,” said Pierre, “you must know that from the time I came into the world, I have never loved but one person, and that was my mother! But I loved her as no one else can love, with all the energy and spirit that was in me. When I was but a little boy, I could read in her eyes, and she in mine. I knew her thoughts, she knew mine. To my heart she was a part of myself; I was the same to her. I never had a wife or a sweet-heart, I have never had a friend; my mother was my only friend; therefore when I was called upon to become a soldier, when I knew that I was to leave her, I was overcome with despair; and I declared that even if force was employed, I would not leave my mother. With one word, she, who was a good and courageous woman, changed all my resolutions. ‘Pierre,’ said she, ‘you must go, I wish it.’ I fell on my knees before her and said, ‘I will go.’ ‘Pierre,’ added she, ‘you have always been a good son, and I thank God; but the duties of a son are not the only ones to be attended to; your country calls you—obey! You are going to become a soldier; henceforth your life is no more your own, but your country’s. If her interests call you, do not refuse to go. If God chooses that you should die before me, I will weep for you with all my heart,

but I will say, "God gave him to me, God took him away, blessed be His name." Adieu, then, and if you love me, do your duty!" Oh the words of that saint, I know them by heart. 'Do your duty,' said she; well, the duty of a soldier is to obey everywhere and always; always and everywhere have I obeyed; it is also to go forward, to face danger and peril without reflection or hesitation. Those who have seen me thus rushing in the midst of balls and bayonets said, 'There is a brave fellow!' They would have said with more truth, 'There is one who loves his mother!'

"One day a letter came which told me that my poor mother was sick; I wanted to go and see her. I asked for leave of absence; it was refused! I remembered her last words: 'If you love me, do your duty!' I was resigned. A short time afterwards I learned that she was dead. . . . Oh, then I lost all command over myself. Let it cost what it might, in spite of everything, I wished to return to the village in which I was born. Whence came this desire so ardent, so irresistible, of seeing again the place where my mother had died? I will confess it to you, and as you have a mother whom you love, and who loves you, you will understand me.

"We country-people of Morvoan, are simple-hearted and credulous; we have not the wisdom or education of the dwellers in cities, but we have our creeds which folks call our superstitions. Superstitions, or whatever it be, we have it, and skilful would he be who could take them from us. Well, one of our opinions which we cling most to, is that which attributes to the first flower which grows on a grave a virtue, such that he who plucks it is certain never to forget the dead, and never to be forgotten of them. This is indeed a precious and consoling belief. With it, death is no longer dreadful, it is but a gentle sleep, a repose after long fatigue.

"I wanted to see this flower rise out of the ground; I wanted to pluck it, and to do this I deserted. . . . After a weary walk of ten days I arrived at my mother's grave. The

ground seemed still freshly dug: no flower had yet grown there. I waited—six weeks passed, and at the dawn of a beautiful day, I perceived a little flower opening of a sky blue. It was one of those flowers which we country-people call, '*Forget-me-not.*' When I plucked it, I shed tears of joy, for it seemed to me as though that little flower was the spirit of my mother, and that she had felt my presence, and that in the form of this *Forget-me-not*, she had returned to cheer me.

As nothing now bound me to my native village, for my poor father had not long delayed following my mother to the tomb, and besides I had got my precious flower, what more did I want? I came to the army and said, 'I have deserted, arrest me!'

"I am now going to die, and if, as you have assured me, I have a friend in you, I will die without regret, for you will do me the service which I will ask of you. This flower, for which I left the army, for which I risked my life, is in this locket which you see on my breast. Promise me that you will take care that it is not separated from me. It is the tie which unites me to my mother, and if I supposed that it was to be broken, oh! I would die without courage. Say, do you promise to do what I ask?"

"I promise you."

"O, give me your hand that I may press it to my heart. O, you who are so kind to me, I love you; and if God, by his all-powerful goodness, was to give me a second life, I would consecrate it to your service."

The friends bade each other farewell.

On the morrow, when Pierre had arrived at the place of execution, and the sentence of death had already been read, dull murmurs, and then loud cries, arose along the lines: "The Emperor!—it is the Emperor!—God save the Emperor!..."

The Emperor appeared, dismounted from his horse, and with short and rapid steps, walked straight to the condemned man. "Pierre!" said he.

Pierre looked at him; one would have said that he wished to speak, but he was struck with a strange stupor.

"Pierre," continued the Emperor, "think of the words of last night. God gives you a second life, consecrate it, not to me, but to France! France is also a good and worthy mother! Love her as you loved the other!" He remounted his horse, and left, accompanied by shouts of applause.

A few years afterwards, Pierre, who had become captain of the old guard, fell on the field of Waterloo, and mortally wounded, found strength enough to cry out with a firm voice: "God save the Emperor!—God save my country!—God save my mother!"

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## MY MOTHER'S MINIATURE.

I LOVE to look upon this sacred little treasure. I love to gaze upon the well-known features of one, whom to call *my* mother, was once a daughter's pride; but my heart requires no such memento to recal the many endearments with which the remembrance of my inestimable mother is associated. The artist's pencil and cold coloring can but faintly represent the outline. He cannot bring into existence the speaking eye, the sweet maternal smile, and the holy Christian dignity which beamed in the countenance of my now sainted mother. But memory can restore her lovely form in all its native reality, and with it the numberless recollections which have linked her to every stage of my existence.

Many a silent hour is now spent retracing the steps of my life, from infancy to those of maturer years. I seem to live the past again, and as in a sort of day-dream, to enjoy once more the society of my beloved parent. I sometimes see her bending over me as, in the glee of babyhood, I lay awake in my wicker cradle; I can feel as though her arms encircled me; I can see the smile of pleasure with which my infantile exertions to please were rewarded; I can see her moving about my bed, or seated beside me, in times of sickness or weakness, and with angel-like gentleness, administering to

my wants and comforts. I can even now fancy I hear her sweet voice, as, seated upon her lap, I listened for the first time with delightful interest to the history of Joseph and his brethren. I can remember her as the patient and unwearied teacher of my childhood, and the wise instructor of my riper years. I have treasured up the words of comfort with which my youthful sorrows were hushed; and when the season of childhood had passed away, I can recal with untiring delight the intercourse which for many years existed in our happy domestic circle, and hallows the remembrance of the loved home of my youth.

May we thus indulge in dreams of the past? May we thus continue to hold converse with those from whom death has separated us? Under certain instructions I would say it may be allowable, but the heart is deceitful above everything, and we must cautiously retrace our paths through past scenes and years.

If after such an indulgence we feel less disposed for communion with God; if morbid sorrow and fretfulness are induced, instead of calm submission to the will of our Heavenly Father; if the creature, however excellent, seems to take the place of Him to whom we owe our supreme affections, we must suspect that we have trodden forbidden ground; but if, on the contrary, the consciousness of union and communion with Christ's members shall unite us more closely to Him, our living Head; if our thoughts, and affections, and prayers, are thus taught to ascend to where they are gone before; if instead of sinfully murmuring for our loss, our hearts can fully acquiesce in the dispensation, however afflictive, it would seem as if much benefit instead of injury, might accrue to us therefrom.

When about four years old, I followed the footsteps of my mother, to the dying chamber of grandmamma, where she was summoned to witness her holy departure. Even now, I can recal the remembrance of that bed of death, but I saw no terrors there, all was calm and tranquil, but *solemn* even to my infant apprehension.

The following day I was led by her to the now dreary chamber where dear grandmamma lay. It was the first scene of the kind I had witnessed, and it is strongly impressed upon my imagination, but I believe I was then too young to reflect upon it.

My mother's prayers for me were early answered; I was influenced by the Spirit of God when very young, and led to see the evil of an unregenerate heart. How replete with interest is this period of my life; the time of my spiritual birth, led by my mother to the foot of a Saviour's cross, I was enabled to look up to Him as the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, and to *feel*, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

From this period, a new relationship was commenced with my beloved parent. We would then talk together of those things to which I had been a stranger; and, oh, how delightful are a daughter's communings with her Christian mother; already her confidante, she then becomes her spiritual director and guide; she can point out the dangers and temptations with which the paths of youth are strewn, and warn of those snares in which the youthful heart is liable to be entangled. To her we look for advice in perplexities, for comfort in seasons of trial;—to her we confide our fears and reveal our anxieties; into her faithful breast we pour our joys and our sorrows, ever sure of her unwearied sympathy, ever confident of her unchanging love. Who could suppose that an intercourse such as this, enjoyed on earth, shall be forgotten, when we are reunited to those from whom we are for a season separated; or that we shall cease to acknowledge the endearing relationship which existed between us during our earthly probation?

I remember when very young, having occasionally, though unintentionally, intruded upon my mother while engaged in her closet devotions. The impression made upon my mind at those times has never been effaced; I felt as if treading on holy ground. Shall I venture to describe what I there saw



in this sacred chamber? I feel as though I scarcely ought; and yet I must.—My sweet mother knelt before an arm-chair, which was placed by her bedside, and there in an erect posture, with folded hands and closed eyes, in the lovely attitude of prayer, she silently communed with Him who is invisible; and so absorbed did she appear, as not to be conscious of my entrance. I withdrew immediately, with noiseless step, and gently closed the door; but could I forget such a scene? Impossible! But the piety of my beloved parent was not confined to such seasons. The duties which devolve upon the mother of a numerous family, brought into daily exercise every Christian grace, and gave continual opportunities for manifesting those fruits of the Spirit, which are proofs of his inward operation.

We derive much profit and pleasure from reading and hearing of the manner in which Christians have been sustained in times of deep trial and sorrow; but to see the Christian soldier enduring the conflict; to *see* him walking unhurt in the furnace of affliction; to witness the holy calmness, the unwavering confidence, which tells us that the Son of Man is with him, in the midst of the fire, is a privilege, indeed,—an evidence of the power and reality of faith never to be forgotten. It seemed to me the atmosphere of heaven; the pale cheek and trembling frame told of an inward conflict too deep for utterance, too poignant to be relieved by tears. But the fervent ejaculations of a prayerful heart; the soft breathings of submission; the child-like appropriation of "*my Father*;" the meek acquiescence of "*Thy will be done*;" proved that faith was victorious. Suffice it to say, that my Christian mother proved as thousands have done before, that nothing can separate us from the love of Christ; she was more than conqueror, through Him that loved her.

But it would seem as though her humble spirit would chide me for thus dwelling upon a theme perhaps *too dear* to me. The line of Jordan now separates us; her conflicts are ended; and she is gone to be ever with that Saviour

who was to her the fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely.

" Might one wish bring her, would I wish her here,  
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
Seems to be so desired, perhaps I might ;  
But no—what here we call our life, is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again."

A. M. R.

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"IS IT RIGHT TO TEACH OUR CHILDREN TO PRAY?"

To some it may seem strange that such a question should ever be heard in a Christian land, in a Christian family, or from a Christian mother. And yet it is often seriously and earnestly proposed—"Is it right to teach them words which they do not feel?" "*Thou shalt teach these things diligently to thy children.*" By *these things*, we understand the whole will of God, so far as it is made known in his word. Among the bright constellation of duties revealed, it would be superfluous to show that prayer was the first.

Prayer! the very breath of Eden before sin ruined and blighted the soul—that last, best work of God ; prayer, the morning aspiration and evening incense ; prayer, wafted on the fragrance of every flower, and mingling with the notes of every bird, was the life and joy of Paradise. It was the Creator and the created, in sweet and glorious harmony.

We may not know in our sinning world the full meaning of that high interchange of love, where all thought, desire and hope, lays itself down in ineffable repose in the "secret place of the Most High ;" but this we do know, that Infinite love has undertaken the mighty work of repairing those broken strings which uttered celestial minstrelsy, to unite once more the lost soul to itself, anew to create within the light of Heaven, and inspire love in the unloving heart. Such a

work now engages the attention of the Father, Son and Spirit! Surely, then, it is ours to follow the gracious footsteps—ours to “work out our own salvation with fear,” and ours, the blessed privilege to take our children also with us. They are to be taught no less diligently than ourselves. If we are to study His holy Word, so are they. If we are to frequent his house of prayer, so must they. *All that is our duty to God is theirs also.* In vain do we look for the Divine image in their hearts which was lost in our own! In vain to expect the uplifted eye will turn naturally and lovingly to its source, but it is our work to direct it. We are not to “teach our children to say that which they do not feel.” *We are to teach them to feel!* “Glow,” say you? Simply by having our hearts in it, and by relying on that great Helper who has promised to restore the lost image, and open a channel through which the affections may flow back again to himself.

Let us go to India and sit down by that young Hindoo mother, with no Divine Helper and no Bible. See her embrace her beautiful boy as she takes him to the temple. Then she folds his little hands and gently presses them to the cold hard bosom of the idol of her soul’s consecration, and in the fulness of her love she utters in sweet and tender accents the name “Shaumee, Shaumee!” With what rapture does she fold the young lisper to her bosom, as again the infant pronounces “Shaumee!” See! she lingers once more for the charmed name. There is no haste: nothing is pressing, so urgent as this—her idol worship! Verily, her heart is in it. But this is only the first step in a train of loving, attracting, binding influences, employed with ceaseless industry, till at length the smiling prattler becomes the dark-souled pagan, bound with iron-spell to rites and superstitions which no earthly power can dissolve.

There are mothers who teach their children diligently God’s holy Word, who take them to the house of God, who even pray for them, but amazing truth, lead them to no closet of their own, and never hear from their infant lips the name of Jesus! Equally well might we blot out the first of Sinai’s

laws. Have we a right to select for ourselves the duties most convenient to teach our children? "*Thou shalt*," extinguishes all choice in the matter. It is imperative.

A young man, blessed with a mother Eunice, who diligently taught him all Christian duty save this one, grew to manhood without prayer—he was actually afraid to pray. God was a terror to his soul through all the years of childhood, and never did he lift a prayer but once. In a solitary place one night he was seized with a feeling of uncommon apprehension. Fears laid hold upon him, and in anguish of spirit he cried, "Oh God, have mercy on me!" He trembled at the strange words he had uttered. It was the first, and last prayer of childhood! In a subsequent revival of religion, he was arrested and convicted of sin, but he dared not pray. Driven almost to distraction, and talking with ministers and Christians, he found no relief until well-nigh exhausted with mental suffering; in extremity of distress he fell upon his knees and prayed to the terrible Being he had never been taught to approach. The uplifted eye saw Him arrayed in love! "Hearing the voice of the child," He hastened to his aid. A river was opened in the desert; he drank and thirsted no more. Pity that he had not before known the Great Name of eternal, unchangeable, illimitable love! Pity that in the nineteenth century there are yet "disciples who forbid" them to come!

A young lady of my acquaintance gave me the following incident:

"From my earliest childhood I was taught to pray. My little closet, my Bible, and the daily verse, are among my first pleasant memories. I cannot, indeed, remember *when* my mother first retired with me at a certain hour, and spoke affectionately to me of that Father in heaven whom I should love and obey, and of the Saviour who died to redeem me; and when she pointed out my failures in duty and taught me how dreadful and fatal was the evil of sin: but when the habit was fully established I went close to my little closet, and I loved it well. I always went from it to my mother to

repeat my verse and receive her kiss, which always seemed more kind and tender than usual. But one sad morning—it was a Sabbath morning—my closet was forgotten. A new and beautiful dress, the gift of a friend, had filled my vain and busy heart with longing expectations. I was soon dressed, and not once did it enter my mind that my God was forgotten, till I entered the solemn house of prayer! I took my seat and attempted to look up at the minister, but my heart was full and I burst into a flood of tears. My mother gently asked, ‘What was the matter?’ I could not speak. The rapid thought rushed through my mind, ‘What if I should die! What if He should forget me!’ When the services were closed I hastened home to my dear neglected spot, and never was the bitter lesson forgotten.

*Rochester, Mass.*



#### CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

SEE then the King of kings take up, in succession, these Children in his arms, and lay his hands upon them—the ancient and solemn manner of blessing among the Jews. Surely this was no vain show, nor did the Messiah pour forth his prayer into the air, or pronounce his blessing in vain. And what should he request for them, but that they might be received among the number of the sons of God? For let us hear it again—What were the precise terms in which he had invited their approach? “Suffer the *little children* to come unto me and forbid them not; for of *such* is the kingdom of God.” Who then would, or who dare, shut the gate upon those, or even neglect them, whom the Saviour will not permit to be forbidden? As Parents, oh! what could you desire more than this? Millions of infant souls, it seems, compose the family above; and assuredly, in point of number, such souls must form no insignificant proportion of the celestial millions.

*Book for Parents.*

